

[untouched in the capital of soon]

poems

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~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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CITY,

city 1

A darkness that studies late into the last thought of a white mouse

city 2

A snow that reminds
mirrors
to breathe

city 3

A creature too naked to lose track of time

city 4

Not laughing at god

How long

can the infant
go

city 5

A short rain touching its shadow in a god just as real as a bird-hating
seahorse

city 6

No plastic
in hell

city 7

Fast growing
child
of Eden,

I don't think
they were hiding
from God

city 8

An Ohio barber spends her whole day

looking
at icicles

city 9

The children bathe together during what they call a thunderstory.

city 10

Older than god, water believes

it's never
lost
a shape.

city 11

Perhaps in this one there is a boy whispering over earbuds from a
nearby ghost town that all sickness ever does is protect god

city 12

Ask fossil

Can snow
dream

city 13

God wasn't there when image called off its search

city 14

A photo
eats better
than a mirror

city 15

I don't imagine that I'll ever be

as angry
as every

third wolf

city 16

The detail that got away from death
was almost perfect

But I should not

have understood
your poem

city 17

In my last Ohio I hear in a pawn shop her Jesus say it belonged to my
mother

city 18

Almost
the color of a distracted blue condom

city 19

Time
an exit wound that god closes with our need to miss a creator

city 20

Death
still thinks
my son
is fast

city 21

Future is the part of the snake the astronauts eat last.

city 22

Sometimes there is no city because everyone is alive.

city 23

I can almost not hear a toothache tell a truck driver that squirrels get
that way praying over roadkill

city 24

An angel moving itself in the mouth of a ghost while on the back of a
sea turtle

city 25

Pain
as proof
the sun
is small

city 26

A boat that has two gods

city 27

Here you will sleep like a gun on its dying password

city 28

Touch is everywhere
a stranded
know-it-all

city 29

What's the longest we've gone

being pictured
by nothing

city 30

God didn't think we'd create sleep

city 31

Click
while naked
On this

link

That later
the forgetting
is small

city 32

sleep cries itself to death
I wrote

a poem
similar
to the poem
below
You love

another

city 33

Bagging the bright mouse in the deer faith of my youth

city 34

Tooth decay carried by god over the capital of After

city 35

All secrecy genetic

Proof
is our last
ghost

city 36

A running shower that prays impossibly on the body of our lowest sibling
for the return of a bomb-maker's homesick drone

city 37

An angel burned for soundproofing crows

city 38

On tv a lunchbox designed by my ghost sells so well that a mom

city 39

My copy of god's longing

When

was it sent

city 40

The dream on its deathbed

sees a film

on emptiness

city 41

Animals pretend to live here

But don't

eat much

city 42

Dogs, I'd say

For their panicked
longing and cricket
faith

city 43

In which my left hand
known
for my left

Hand

Cannot kill a spider
in a haunted barn that another barn builds

city 44

Keeping the baby despite its perfection

city 45

If I die at the end of this book,
I'm already dead.

city 46

A paper airplane on fire in a helpless mirror

city 47

Skip

city 48

Nothing in a rabbit remembers void's birthday

city 49

I can't sleep any slower

but heard you

anyway

Telling

in bear

time

Nowhere's middle

Of our brush

with birthmark

city 50

We picked flowers and the elevators stopped

city 51

Some days

see us

Twice

city 52

I could've been so young

city 53

It took three zeroes to invent loss

All three had to think of nothing

for I don't know

how long

This last

guess

city 54

The singsong mothers in country unison

While dipping a baby's sock
into a cup of mouthwash

Reverse in their sons a longness

(the air I had for something new Killed itself in a balloon

city 55

Sounds exiled to the flattening of a father's tinfoil hat and the astronauts
our gods pinched so that we could leave the dream

city 56

Land has some people here

city 57 or 58

A puppeteer rubbing her hands over a book of spells for the untouched

A shy thief whose items change shape

city 59

Practice
forgetting

city 60

(how to starve a microscope in god's museum)

city 61

One dollhouse for another
The noises
leave

I keep the same double life

Dog's paw, child's knee

The rifle's

Tilted
field

city 62

Match the ghost to its egg

When

did I like

My children

city 63

In the keeplessness

or in

The boat

city 64

How is it we know that the subway

Wanted

to be there

city 65

Soft teeth

And that thing your son can do

with his shoulder

city 66

A drawer left open in an office
is all we need

The cult of lost fingers

city 67

Dying, touch will ask to attend

the hand's
silent film
debut

city 68

I thought reading would make me attractive to god.

I ate slowly, you know?

Like blood like time and their ableist
Newborns.

I wanted the thing that was not the thing.

Poems
in quiet
animals
An exodus
of unmoved
pairings
The corpse

of a cricket
My cricket

mind

city 69

Crow, with seashell

city 70 or 71

The short past of my body in the small
of yours

A baby chewing on its hand in pile of leaves

city 72 and 73

The boy has one mouse

All named
Cigarette

city 74

In its shadow grief the window

in the open
Mirror

city 75

Rabbit, microscope, flower.

In that order.

city 76

Our waiting and our leaving

The moment
they meet

city 77

Occasionally the odd ghost that worships
blood and glue

city 78

I can't always find the year I believed in god

city 79

Instead something joins the body

And two
places

Die

city 80

How quietly they eat

This far, even

From the birdwatcher's strangled son

city 81

I forget to eat and god says I am swimming

city 82

The sleep I do in my sleep

I can't
carry this

city 83

My son's wrist
Was a flower
But vanished

city 84

City of my grandmother, grandfather, aunt.
City of my human
year's
dog.

Death has never known what it's looking for.

Believes it will remember

city 85

Your body won't change if in your dream

There are many
people

city 86

Hand, hand, bar of soap.

Some fish are never

Hungry

city 87

Even god's children get their death from books

city 88

Your car long gone

You hear from your father
about a city
that has

One raccoon

no
cinema

city 89

Less recently, home

of the longest
newborn

city 90

Band names include

Winloss
Childgroom
and City89

city 91

An ambulance from dogcatcher's dream puts the hurt on a flickering cornfield. Past small pockets of boxcutting amnesiacs go the bicycle legs of the non-born. Without hell, our cellar is a mirror collecting all that thunder can hear. Never done, I saw yesterday what a swimmer looks like so close to uncovering god's one-eared suicide and made a ghost out of anything except a ghost.

city 92

Though up and down a son's arm
I move with my fingertip
that phantom dime

Touch is not
set free

city 93

Yesterday only exists if everyone believes it at the same time

city 94

Not until you finish eating what's outlived you

city 95

This is as far as I go:

My lookalike owns nothing

city 96

I still don't know whose memory resurrection erases

Or if death
misses god
all the time

city 97

Two birds lost by the same mother
enter my childhood

city 98

I only share with you
when we're not
alike

city 99

Time always surprises the dead

city 100

In the uncounted lamb of my boy's grey voice, stillness is the hair of
silence. For every third wrist, an ant's shadow sings to a worried bomb. I
am always right. God changes the size of the things we try to save.

city 101

Your describable
obsession
with father's
handstand

The syllable of your lost
knee, and

The roadkill
your dog
put to sleep

city 102

Angels buy footsteps with pictures of the poor

city 103

Your mother enters god in the ghost you painted for death

city 104

The past
changes only
what was

city 105

Erased sex tapes
and moon
landings
Is Ohio
even in
Ohio

city 106

In Ohio I was the only hole my mouth had

city 107

I think there's another way into the city. For example, when you lost your
broken hand and had to use the movie camera of our fog-eating infant.
Parents of the sick get no sleep. I died designing a bathtub for god. It's
not true but it keeps people from leaving.

city 108 now and the future of 109

Your form-obsessed form curated by a dieting emptiness and the
bloodless image of a stickman using my head as a pillow

city 110

Ask any widow

about the letter
n

city 111

In the farness of this room is there a pair of handcuffs hiding from a
wheelchair

city 112

Two small boys forget to jump out of a cake. Some stories just say city.
Not anymore, but this movie was once very good at being about god's
future.

city 113

After the collapse of our competing factories of sleep, we don't, as
written, switch bodies. Surprisingly, it doesn't take long to eat a god. I
want to tell you I am here

Untouched, in the capital of soon

city 114

A single tail left in an infant's belly

Ohio loses
every job

city 115

Ballet or the lost
mind
of a snowstorm

city 116

Oh how gone it is the ghostjoy of lighting a mother's cigarette in a dream
that gets my mouth wrong

city 117

Death maybe saw Jesus as a way out of watching God kill

city 118

God comes to me in a god.
Sleep is a footstep worshiped
by a mother's ear.

The baby is asking for more time.

I don't know what to add.
Poor mom. It's not a trick.

city 119

Not until there is a city 120 will you have the dream that gives death its
memory back. I wouldn't describe it as easy. We sent the wrong hand to
study your hand. We had a grandfather walk in place before we knew
he had a dog and all we could do with his wife was watch. Rain wrote a
spaceless poem. If it was like taking a toy phone from an angel, we
never heard.

city 121

My memory isn't what it will be.

Povertavoid, avidsad, handbefore.

She wants a flowermysonisdead.

city 122

We get our thunder from snow's dream.

A baby
invents
kneeling

with a fork and an outlet.

The wind is slowly eaten
by what

city 123

There's not much to know, really.

The puppeteer sleeps all day
and the fisherman
all night.

Hide your hair in your mouth.

city 124

Pop-up books about sleep.

The rabbitwater ocean.

No one is the one keeping god alive.

city 125

The loneliness they hide in window cleaner. The horse, the puppy, the two churches of thought on thirst. You with your son and maybe a meal. Snowfork, snowspoon. Each past soon a future he's not in.

city 126

I can't be around people who know how to swim. It's not, I know, the best way to start a city. God wants to be alive all the time. Everything in my body is recent.

city 127

We had the child to get the child's attention. We vanished, then, or grew slower than eyesight. When it snows, it snows almost long enough to kill the unfinished ghost of a rare giant. Still, there is a place in hell for every jump scare. Darkness ate me first, says the rock.

city 128

In a pool made mostly of where a pool should be, we take turns pretending underwater to know how long it took to create time. A baby outside of its mother screams god into a bird forgetting to breathe. Our sisters think they can't sleep.

city 129

In this game, you've to touch the bottom of a pool then make air before anyone you know is killed. It is accepted during play that the impatient have been verified by god. Pets are allowed but must have left some amount water in the cupped hands of one who's been recently alone in a yearless city. Death that occurs from other types of dying will be photographed by the mothers who've yet to kneel before the earliest walker. Scoring is determined by the length of the game. If every mother present has knelt, the deaths can be ignored.

city 130

One parent is grief and one is touch. Years pass without a thunderstorm being put to sleep. A son moves into his body to bathe. He scratches his own arm and tries to look at his eyes. His thumbs hurt and we tell him a picture has just been snapped inside the closest museum of the suddenly sick. Because there is only a second time for everything, I thought you knew we were here. Touch is teaching hand the history of again. It's grief's turn to be grief.

city 131

Reincarnation came close, but God has yet to experience loss. This is where human pain was born. If there is a tree made from the nights I look my children awake, eat what you want. Hide anywhere. We only see you when you swim.

city 132

A snake looks a thing stuck with ending its life. There are no snakes here but you can lose your appetite in the wind. Also

sleep stops breathing.

city 133

I am less than a mile old when I have all the time in the world to miss nothing

city 134

Is mom movie rain or real real snow

city 135

Of a ghost that can dream
I can only
dream.

Eyesight was god's weakest bone.

city 136

a bitemark goes from one sea-thing to another

someone hates your body

& a toothache
makes one limp

city 137

Spotless you in the dream you'll use to shorten your later dreams.

Loneliness as it describes each thing
in one
word.

Boy whose skin is never older than his first food memory.

No tools in the angel's cave.

city 138

There are days nothing happens to Adam and there are days nothing happens to Eve. It doesn't take long to lose interest in the last thing known to have used god as bait. Touch is the bird of nowhere. The outside can't survive outside.

city 139

After a star it's wrong to name a rabbit

The mouth to hide from god invents the kiss

city 140

One counts underwater to a certain number

Colors forget blue

city 141

The angel of eye-level
loses
a crucifix.

Attraction has no children.

A pear
is remembered
in half. Music

knows only
the locksmith's
lullaby
of deep

looking.

I love about this place
the abandoned weather.

city 142

Leave pain in its blank heaven.

Let touch
undress
taste.

Change dreams
mid-god.

city 143

A fish they'll say
made of sea
lightning
as if it's not

all
sea lightning.

Here if you see a bowl
outside

go to it
and stay.

city 144

because you wanted to know what ghosts do about their missing

city 145

In the elevator of the nightly named Bruise Hotel your mother points to
her stomach and says

to you
that your eyes will never kiss

city 146

Forehead to forehead, the sick children
blur the coin

of labor's
voided
palm.

city 147

The end of silence

met
with

city 148

Jesus on the cross, mother in a tree

Hair keeps god
awake

city 149

I smoke and one place on my body

knows three
on yours

SOONISMS

BLISS NOTES

I live in the future with an animal known to predict nothing.

It runs out of food when I forget what it eats.

BLISS NOTES

In my wrist, the heartbeat hidden from me
by my ears.

—

Eye:

The first fossil of my blankness

—

God only takes suicides.

FAR NOTES

My eyes when closed live forever in the knees of the awestruck.

—

Dear grandmother, grandfather, aunt-

All absence
loses shape.

—

By not killing us, god lost the power to die.

FAR NOTES

was there a moment I was wanted
past life and all, was there
a nest a whale, has this
been me

in a mothered
before)

(looking at a pill while picking a flower

time
temporary

LAST NOTES

again we speak

(they are making
it now)

the forgetful
weapon

MESSENGER NOTES

wind
the weigher
of its own
wound, when

(did my body
know

what form took from me

THE CHILDREN DON'T LISTEN TO RUMORS OF THEIR HUNGER

The children they dig a hole and give the hole a name and a backache.
They ask was I ever their age and slip a housefire-in-a-seashell under
the pillow of an endless angel. It's not what I say but in truth the older a
thing gets, the younger its god.

SCARED OF MY SON'S BODY

there is in fact a time

exactly like

the present

IN THIS SCENE AND IN THE SAD SCENE BEFORE IT

the ghost

invents

color

ANIMAL NOISES FOR THE LAST PERSON TO BE ALONE

The stone has one thought before it dies
and that thought
turns it
to stone

(The trick is to lose every child

Or is it
each

MY BOOK OF UFO SIGHTINGS

handmade

would you
believe

NON NOTES

Dream returns little more than a medicine cup's worth of water to match the amount once hired by a bullet to take pictures of a mother's ankle. I want to whisper it isn't our mother but mostly we're here to name simultaneously those we imagine are looking passively at the thing we stopped touching. No matter whose baby was the first to say jinx, I know how to learn nothing.

DOES ILLNESS KNOW THE WHOLE TIME WHAT IT'S LOSING

so obvious was paper cut's love for scar

night

wouldn't hurt

a shadow

LOCATION NOTES

It was sick for three minutes and lived for eight. I haven't seen a picture in so long that I'm not sure you'd know me unless I was there. The dream is using us to remember god.

MY SON FORGETS HIS SECRET IDENTITY BUT REMEMBERS WHO
I'VE TOLD

Grief cuts itself from the movie it wants to make about wind. I design,
sometimes, hats in a dream. I don't mean every word. I thought
loneliness would be taller, that's all. Not this god who knows we exist.

LOCATION NOTES

We weren't alive long enough to stop pretending we'd lived. If you don't have something in your hand, don't get a dog. I open my mouth but am still saying star.

LOCATION NOTES

The interior life enters heaven here or there in a bitemark. No splinter leaves a painted church. Distance is one meal. Longing, a puzzle.

LOCATION NOTES

The deathplace. Our losskiss. The inventors of déjà vu dropping everything for touch. Touch with its borrowed memory and urgent past. No one mistaking noon for none.

LOCATION NOTES

Darkness never gets to every creature. I like that it tries. A cigarette taking sad thoughts from a ghost made of breathing. The ant-same memories of a toddler.

God doesn't change, and knows it.

AS IF SNOW WAS TOLD TO FINISH SNOW

Loss gets older and befriends its childless parents without knowing
which of them placed a glass of toy water beside mirror's bed for the
you in all those video games where I stopped moving

LOCATION NOTES

The television is always this close to placing the perfect image on the grave of its grave. The children love loss, or anything they find twice. Never both. It's as if I am trying to remember what kept me up at night before I was born. The baby cries but cannot weep. The cat has this look mom calls changing ghosts and then there's less and less cat to forget. I have misspelled a word more often than you've died. Are you gone, or nowhere?

LOCATION NOTES

Do as nothingness has done

and cover

that scar

with god

—

There is a room

that knows

where you die

LOCATION NOTES

As quiet as a doll's neck
a bell
dies
for the wrong
church

—

I watch it again and again
your goldfish
outlive
a bowl
that's frightened
of sleep

—

No animals were created in the making of this harm

LOCATION NOTES

In one stopped car, a baby with a staring problem is on hour number three. In another, my sister takes photos of her dog. I leave my own car to find the icicle that will become the mirror's rifle, but I know I'm to be killed by the wind for a thing as big and as little as rattling a scarecrow's keys under any table that ain't been set. No story needs told yet here we are outing angels to a god best remembered for how it covered the noisemaker's brevity. Does shape forget its poverty, or poverty its shape? I ask you on a train about the wheel you're asleep at. If the food came early, we'd call it starved. Dying is a chew toy. Be as unmoved as your attackers.

LOCATION NOTES

Loss changes its name to loss and then back to loss. Time runs out of death. As a kid I wanted there to be a fish that was alive because it was the only fish. The gone, to themselves, will always be the last to have left. I don't sleep and you don't sleep and together our not sleeping is a blessing that disguises scarcity. But god has nothing and keeps even less.

LOCATION NOTES

I miss the radio being off
even when
it's off.

Forty baseballs going dark.

I lost someone. I lost

their death

BONES FROM AN EXTRA MOON

father making book covers in the nude

his longhand moving in the veins of a giant

his name an ant sleeping in the center of a band-aid

what if the end stops coming

a crow is not a star

the eyes know nothing

but know it first

loss is the salt of now

DEEPTRAIN

A skull has nothing to do with a seashell and a dryer is not an oven. My brothers don't remember being taken by aliens, but still believe that god is serious about studying who misses us. My dad has a single idea much like a pregnancy test has none. I dream in twos. The unraised wolf, the worshiped stork. I want a better world, or to get food poisoning from hunger. I hope my son has one friend as harmless as an ear.

SOMEWHERE EVEN YOUNGER AN IMAGINED THUNDER THE SIZE
OF A SEASICK DOG HAS CRUSHED AGAIN THE BABY FOR
CRUSHING PILLS

To heal her brother, she asks me to brush her hair. She jokes that when I'm done she'll not only show me the scab but also remove it so I can see where her batteries went. I tell her the fish are biting and that my father is wanted. Touch leaves me alone and it must look often as if I am trying to get a pair of scissors to eat snow. For every angel sick of heaven, there's a shadow passed out in a dream.

NOSTALGIA, BRUTALLY

a trapdoor meant for a circle, a body

from a puzzled

lake, god

falling ill

in a dream, back

to back

cures

for skin

FAR NOTES

The bomb is never here long enough to know it's found us. Son in bird years you'd be dead. A stomach holds on to its hand-shaped sleep.

THE LOOKING THE ANGELS CAN'T UNSEE

I'm happy that this is all there is, even if it's not.

Forgetting is the sooner life.

DRIFT MUSICS

You won't
drink it
but ask
anyway
for a glass
of milk.

Vigil.

That bone you broke
while swimming.

ENTRIES FOR ORIGIN

my roommate's father lives with a puking man I call future in a skipped
year rewatching a tv show about what poor people film

MEDITATION

Summer was for sexting and for watering the scarecrow's spine. Say it with me this was not that summer. As a ghost might surprise the mother and go to salt, a doll might remember its teeth.

DOCTRINES

Dropped on its head for saying footprint, the baby begins its work of collecting only those sounds it can scare. Its father mothers otherness as one who watches a film to make the world worse. Its brother hunchback and sister backstroke are viewed as two stomachs waiting for hunger to dry. Because my mouth is empty, I want to kiss you to the sound of god counting footfalls on a mountain path. For one, I have never been completely covered in bruises. Also, I was in the spotlight when my mother was asked to describe a sponge. Instead, she identified the break in the letter where a father changed pens and childhood as the longing of Eve.

OCCASION I

I am on the train that will take me to my brother and he is on the train that will bring him to me. He has only just seen the great bird I've envisioned since birth. I make myself in his image and use his inside voice to describe the bird. My train arrives early. Once off, I put a cigarette in my mouth without lighting it. I pace. A woman asks me if I have a light and I say sharply no. I apologize to the woman and explain how nervous I am to meet my brother this way. She says she understands. She says she'll probably see god before she sees her sister. I offer her my cigarette and she takes it with her. My bird is getting smaller and I don't know who to blame.

OCCASION II

To rename fish from the lobby window of a submerged hotel. To let the water from a mother's body but not before telling her that god lives in me so long as my son is outside. To have nothing but the mewing compositions of rooftop strays to keep me from becoming the devil your pen pal was fed to. To die listening for the never arriving marble of grief and to drown while pulling imagery from those years spent on land openly preparing the eaten, subliminal beast.

NEXT NOTES

It's hard not to want
the premeditated
yesterday
of it all

The brief health of your son's
dream-seen mouse

The toy's
eye
pinned
to its memory
of being
removed

Every cigarette
god's
little suitcase

The finished half of a field
broken bottle
by

NON NOTES

I wrote, just there, of a mother whose hair was a ghost fighting a ghost for her head. How easy, to lose a poem. A ghost, a head, a ghost. A boneless brother in a shrinking bathtub. How easy to leave out the wind, because it's only the wind. With its one memory and then its one.

NEXT NOTES

Saturday I wait to care for my still sleeping brother as a tennis ball sighs its dog back and forth on a television screen. Who can sleep, with all this care? Patience is a midwestern agony. It doesn't last, but death can't watch.

NON NOTES

The dream wakes up before I'm over. Some private sea discontinues the shape of my mother. A drop of blood doesn't explode but one day might. Every chicken is now or was the two-handed loneliness of a birth-skipped god.

NON NOTES

I don't know yet what to think. Your stories of empty babies. I liked the few that ended early and it did make me sad, the snowball fight beneath a boneless moon. One is never too old for god, I suppose. I did not for very long love the daughter born to fake her pregnancies but again I am short with love. Sudden death is for beginners.

NON NOTES

The velvet crows seeming to swim in the river as it's filmed. The missed meal eaten in half by presence. The skeleton dragged from anatomy class by the recent angel of your mother's broken arm. And touch, of course. Still hurt that taste was first.

LIKE A MIRROR I LONG IN MY UNWATCHED MOMENTS

to hold

my weightless

creator

SOONISMS

So that god would get to hear music, they made god.

-

My hair leaves me in a cornfield.

-

Every angel came from a sleep that tried to reach a star.

CURVATURES

In my dream jaw my dreamboat's jawbone

In my flood a sober seesaw

In crows a kind of waiting

meant to receive the balloons of the strangled

In a film ghosting a film, In the church of rolling our own

In mannequins where small things kneel that are living

In jigsaws of the crucifixion and in the ideas my veins
give to lightning

In Ohio in my left hand what is elsewhere lost in a broken rabbit

In the city the building thinks god will jump

In the nothing nothing leaves

NIGHT NOTES

Oh school of fish,
this way to shadow's wedding.

Oh heartless deer, hornless train.

Oh son

Who entered too early the long illness of the world
Whose dreams could burn a spotlight

We are this close
always

if not
to god's
bones

then to the missile
that holds them.

All play as boys

freeze tag
to sadden
birds.

SOME OF THESE CHURCHES AREN'T MINE

I don't have anything poetic to say about names beyond that we killed the animals in the wrong order. I remember a rabbit disguised as milk as clearly as my dog does a dream of a whale moaning a verse from its lonely size into a bullet hole meant for something smaller. I'm not sure that wordplay tricks trauma out of its inheritance, though suppose it's possible that incompletely by accident the fleeing angels of our absence return harm over and over without a scratch to a satellite touching itself in a photograph developed by god's avoidance. In a town for homesick people who use sex as a lamp, there's a first time for everything except recognition.

SOONISMS

Healed by a microscope, the angel burns my missing son's hair

in the mirror's
invisible stomach.

I am in the blue school of that first shooting.

Ohio radio treats fatigue as an error from sleep's past.

Art is a moon rock in a gun shop
And death

God's refusal
to age.

~

** 8/23/21 Poem-a-Day at poets.org, selected by poet Kazim Ali

ABLEIST JOKES ABOUT THE MOON

Tracing his toes, my son breaks a bone in his finger.

It's scary because things mean more in a simulation.

Somewhere in his body his body wonders
if it's unguessed by god or by ghost.

Bath. Both.

Sabotage time not yet

SOMETIMES THERE IS NO CITY BECAUSE EVERYONE IS ALIVE

An Ohio barber spends her whole day looking at icicles. The children bathe together in what they call a thunderstory. I've seen in jigsaws of the crucifixion the ideas our veins give to lightning. Is there a creature too naked to lose track of time?

We keep the baby despite its perfection.

END [untouched in the capital of soon]

poems. 2021

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OTHER WORKS:

**Skin To Skin In An Unmarked Life**

chapbook

(Trainwreck Press, 2021)

**Ghost Arson**

full-length

(Kung Fu Treachery Press, 2018)

SELF-PUBLISHED:

*Animal Masks On the Floor of the Ocean*, 124 pages

June 2019

*MOTHERLINGS*, 52 pages

June 2019

*an old idea one had of stars*, 58 pages

February 2020

*rocks have the softest shadows*, 237 pages

Dec 2020

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