

Incognito

I did like to pet your eyes with mine,

surreptitious, in-hand, lids dipping beneath my goodnight
brush by

(private gaze in public space :
encryption :: beware : I love you safely)

fingerprint whorls on wineglass for I'm mute to my name my
tongue having

forgotten its place here with your lovely

big desk and the plans outspread.

Fake white rice to bassinet to trivial pursuit weekend.

(So the plans were knee to hip.
It's possible: thighs can hold a lot.)

* * *

A car door opens like a throat: *florish* and *exeunt* with purpose.

A private property bridge is almost like a tunnel with some windows
chiseled-in to stop-
watch the rate of world speeding
away from where we're going, extension furthest from touch.

* * *

A wise man sings strumming
suspension wires in his architect hat,

*a throat knows the difference
a throat knows where to put things—,*

and he's close to my third-floor walk-up,
closer to the road but I'm practicing draping
and folded half-out across the sill, but he's

too wise, meaning soft, thus smoothed

to a sweet cliché blur (electric light hum / engine choke and purr /
crickets) (a lot like silence)

* * *

which exists to cut, be cut.

Florish: Distant Siren-peal: someone's in a headstand walking on (palms)
would give everything they own (might still)

for the emergency to be about being
a brief other someone

*perhaps the bridge
was not a harp at all*

who'd picked a different route.

*a throat knows the difference
a throat knows where to put things—*

* * *

Exeunt.