

measurements

lotitude and longitude
 where you are
 intersected shot
true with the arrows of desire
 for a place undersun
flaesh of light point of shadow
 each moment new the same

Xhrist the beautypain
taste of it

letitude and languitude
the ease
the slump of flaesh
moving aquiver
pulserriddle steady and
bewildring

how to graph
waves atangle
breath and void
the self
inbred with the all

no small quest shun that
cant do

how answer

lewditude and lechitude
good answer as any

ah the ineffable effing
beautypain

the terror of not
being there when yore gone
the lust of it
lust in space
and time the lust of your kind
seedburn in the sky the ground

lassitude and loositude
where you laze

through the days
in your haze
a fuzziness of point
the emptiness of
possibility
at least at lust
until you lurch
into movement

how the point of you
stays
how the world
spills
in foam and rumble
over your shore how it
flows past through
lightflaesh
angles off into
everywhere

fatitude and leanitude
appetighte and its fat twin swole
hungring flaesh
change
of this to that transmutate is
mutandis
locating
change in the same
spot here
and here over there
the empty before and after
but between expansion
curruptbirthing vanishment

all of it change
it do indeed

rightitude and wrongitude
not Januscoin
but the fight
of lovers who don't
embrace
enemies
inseparate meaning less
without the other
and important to be

flaesh made thought
incorrupt shun

but no
escape possible

wrong, right?
lies entangled with
what is what is not

and the real
point here
to another

here

and its importance

thisitude and thatitude
(and the other thing
as the old man said)

all the arrows
of theretothere
piercing

each here
connexions
universal and part

i
cular

nothing to be said but there
it is est de nada

nada way
to separate one point from each all

gust of wind
entangled with grass

with leaves
with stars

with you
with sky

one thing

singitude and songitude
organ

ized noyse
blarehowlangels
and chilluns whislin

oh the sound is
even deaf
he could hear it

the sound the self
pulsethumping drum

the melody quickfeet and long
leaping
gliding
down

skycircles currentride

whatitude and thatitude
the question curving
back and past
where it started out
to a point

that might
touch where it reached
toward

find a true
juncture
star of connecting
spider and bug
in a web of becoming

lotitude and notitude
gift and void
gift of void
against which flaesh
throbbing struggles

hadtitude and lostitude
the reaching tongue
the drop on the dirt

focused or evaporate
marks in moist blotch
vanishing

what was ours
that nublets
of spiky grass

clutch
with crooked wandring fingering

blistersun above

shortitude and longitude
the flaesh and the jagged
branches of light ongoing
 then off

 and thunderecho
surfroar surfpour
the godness of it shattered
into gems and daggers
 pieces

of world upon world
 moments

gathered to a beach
of years of eons
but links
 from small to large
from then to now to when

 like a life
an unknown createyour
 cut through dark
 and let there bleed light

lungitude and lurchitude
the stumblehunger
grubcrunching feast
 unsteady

occasional
 plate above which mind
circles
 feathers

 scimitars
and the flaeshdown
 clutch
the tearing the spill
of entrails streaming dissipate curls

atitute and oughtitude
 aggression
as preyer
 the wholly

 immersed
in desire fire
to burn the unilluminated
and elect alike
 the flame

of principle above
no candle
wicked or
wickless
the heatscar marks
passage
the rights of fuelishness
celebrate
above which smoke
drifts
within which light
that might recur

firstitude and lastitude
how end and beginning
suck like a teat
the milk
of time flaesh to flaesh the string
quivering the connect
from then to soon
through now
how any part is all
by touch
how light
bends over
the hill
and riverruns down
and over it all
and eye
crosses with it
builds a vision
and something seen
not the same

the map of it

how that fails

but tells us something