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?

*Liter 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


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 whir 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 choiring I love you flying animal side down.

Insert here clabbering grebes, V 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.