

epithelium
eye of gland

people born to the nose fused by hormones
staying in a few feet in the duct ~~Do not~~ cell
the ~~stomach~~ of the middle - finger cell
back it is the ~~cell~~ of the ~~duct~~ ~~duct~~

the Visceral part of the ~~duct~~ ~~duct~~ of ~~cells~~
the Visceral cell when ~~of~~ the ~~duct~~,
so ~~of~~ the ~~duct~~, ~~eye~~ of ~~gland~~

parting
out the sixth
there is nothing but folds, needs
glute in arch to crown to crown
to ^{close} ~~close~~, say though the mouth of an
my mouth to
my face ~~comes from the~~ other down
bunch of skin, fold of

the subject, ^{cygnares} ~~creatures~~ ^{asked} ~~nothing~~ ^{quaint} ~~but~~ ~~fold~~
~~before the screen I took my hand~~

I say though the mouth to crown
to crown ~~to crown~~ ~~to crown~~ ~~to crown~~
to crown the mouth ~~to crown~~ ~~to crown~~ ~~to crown~~
the crown ~~the crown~~ ~~the crown~~ ~~the crown~~

the crown ~~the crown~~ ~~the crown~~ ~~the crown~~
I find ~~I find~~ ~~I find~~ ~~I find~~
to crown ~~to crown~~ ~~to crown~~ ~~to crown~~
my face ~~my face~~ ~~my face~~ ~~my face~~

Michael Cross

Throne

*Once you try to embrace an absolute geometric circle the
naked loss stays with you like a picture echoing.*

Jack Spicer

*Will you drive me to madness
only there to know me?
vomiting images into the place of the Law!*

Robert Duncan

thetic

earth halves for licit and unsanctity

as a crystal's red-gold locks

draw paren to the sun brand

as to sun I tell this guy

is water in water, bottlenecks the dynast's

hand, by bore flayed boxwood

lip to lave by lawmen's banded eyes

bunches in the hand the same as me

poised upon the polished fats a wedge

erst grace and sublimate, befell a gauze *bon mot*

sarx/pneuma

beside its *anomos* the christ's vulpine

sonance, sea-foam, brume

ell openly inclement

to vetting folks

I seen at the carwash

iterant's catch at the choke

for pleather thins in white

rims the place one wants a world for

sacerdotally, at least, the seam

in the hood I face

salverforms

supine in lisle hoods

how I speak for a posse

is steam purls, that that's my word

sways a bevy whom light, stag,

and motionless wedge this felted not yes

beneath the noncolor honors nothing

to not noncolor, *pistis* for love

so cleft your finger's pledge

for itself self-suffrages the horse

you hang a place for

meridian

wills toward itself in that it bans
enspathed the nowt to lunge
these throated brick cravats
by flagon's cut crystal
at the heart of the crystal
before the throne of the spadix
for literal dowel from the mouth's
hood makes a crescent mouth
its teeth, each lettered by which
for too, two-handed thrush

precutaneous

what visage does, debeller, razed, expiating
bas, our auctor wedged *da* twixt
the visor's amice grey made gaze
to palm some steely rubric-a-touch
harnessed her face lacks thingnesses sides
between the heat of the subject and the heat
of her lawfulness, sighs against
the pressure, kid, wrinkles, bellows,
apophantic facing the subject's front to come

foresting

otherwise all would will alone
against the heat, thatch for thatch
by dint save entropy's dreigh
nominal face face-flush
nominal dell sweating what quodlibet
thumbs what hydromel-ground
rents mitts, teeth in each
lobbed fist could we any
we the form in gauze curtains
no wind is the kings...

partage

before a sitter, supine, cygneous arched
operative folds the blooder's mouth
to cover to crown by cunicle cover:
incline from whence my breath,
prevenient *and* subsequent,
gives circular acanthus by thought
to smother the pleats what for more
pleats, grace begging vain fluorescence

blitz

porphyry bore a rebus that
lambent by a nacreous
glaze, mottled modular
nodes, each flayed
palm rapine and exly rackt
the *vexierbild* asks the filch
lucent by the drain's spate
of cocytus, terrifier, eyes gleed
faced *charis* as an impasse
dehiscent that they will
aggregates where we find them

rope bridge

ell-squared bronx split

papered gold-gild planks canvassed

what wound about the trestle of the void

sites by mitigation the crozier's curve

and such shapes a plate point

by which spathe hood beveled

tight around the sockets, pinna,

coil cast, harls split from ridge

to bress to base so that what light

lops the people from the mob

nunc age

what feeds me to ashes
repine in wishes, teeth
to haul the mort above
the ice, refracts as does
the periclase gold, folds
water water, steam
and the cathedral folds
patron of the culp the
turbine's centrifugal calcified
fists, St. Pairs the seated aires

Michael Cross edited *Involuntary Vision: after Akira Kurosawa's Dreams* (Avenue B, 2003), and is currently editing an anthology of the George Oppen Memorial Lectures at San Francisco State University. He publishes Atticus/Finch Chapbooks (www.atticusfinch.org), and his first book, *in felt treeling*, is forthcoming from Tucson, Arizona's Chax Press. He is currently a doctoral candidate at SUNY Buffalo.

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