

“NOW THAT THE KNOCKING LIGHT
LIVES AMONG IT
UNSOILABLE SEA”



123

even now what was entirely built is softly, her enough, to inflict to mother. now because room is money, what builds is built, softly for farther. because layers her pretty is. taking wants room. is it because. two no three, what a father builds. two because, because it was dark mother mostly because it was. pretty room pretty recovered, 3, she takes room because taking is. even layers speak any dark bed, layers to her. there men are there are men completely because unspoken there are books. because of bed a father a room. because a man, curtains then age, 3, 3 again. what is wanted is never.

space is mind determined place place where waves are things gauze covers back. it is pinned instead it is below the skin the unsoilable hair, the sea. mornings knock away living below air from things from heat. inside the glass the house is still a far better breath a new dread pinnacle. my gauze not alive-live raises fire on me or keeps me stirred. not a heart or swimming bird my love is, not the bare of all things raising extinguished. how the sea jumped on me once, how spare toward, how sparce innings. now that the breeze is hair, not water. now that the knocking light lives among it unsoilable sea.