

L I L Y F O I L



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LILYFOIL
(or Boy & Girl Tramps of America)

*thoughts of a mind
buying heaven*

*trembling jalouse
into the blind inevitable,
abbychoosy, frere —*

*“you & I are walking past yeah
having lost our way”
—Psychedelic Furs*

marrow gramophone jumpy.
wasn't even vexed tea-parties.
to the birth, but scarcely one.
blonde roughage, heart but simple. people made it difficult to imagine, seize the treasury
and the throne. but lot, the face of woe, like the moon
beat, clear and gleeful. have none of it, did not show
the shape of leg scholars sometimes wore. to the severest
recant. as to whether you are psychoanalysing her, or she,
you.

Those imploded psychological narratives we call mysteries

why pretend indifference, under the wide
spaces, carrying wood. certainly cocaine produces
slight visions. lilyfoils la years behind the fact
of hollow nightclub gyrations. losing contacts
in the backseat.

tiny pineapple souls chained here to the heavens, the final

knowledge of poisons, on the esoteric
side. the dreams allow, wallow, always
mopped up. while by the sandy neighbors,
problems of the following syntactical matinee.
walking in bare cities with the oceans
full of shit.

human touch, touch of human farming windows

robin. that other girl who wasn't you.
the district for its purpose, what not
incidentally. carried over a pulley
on the ceiling. his beach apt
what a mess. put the thumbscrews
and the downs
on me.

ornamented by bound attachments,
his glorified body appeared. whether we'd
order white wine and arugula salad. on the whole
the measure of her visits. a cartoon door.

difficult,
the picture-surface
snaps.

may be a well-known or a little-known
with your lovely friend, your
body of ferns, fold of
flesh.

deformations visible, she visits
wild areas, the pump saloon, remembrance
trysting all night long. domineering
brief cry at intervals. head thick with
lice. it would seem that no post-war
social. the three-inch model witchcraft cults,
sister of her roommate deigned over
loquacious boots. there is a misery
also. inhabited by
melody, making out with blanks. the princess
spontaneity. crumpled hula hoop.
rome was a piece of work. talked nonsense,

another species,
so far away &
unregimented

heard herself. lilyfoils distance
from ribbons of print. measure the weather
from stoop to store.

grand lodge of the doubtless person
galloping headlong.

lilyfoil prairie miao
(bullets -

mph city, respondents said
yes. in the sullied grainhouse.
off-key. that era, recognizing
market. the guts of her purse.

one set of the
contrivers stone

close-in the dimples offering you
a very incomplete theory. we should
be inclined to think the horse, the
girl, her underlined books.

gather many carts,
this eagerchamber

outside of santa fe, the girls
matron. things but not much anymore,
with coins on the ends.

your grandchild cries to literary beauty.

separation, poorly lit allegories, the christian year.
humanity's original royal dignity, genny half-lot. there was a bar
called downtown beirut, in nyc. lilyfoil swinging, singing
jacques lacan let me rock ya let me rock ya jacques
lacan.

mother's exacting sportsman, for lily
grew up in the pre

when time was
fields and sallying made no reference.

michael dubbed for an extra advantage.
lost the sense of the same note. women
have got new clothes and these theories
undermine.

sweetum feet, lilyfoil
is in the desert.

nicks vacation waterfall, the fulsome
contradiction of any experience, swept
anyhow, she can see the swirl. will name
any daughter cleopatra.

see, because, burning at the edge of coast.
weak-knocked and the ocean never stalls, of course,
and into her sallying circumscription.

a fair measure of helicopter trees, when mothers
skirt is blinded in the photosun, and never linger.

wiped them with fear
from the slate

the towel she put her hand to. it is important.
lilyfoil never acted pretty.

it might be enough to say,
some ground cover has flowers that
are perfect doll bouquets, that
teacher read our heads down in the
dusty under flag, that when we were
born there was a war on,
and tear gas
at home.

but lilyfoil all mixed up now, dressed.
switching notion in the landslide,
greeting tom at dawn. carrions salutation
label, nevermind the corner store. cathedral
half-bent, inwardly or outwardly. chooses it
in concrete sable. endpoint housing this
museum.

when desultory travel workers recompense.
the toils of neverland audiocassette. field harnessed
to the great hereafter, but lilyfoils disrepute nones
spearmint drum; the heroes progress, the corny
uproot of raucous clubs. solvent any longer.

her mother tells
of long car drives
& consciousness

sleeveless, their vests unbutton'd, her up the steps.
the dripping spigots, flutter at large, the selfish ties of convenience.
telltale actual slime. all near-sighted, like herself.

grimace to toxic, near a sibilant
ride.

lilyfoils new all-purpose scales,
ride bravely. many others, very thirsty
and pale.

tower
growing the neighbors:
all shadow & sorrow

curiosity sent with so-good, greatest, over
the hills and so. as her discomfort duty,
gave her the one that you sent me.

we had a terrific afternoon,
standardized much later. to claim its
share of

relief, which does include mirrors
and lovers, meat and wheat, teat
and greet, sleet and feet. says lily.

music gone
awry from
itself

bonafide circumference
back to the gods,
the measure of this maiden

her mother
or other
relative

speaks

and those of and of not of her
acquaintance. like this would she
follow her own very steps on the tidy wool

greetings of lolascape, narrowmine,
and so