

**Domino:  
Point of Entry**

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**D o m i n o :**

**P o i n t o f E n t r y**

## Arbitrance

Without interruption he tells  
voice a station  
of incoming trains

Harvest bundled sheaves of blood  
gather and stack  
prepare for later

what falls after simulation of person  
amid debris

Wear a barbed wire wreath  
point with the first finger

I am the narrator in whose accident I speak

## **Affine History: thumb on land**

He rose to higher status later  
through accession of dissident territory  
Built a magnificent network  
Border disputes became frequent  
It was necessary to dispatch justice  
Sons no longer followed footsteps

She is the one in the episodic returning  
I am the returning from which you're veering  
I kept thinking there was something missing

To him the accomplices said, "Regardless of order you  
are always second."

## Where

Where is Kurdistan? Where is the river  
of ice separating sky from border?  
Helicopter from rain?

so little  
little at a time  
time can just slide over you  
lid of a secretary desk

it was just like this green  
green on green  
and the sun heating a patch to lie down in

## **Aghzim**

February: the longest of short months  
two fold danger as protective measure

A shadow she accompanies.  
He takes her hand. Then I do wake up.

In the course the events

have taken us take us

state of the problem in twos  
the problem states itself in twos



## Talion

Listen to the ground  
something is following  
down there  
you have to inhale silence  
All stories build down to this

time between times

there is no emergency to find

Someone else is speaking

The accomplices always say, "It is one or the other."  
Thus it is necessary to dispatch justice. The son moves  
against his father on the magnificent road network set  
out by those who came before them.

## Exhibit A

He holds out a rose. She's washing dishes, her back to him, She turns her face, anger stilled eyes, hands immersed in warm water. She has no good lines to speak of. He wants to elucidate her quiet. A graceful hand will extend.

Turn toward

He lights a cigar. He's mulling something over. The air is glass, her skin breakable. Smoke coats the crawl space between them.

Turning toward

He takes us up in his pilot license. We remain below the hair net of radar planes. Throttle over river and roofs. He calls the control tower. We eye his voice as his hand reaches for the mike. He takes us up. Without stopping the sky or consulting it he knows the time. His panoramic tone locks us to him later.

## Accessory

Shaving-razor and mirror:  
white drape, black trousers,  
skin a bald head  
peel evil On guard duty  
he is witness to  
the marriage of the medical and hygienic  
in the operating room  
of a Mexican ice cream parlor  
“Suffer little children” come into me  
arms of the virtue of sorrow  
white tile diet for the correction of soul

A problem of light  
in it a head rolls  
a hunter  
but shooting not my line  
cutting yes  
shave your captain  
catch enough lizards  
Humans have a certain structure

someone is a direct object

aim of reflex

hungry to strike

## Transhumance

I overheard her  
describing my life in his voice

words wrap and deliver  
cycling against  
a wind  
in off the plains from his direction

Do not give away the events  
of your life

The accomplices say, “accompany us.”

## Paladin

The boys want to be of weight  
so they stalk each other  
doctor, conductor, criminal  
steal his  
one after the other  
And out of the mouth  
there came neither deceit or falsehood  
Go sin in peace  
Everyone was dead. There was no one left in the world  
Only the lullaby saviour  
harp chords for the believer  
What are you saying? Shiver mother  
Moon like a blood-stained knife  
see how the story of the music rises  
same keyless  
maze of fugue stained fingers  
You can go to hell  
without any shoes or gloves  
smell of betray skid of car tires  
on orchestra's icy road

something is moving  
someone called No it was me  
necklace of blood  
a gift reward  
wash the water in the lake  
the water calls  
as if someone is dying  
Your own life is a wedding cloak—gentle arched hands  
in spite of you  
they've all gone to the lake

I am not the source of fear

We do not emanate fearful properties

who desolation is ice  
under which sleeps

and yet in whisper  
when I was not yet  
yet to be  
touched by catastrophe  
that hem of pool  
outlander elegiac

They're having trouble remembering

A dream of fence

Or the peerless corpse

practiced by the living father

## Ancille

I kept thinking there was something missing  
in the course of events  
we learned how to keep from telling

over loudspeakers announcements  
filled train stations  
without a new destination nomads  
don't actually move

as in our voices  
told against the blade  
of speech defect

They chose triage  
for their party

above land and beyond  
someone else's is the familiar  
position a name lends itself  
to becoming an occupation  
  
sort away story  
as it boils—to this say  
scalpel engrave  
in heart return  
the one I leave open  
on reserve  
socket of sky  
blank to love

## **Agnatic Solidarity**

They speak to each other about their plans  
but it leaves them lonely

They long to put their hands  
in the same mitt

memory of partridge traps the party  
threat of speech defects hovers on horizon

Why doesn't God put out the sun?  
if a wanderer abandons himself  
crescendo blood  
covers blood  
he holds his ears  
from hotel night calls

I am the woman  
to whom I am referring  
this is mute of writing

The knife sinks thru deep dark water like a stone



## Evidence

Hold your ears from hotel night calls  
A voice coming through the wall  
flashes like the blade of a knife  
the outcome has already passed  
Each saying built down to

this blessed blame  
maze same  
already love irrevocable  
endless descent

scrutiny  
into the past pool

under shade of mind  
random convergence

of roads  
he holds his ears  
against velocity

They are having trouble remembering their plot.

## Annexion

It is not written  
falling apart violin world  
people can die of fright  
sound in a thick net  
You tear through the world  
We could cut ourselves on you

Who cold is you who shiver will freeze

no more in cold morning dew

Strangled in pleasure

nothing beyond itself

through the open door of you

Follow the outcome backwards

they stake out  
so we life tents  
fold up our audience

the boys want weight  
but every story  
builds down to same  
girl or his own intimate  
inanimate enemy body  
endless source of endless shame  
sing no further  
say no as  
habit's tongue  
keeps one out of  
beside himself

He was a new focus for the clutter of space he stood in

I was the one from which I am returning

## One-handed

Is it always necessary to tell from a paved location?  
they ask at the headlands  
Our investigation conducted by detectives  
who instruct her to send letters  
in order to increase distance

Each place of entry

is a further place

Where the moon does not heat

he sees in the dark

While in the factory

they produce mitosis

Swimming for bloodline

she the one to whom

arm of sky muscle your heart.

## Without

In Aghzim, it is said, a small boy who trapped a partridge was struck dumb for three days, and still today has a speech defect.

milk water from the stone of him

face an index

you my standard

sweet immolation fastens desire

he has a smell of departure on him

In a hotel corner  
small piece of mirror catches  
a sandman  
causing blindness in a wide net  
sweat  
even in sleep the story's sound  
must be separated by hand  
from dust

figment of accompaniment  
amplified consequence

In a whisper, when I was on a train all night  
I was audience of the night  
like going through the opera house in a train  
the plot rides through  
waking a body  
as it turns

swore we'd risk our lives at sea  
swimming one-handed  
then a storm and we were separated,  
woolen sea upon us,  
I saw headlands  
and swam

In drapery of dream tributary  
her ice-skating skirt  
dusts stairs

or is it radio night:  
laid out on a bed I may wait  
in his direction.  
All night the night goes on  
hung on the night wire  
Number or missile to deliver  
Each time she says  
she says, "This is the last"