

I want life so badly it stands inside me my voice lays instead of jumping my sight instead of leaving stays nearer to me, close below me where? passive nature hips quiet my passive nature, laying head back on hand diamond listening scent of oregano in the room that opens of the mind where oregano is a window, I linger on the absence of my friend in silence becomes positive when I start sweating, breasts under crossed legs I hear gunlike-noise body and study my pitch in the clear crystal room, then I turn to be alone I am the guard of my heart I hear gunlike-noise remind me of love and fear night opens and I stay in the late night music to yoga in the last

TODAY

# mel + morgan

## THE NOTHING CRYSTAL

Pleasant, gentle, withstanding  
Sudden turns of aggression when it rains  
&the devil beats his wife piecemeal  
The road to Earth is paved with homes  
&One of them somebody's great-grandmother built  
&put the gun beneath her pillow in. The oven mit  
Is paved until the pavements ground too small  
rocks and smaller rocks gravel and give to dirt  
a single lane a path the faintest idea horizontal  
smelt then nothing  
where the nothing reigns

## ANN CAMPS CRYSTAL

Within which every rectangular letter  
Happens in relative contortion to the circular OH  
The soft pink mouthed one  
Of unusual proportion  
The women I love an alphabet in  
Full forms make margins  
And are not whole though they fill  
The single page  
Leave space for this  
&write it in last

CONDENSED BROTHER

four days  
on the street  
unlit

anger rings  
the mild sour  
of youth

walks about being  
home, the difference  
isn't around

L'OR

we're golden  
it's the only cycle of fade  
fools know if GOLD we say we  
relate touch to see  
the murmur rise&  
pass over past tones lulled  
when its brains were soft  
we ate half cooked eggs solid struck  
begun to be intent with our gait  
when the brandishing began  
&it couldn't be called back  
The business of gleaming &demanding  
pointy teeth GOLD  
All other armor insults me  
The Avenue of Reflective Ladies rain down  
endless cups of her gold leaf tea

On the guide for the triangle of the  
Found Sight Art Piece  
the shiny old lady smiles tell it  
GOLD  
a lid  
has been left open

FOUND

Dangling by a muffler thread to the inner lining of my chest  
Cavity 1979 matte black bullet standard  
Bike Royal Endfield Era forgiving

He loved his son so much  
He gave him away. His gift  
Is for giving he said

Roars, subtly, needs a little love  
A real piece of work but still runs fine no  
Stuttering

WALKING WEST ARRIVAL

bridge is ripe today  
should put in a  
black, indestructible case