It was the sky I didn't loot that bugs me. You see i didn't know about the night yet because i hadn't finished with the day and all that rot about the twilight which light moon love is so much rotten. The jerk between the scrub corners of the room day and the night is and does not always occur and sometimes days go on to days in incomprehensible complex patterns full of serious intent. So there i was sprawled glamorous on the sidewalk scuttled by a minute raise in a structure i thought i knew

When Susan's number is dialed
an operator comes
on the line and says
This service is temporarily disconnected

Two years ago Susan ripped
untimely from her body
a boy child, born to be
a mixed Othello,
beautiful in its
miscegenation.

And ever since
that night of
blood and
natures thrustings
of membrane, tissue
and one fetus, hand sized
with head and eyes
fingers and penis
Susan's number doesn't ring

Death is inconceivable until it slaps you in the face.
When A. J. Barr drove his motorcycle
beyond the speed of his hands
into distinction, it sounded like a gas.
-- to sail to -- air marring hair
in a cassock dance, fingernails
vibrating to a goosepimple tune
grit etching lines in smooth fleshted bones

Then SENSATION

Exquisite rending of part from part
MEETING
Heat/Rock Hand/Gravel Skin/Branches Face/Dirt

AHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!