

JONI WALLACE

Water tower # 17 with neorealism and rye

Open the sheer deer curtains into the wide, white rink.

If I am cinematographer, a foil sole, bench seats where one sits and sits some more.

If I am metteur-en-scene, a flysheet, invisible ink pen to ink in the ghost particles,

sinkers on the trinket tray. All the way to China. And standstill, the walls.

Oh to have been.

A silver screen, a retro-moviola's lyric Mobius, tinsel of multiple tenses.

If I were oneirographer, beginning, middle, end-deer, a threnody.

Enter deer # 0529 (star of light emitted).

And entered deer # 0228, deer # 0318, deer # 0816 (*boom, boom, boom* said the boom carpet).

Is clockwork a-dumbing, is daisy chain.

Deer # 2332, a smasher, a would be, rye whiskey, a *cryyy*.

Do you hear that melody?

Little King Stone, I whisper.

Took the light rail, baby. Straight down to nowhere. And never come up.

Do not let the children see. Said no one in particular.

What is stone pony; solves for ingot confetti

Girl, a pinafore, the most gorgeous blooms there. That creeping patina.
The way the shutters hinged out, unspeakable. Maybe she thinks a pattern
into stones beneath her shoes. A pony, paint. Another thought into its bright:
a Lidy Prati. How to sing it? A *whumpf* sound, brume blown
through shirt's hung. Card clapping its spokes. *Which am I, which are you?*
it tickety ticked. Bicycle? Ball bearing? Scrap? Screw?

In the Theater of Everyone Down on the Floor Again.

At approximately 4:50 a.m. Horse become hold-all become split shot
become stun runnel become die cut become field of zinnias which bloweth so
blithely
in the shock front, a rococo of, an ear-burst's yellow/black butterfly slick
darksome.

What is asphalt; solves catch-catch, chinks and clots

Another round of Arsenic Swans in the Bonaventure, X centrifuging into little jacks (xxx). A jack self. Swirl of lit atoms inside cygnet-shaped ice.

Your handbag. Your cut-glass barrette. Your stockings' sheen the same sheen as seal coat, a slurry.

Nothing's truer for sake of light, clicks a Zippo, click clicks the trip-switch switched. Wheel mechanisms, hushed whirl of gears below you A cab a bus a cop car. Street lights, store lights busting up the storm frame. Parking lot signaling lake splash, a kind of error looping, asphalt's susurrant choring I love you flying animal side down.

Insert here clabbering grebes, ✓ of.

Insert speech string. Pull it: sound-mark's *catch-catch* inside a watermark. Chinks and clots, gut-splash. Let this sloshing stand for birds.