from ABJECTIONS: A suite

He knelt down
Side to side
He inserts his hands
Two things at once
Again and again
Him on his own
Arbitrary material
Built low
There's no hurry
That's just an idea
There's nothing moving

Many-named
Memory was suffered
Caused to tithe for the use of their feet
A sometimes explicit people
Common on some level of fatigue
Invent virtue

Kind of animal
Nothing was requested
Nothing was provided
This was a form of amends against
Which she had to defend
In the end they came to something like rest
Uselessly naturally instructed

Move for move
Were in motion
After all
Circumstances stiff and stark
He walked all day
A feature of the town
How separately they all lived
From then on

The ghost of interpretation
Just beginning to crawl
He lies down in a small dark place
Large stone on his belly
Back at some beginning
Imagined as familiar
A cut of nerve
A slow continuous
A move

From center to x
Palpable extinction
Empty design
Unimagined condition
Magic matter
Really is
There's no trick

He yelled louder
Looking for the horse he's on
FRONT: JOHN GIAN — INSIDE: RICK LONDON