

The stone kicks and thinks inside the hot soil.

The stone thinks inside its desire.
The water thinks inside the stone,
but cannot open its eyes beneath
it. Does not enter.,

the girl arrives in the hot soil
, inside the stone

no one opens their eyes.,
Does not near it,
but holds the stone.

The stone for which there was no hand made enough to touch.
The stone his hand could not lift.

The stone closes its eyes inside the bird,
which is small as a clap, called the Rose-breast

The heated water

the boy in the nude,
his hands relenting with,

What might have been legs

tumbling out, they have matured

into roots or paths., Great long clouds

pulling themselves across the floor

The young boy arrives nude in the stream

Odd-legged and next to her

saying

looking through, supposing the one thinks

the other is desire inside a form

they have never before been aware of., Feeling her arm,

The young man asks if she must want,

feeling in her thin-long wrists.

, though nothing is as easy as the act itself. As wanting
someone to carry,

Nothing more

difficult than climbing over your own body.,

your own hurt shape

Lying there

clean as a glass, I

turn into the porcelain
with my knees. With my side to the base,
Through the water, so then my knees become red.

And because I am cracked,
and the light is still coming directly in,
it appears that I have
several legs

Leaning over through the smoke-ugly glass,

Something that never happens makes,
in my notes, after I wake to them,
me come to you in a thought. When through
the smoke-ugly glass
I see your face in the shallow pools.

The wind across the shallow pools.,
And in my notes soon I am looking
at a hand of the tree
in the pool, and the wind across it,
your face. The wind, which obscures you
in the reflection., The hand of the tree
sags in front of you.,
At the same time,
the wood of the little room yawns., It creaks
in my notebook.

And in my reflection
I am waking up.,
pushing my nose into my pillow at my dream
it's the smoke-ugly glass and the tree has
grown to cover you

Thinking back, Remembering,
a few inches from the edge of,
where we could see ourselves,
the water

The weekend our dads
went hunting together
in the knees of some state
and had us sit around
'forever', we named the lake, I chased you.

In the knees of some state,
I can't even guess at, now, how long,
we came separately and met there, for the first time,
how long was it or where we were even at because
I slept the whole time.

I woke to the bleak of that cracking noon in my eye, and you,
my clod of sleep broke then, and I, walking up to the window.,
remember you first

The color of her legs,
the boy looked, come into the river,
by chance, he thought, Were it this way yesterday,
The color of the rock, I would,
in his hand, which was bright with water
from the light of
inside the stone, dripping paint,
in the bowing leaves, left, felt down

the stone thinks inside the water.

The color of my eyes, lays the boy
under the stream, the girl is watching how the light or sky,
is turning from blue to a yellow

Some water poured,
and thought about feeling
the color of her legs

On my floor, On my red knees,
in a room of hallways, I kept thinking

(I regret

that I only clutched you like a sheet,
merely held you aimlessly)

, kept on trying, at times

mistook away for gone

There, we walked to the sheer drop, our shirts blowing out
and came together in the roaring sky, A glass tank,
nor could we see any further, for its mist and width, out,
than our hands held in front of our faces, balancing over the ground,
from there, you wrote,
I let you, in my diary

You probably pecked at my thoughts

Once it was dark,
he put his hand through the water,
felt the current against his wrist,
and he felt many smaller stones.
It had spent all night arriving,
rose up without notice, the level,
the water

Once it's dark
she thinks, she reaches into the stream,
and feels his side,

(From here,
I can see our backs, Our eyes closed,
lit by night,)

and waits for some simple thing to happen,
she feels his eyes, as she looks
with the thought of touching too,
she imagines their color in the dark,
in the black of what they,
both think inside the water,
both know inside the other

(and as the clouds are dismissed
from the dream,
as my eyes adjust,
they open to the midst of the fallen dark.

I drag my hand over the blinds
and feel the wind
pour into the little room.)

With them gone, sitting he knows
is there anything to walk back to in the dark

A dream from the pair occurs,
in my thoughts, but can't see
still in the dark, closing my eyes, inside the light,
and the other in my hand, I still sit., I dream of my foot in the dark
of my hands, glowing through my fingers,
the pair are next to each other, in the way I wish
she were, and that was when I got up

At one place in my thoughts
is when you were lying on the floor.

The peach light under
your hand came up from
the tent of your pulled-in legs,
The door, Lit enough sat,
felt down
the blanket, pulling it like
a colossal fog come blown over the lead of a hill.
And the dense, the old light, clutches into a peace
, so that we are buried in its wind
all night.

Without thoughts further of
where you'd told me that
behind your forehead is our memory.
Behind your ear is a little part or a whole.

Where your hand lay hot on my sternum,
as I bring down to sleep by you,
is the glass, in my dream, beyond which
we are both.

We've, my hands
only painted with a color,
under the water., my knees., I said, at least now present

, done more than appear, the way any lovely thing does.,

, As light has a way of showing

, I hear just, the day arriving., the water
in my ears

on the bank, I said., On the floor,
Though there is deep mud around.,
all the earth on my fingers.

That a night is larger than a statue, and has more heart
I said once,

and solely our want came out,

to see what would happen.