



NOVEL
FORMS

km.gowc

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BOOK
ONE

let your voice be taken
soft palms cupping the egg yolk sun
your thighs embroidered a geometric red

—

burning dried flowers that you
hung from your doorway
semitone sex—i say
take my voice with you
into depth of dream
into depth of night
secret dance like
roots of tree—time moves slow
talk softly in morning light
talk softly at breakfast table
talk softly among the pulp fruit
wood burns beneath earthen comal
the colour of home—
the colour of time—chromatic—
all the colours of red
my voice is yours as yours is mine
braided with ribbon we are intertwined.

novel forms and the many we take
novel forms some that our shadows make
novel forms take us into the fray
tell me a story of the time we found love
back pressed against adobe
a wall the colour of skin
pomegranate blood through
shell of a body—shell of a man
she left broken or broken down
near the dry waterfall
hummingbirds feeding from
his ears where honey sweet thoughts
are memories he can't see but
he can clearly hear—hearsay are the
dances of prairie dogs
burrowing deep in wind dried fields.

we don't speak enough
of the architecture of our bodies
the movement of our hands
the boney subterranean
bare me your body as
beans cook on the stove
avocado leaves—harbor
anise scented secrets
green as we were
green as we are
copal burning on the windowsill
swirling up in the breeze
insects on open latent fruit
all the time we are away
we move and move to and
react to the other—we fill up
our own and both our space—
wooden chairs seem lonely at first
others against the grain—so we sit and speak
and speak of the art of our architectural gain.

collecting sea glass
naked in the wind
glowing earthen children
say you are a flower
orchid or another—say
yellow in bloom fiddleneck
desert tortoise, turn to saltwater
turn to lonely cactus
turn to the wisdom of
sand born flora
and decorate your skin
with floral arrangements
honeysuckle braided long hair
a huipil and a handkerchief
black hat and a handgun
dancing in the milpa
sowing subtle into the night
little baby seed thing
seedling for another day.

novel forms and the shape beneath dress
novel forms and the science of
sadly soil—softly suffering
the wind and no rain.

sometimes handsome
jawline
in it alone with mandible
jawbone and edible the
anatomy—where clapboard
and farmhouse psychology
play or play and play
the drought—arid the
then aral sea—now
feral gnat or flea or
the animals we lost and
pretend to pretend to be.

voiceless ain't voiceless
if the right sounds
be heard—heartbeat
or shuffle of feet
in rabbit skin
moccasins—beaded
intricate with love.

butter be love—in the fat of the day
novel forms as an egg on rye
and we had our salad days
cut mustard—both ways
my hands are too soft
for the job, you says
but i got what i got and
i didn't choose it that way
i work when i works
and i plays when i play
so please oh please
don't tell my hands
how they should live
or how they should
attach to me.

tied me up with rope of palm
ain't even sunday—
left me for wetter weather
said you'd be back
fine gin&tonics forget the daze
you will you will come back
someday—with little patience
for rhyme and wordplay
and if we get serious
amount to something
amount to anthropology
an apology for my
misanthropy and the epitaphs
i pretend be poetry
you stand sometimes knowingly
above gray bed or grave
surrounded by dried flowers
i saved—you saved
i sleep—you sleep—we sleep.

too many letters
organized in too
many different ways
and callous are
the sharp mouths
chirping tumorous
gospel or gossip and
gagged pretty things
all pretty gaggles of
feminine geometries—
shapes sliding and
slipping sensuous and
seductive in-and-out and
in-and-out, the ol'
yonic/phallic formula
novel forms from which we call
novel forms a cellphone or brick
novel forms as you/we
pucker puff or fellatio
modestly peck-a-prick.

am i gone or orgone
cosmic energy—cloudbust
the synergy
we got you
we got me
we got
we got orgasmic
sympathy—and
yet we shapeshift
on the makeshift
rafts of our dreams
the inclusion of
one and the other
or one over
another—computer glow
sleep deprivation—empty
arithmetic got us
nowhere but into
this bed we pretend
is a boat.

tongue-tied and
doe-eyed—i saw
you seeing me—
and in the
innocent hook
of the night—
we danced between
star and moon
and you sang
to me in farsi
the song of a
deer hunter
lost to love
a deer who
lost his herd
no family—
no love—no
nothing—left to
shiver long as
the night was cold.

tangible and
tangled, the
return of
lusty lacan
lullabying
little lovers
touching
under the
covers.

there ain't no point
where there are many
where there are several
where there are plenty
more than one, and
rambling is an
exercise of wanderlust
and we all got something
between the legs—magenta
magnets to confuse
the compass.

novel forms and polyrhythmically
novel forms distance polyamory
novel forms break free the sanskrit prosody
spiraling dizzy feeding off
old fibonacci—we like to think
we think we think—it all
neat here—ordered and assembled
clean biology or cartesian symmetry—
diagnostic pairing—false the spring
epileptic fits of unfettered
sexuality and wandering mad
and silent into saint george legend
snake or serpent or dragon
ascalon or get along and venerate or
celebrate—if you may—deify or
canonize—make sexual the martyr
for erotic display.

clasp hands
when time here is
done—and grasp
at the affection of
other or self
adorned for
attention—or
best dressed in bar—
pretending to read
as to not have to talk—
she says "hey, 'nother
negroni?"

clasp hands and
we gotta talk—
and talking is
sometimes just
breathing for
one another.

clasped hands make novel forms—
so too the embrace of lovers
in dark room
in glow of cellphone
face or breast
lit so bright—we aren't
here right now—
but everywhere
we are connected here
there and everywhere.

novel forms and the things that will come
time and time you've said
"we are done"—
but here we are
still on our boat
drifting on waters
as far as one can see.

elevate and elaborate
the dissonance and
distance between me and her—
her and me—we work
we work on basic
symmetry and blessed
be thy neighbour who
fits just right when
next to me.

novel forms and the making of we
and time and space and cosmic
entropy—we expand and we
collapse and move like the weather
making novel and novel forms
we rest simply apart and
complexly together.

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