



Image from CD-Action Forum Actionum

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word halter

.125

blinking into red eyes
as the tide
hits the gutter line
& begins to overflow.
we are there
on the map,
a tiny knuckle
on the island,
a dark green
on the whiskers
of the atlantic.
all the beauty
& good is drained
& pregnancy is pointless.

word halter

.126

there was a
chance to move
or emerge, a
moment in which
to rattle the cage.
the sky was
slowly melting away like
a doomed ice cube.
a little transparency
might open the door,
but the boy was
wrapped up in
typing paper,
all white, synthetic,
with nothing completed
yet morality
was not quite lifted.

(continued)

word halter

.127

the cat in
the corner was
under all the light
that came into the room.
it was slick
& knew where
to position itself,
but one day
it left those quarters,
pushing out a screen
& moving with glee
it disappeared into
the lush landscape,
but its moonbeam
eyes were not
to find paradise
instead alot of
cutthroat beasts
formed bad corners.

word halter

.128

i shake you
for light
but find nothing
i cut you for
words & find
twisted sentences.
finally, as the pulse
slows up i hear
a dragon twitch
as it begins to
wreck the landscape
& i watch again
the rerun that
does us all in.