

new year,

what more can I offer

what more than my name

just with numerous stitches

what more than my brow

furrowed by cold

what more than my shoulders

plagued by empty garments

what more than my chest

with evidence of torments

already disfigured by too many deaths

buried here—

by too many hands of death

buried here—

by too many heads

buried here—

by too many eyes

buried here—

by too many tongues

buried here—

by too many feet

buried here—

by too many deaths

buried here...

But this is the ancient custom

when death appears

such appearance—

The pure moment of flight and state
of air and fire

The torquered moment of the fowled
- taken down.

The skin of the sun is rounded
today; sides agape with curved wires
flowers of red wings; the skin flares
with a furious sea of light rounded
by pure light in a pure shape
of immersion and surge...

the leaves stir.

my hands strike the disc

whose breath is water

and lounge the wind softly

the embrace, stroke, softly

to the ears of hollow trees

to the ears of in the tangle

of hollow trees

to the ears in the belly

of hollow trees

to the ears in the heart

of hollow trees

to the ears in ^{the} mouth

of hollow trees...

How the breaks of my word-vent

Taste the thickness of my sea-talk.

a word shaped in word

a work shaped by ignorance:
ignorance of the danger
ignorance of the fault
and the ignorance of the law.

↳ heavy burden, enough, liability,