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**SEEKING THE BALANCE OF ATMOSPHERIC
NULLITIES BY THE STANDARD OF NIGHT**

MASK OF OBLIVION

SHE IS MY DREAM FOR HER

HICKORY MILK

CLUSTER OF FACES

SEEKING THE BALANCE OF ATMOSPHERIC NULLITIES

BY THE STANDARD OF NIGHT

yesterday's back broke from the granite burden
as someone remained in place as a subject
with each weight of contusion from every direction
balanced by the morning and the night. as
the hummingbird helpers take off the weight of the earth
from this cluster, their beings return
and often do not know themselves while they unload
their own answers. the atmosphere must still be created
so that the skies see the valleys and the persons
feel together past the spray of confusion. every friendship is
a friendship to a short day with the night eclipsed
by segmentations. each of the lazy lives of the ferns
is stretched so that the colorful bird does not know
it is a butterfly. my plates are done with exceptions
as the numerous emerald beings call me
to be a bridge among many. circles
transmute the temporary holding space
from the muted night where something pushes out
the unknown Sea to the earth. i was not a person
with the weight of each transgression on myself
as a cluster, i was not there by the offering heights. cut
out the shirts of my group so that the valley
is truly seen from above. offload the paths to the lake
as each cluster of beings resumes hir encroachment
with the bison bull. i watch as the Sea replaces the clouds
and someone asks about the death of God. God has no
image to replace. but each countryside must provide
the borderless nation of persons with hir origins,
each of which must also die to become the hearts
of the witness of a pock marked interior landscape
bombing raids of the ancient colors

MASK OF OBLIVION

others make patterns that force the air to undo
each number filled to see a balance of the forest
but the yellow square is filled with the ointment
of the shadows. memories still do not point
to the floating origins as catastrophes remove
the ice in the fold as they return, i place
the encounter by the left expression
once they remove the battlefield from within the future
suns. but here are the forms that we travel
to make the inception of Starts while pronouncing
the ferns as they grow. within the maps of el
dorado, the rocks consume the links
to the silent transportation nights. the climate
does not guide their return. as the others are
born without material
they also sleep within
the captured boat as the moon falls to begin
the songs. rain does not patter for wandering
i as the hills remove the body from its wakefulness.
as each of us consumes the infallible night
and we separate the voice from the sky
to remove the exit beyond where we are
the continuation of the earth's matrimony
to the crushed corpses and their deer, they speak...

que me dices aqui
que no puedo respirar
con sus sueños colgados
y la frente del querpo matado...
estoy detras con esta lengua destruida
mi cara abajo de toda la tierra del mundo...
yo te cuido sin mis vidas asi
por que yo te veo

sin cuerpo tambien...

with a swollen song of escape
we send the rotations of zero

SHE IS MY DREAM FOR HER

from the body then to the voice i see her float over the black spring
filled with a fleece and a measure for blood. she arrives to expel the blow up
report marked with destination, origin, and the wind tied to each face
as the material of her voice pushes her body through the infant display
and a blissful anchorage to the Sea. i dream of her morning as i live like a recluse
in the night. i am the only messenger in our search displays as we drag the ropes
through glistening darkness in the wake to be one with a twelve digit song. her skin
is close to the brown of a cedar waxwing and she knows the names of my ghosts. she
is not a Self() but is the long escape from the interruptions of arboreal limits. i am welcome
to the door and i am purely solved in my disappearances as animals relay the distant
penitent and arrange for the garbage to eclipse the fear of the window to the feet
with a motion by the false receptions... and the account that the cultivated woodland
displays as seven bodies. my way of offering has broken the dream and releases the net
of the desert offense for the one by the memory filled with soft return. i must now
receive your invitation to increase the balance in the main entryway to cease
and defect by one... to the central body reconfigurations and a most high intended twilight

HICKORY MILK

if there were another alignment of flesh
by the planets dissolved for the stellar collapse
of a neutral mode of belonging, if there were another
response to the agency of my escape (to the mud)...

I am new to the world. my directions randomize
the network of sleep
while many delete
the intentions
of the diagrams of control. but the freedom
that hives release
to incrementally erase
hir decorative prisons

under the bodies
of a short eclipse, as seven
remains to return the birds
of Panamá
and mark each sleep
with an infinitely distant
fish born
from a central fire. the tearful return

of the exodus
makes the lines of display
ceremonies extinguished
from a ballooning
calendar of the continent. as to
the mississippians, they as i
burn through the centuries
so that my history
is twisted as ours
in the plants

of the desert, where my faces

are buried and the languages
of each leaf

remain preserved. if there is
an accident

as my ancestor

sun disappears, as we arrive

to the promising sphere

and move to the bucket

of the ocean... i do not live then,

because the ferns are gone

and i do not initialize

those languages. but my serpent distress

is like a door

as we implode to remove

the soft impression

from the easy betrayals

and the numbers of hir body. she rises

and writes again that the door

must not close

and that everything

begins

by being destroyed

CLUSTER OF FACES

there was another body there where i was
and six more dispersed through the shadow
of death. we all work in unison, out of tune
with the insects. one responds
with a cut off life, and the other six
translate into spanish and assembly codes. a cluster
feels pain far beyond its body. it took ages
for the ice to form and the prairies were hidden
to cut off the isthmuses. but panamá is there
in 5 time zones, ready to receive the targets
of our birth and the nets of our knowledge
of death. the infinite population of my response
through the mississippi era's hidden
folds in the intermediate areas under the tildes
of our pollen counts and older languages
cut through the disasters of the unknown
wheel. the children of the fire sit beyond
the pools of hunger. they push out the origins
of the animals as the one becomes many,
then one again by misfortune. the slaughters
do not matter to the day. no one fears the light.
we cannot confuse the night sky with the morning
rain as we are linked like seven fish on a line.
we must unfold the number six to get back to our
spanish in seven. ¿que me digas si yo no tengo
los otros de mis sueños empujados? ¿porque no crees
que somos humanos tambien, sin fuerza del unico?
si, yo soy de allá, y no tengo ningun animál. but 7,
yes, our walking storm speaks for the others
in the pin wheel arrangements of archaic flight