

MATT TURNER

A MONK

哇!

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Now we turn to the paintbrush
Hidden in plain sight for years
I'd already become middle-aged
With a deformed hand for grip
Begin with an eight-armed prayer
Tho worry about the starlight
Made of alcohol to burn everything
When I was younger with skill
Withered out like a tree trunk
Ash covered me and I laughed
The color seemed incongruous
Entering the security of age
Count me out of that bargain
My knees turned and ankles froze
The shower showered me
I called out to my parents
The hand pushes across the page
Tho the ink and the hand are dry
Imagine a pound of my time
The authority of the saints gone
The authority of the saints gone
With the large brush I'm frozen
A false word and my wrists lock
Wherever I am in human bodies
Cold against my begging fingers
We'll turn to the large brush
The pelvis will lock in place
Seared with burning alcohol
An impulse to raise a mirror
Glare across my younger ears
Stupidly the sweat pours out
Fragrance of overripe peaches

Pushing the hand aside
I laugh again at the wish to continue
Nervously value my breath
Your shadow's there on the wall
In midair the body lays down
From top to bottom it moves
In your museum like a thread
Moves from one to the dollar
In my dreams tho it's not your country
Throw my body off the limbs as proof
A blizzard never stopped anyone
To be stopped is to be solid
The healthy body wants to rot
Ink's poured into the mouth
Doesn't take long for color to hold on
The palest green of spring repulses me
Cork lines the studio to stop the ear
Put the album on the fruit
Two spots against a field of lies
Growing larger the body exceeds itself
A precious child comes up
The dogs come up and I come up

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I wait in the valley & dissipate like smoke
Sliding from one to a snake
Bacchanal in the egg
A pulley trains up the portrait
Tories crowd the wall
But a long march of iridescence
A silver lake stripped off the reel
A baroque limit fences the hand
You are a rat of ages
You steal the corpse of the universe
Rapture seals the ice in
The machine amounts to light
Tells the snow to listen
Falls inside of the cocoon
I also do not believe
Twisted through the horse's eye
A red rock stiffens the aggregate
A weak arena of the last plenum

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When starlight breaks star & when an unnamed constellation

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Preserved in the smog
A half laugh escapes & whine like bending styrofoam

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Glaring at the face in the loose window
but the phone cuts off