

Rest

It must almost be time for some completion of catastrophe because the hour is late or is it early and a tap
the dripping tap is trying to tell at least a little something soothing but
clang is a verb that's in your mind the fact it never rhymes with
changing bothers you and look whose tooth is at your lip you knew that
parsing what is now quite the irritation at the tap's hot tip produced as one
sly flip and galvanized fixation all its promised rhythms sunk phonetic
circuitry the rinked and rankling irregularities of its approach the form
refuses any fusing stricture nothing can withstand or stay its beat the
droplet's falling crystalline and shatterable, unfaceted because it is
unwatched because it is unwatchable your smallnesses droplet
your endlessnesses the sound of clocks not ever
wound to strike but well-wound purely for exhibition's sake when water's a
ceramic tooth a bite so unsymmetrical implacable moonleered and
fairly water-riddled added water-raddled, riddled with unfeasible new
promontories always misattributed the brain a caddy with a bone to pick
with lawns since *dripping water* hollows out some stones not just through
force but through its dogged own persistence a kind of comfort or
claim some pride in benthine misquotation, that *the stones have no*
rosetta but tonight you listen to that tap it knows like you the difference
of its statements its *pica* and its *píca* and its *pika* it is
pillowed now and pillowled so undozy faceless moons
grown discoid and tricky, listening-in to this sweet inability to sleep the tap
its provision of gong-surfaces for you know its concourse its
minute tidal fillip against a taut ceramic's discourse so any comfort or slow
pride that ever you might hope to feel the details concerning the definition of
lemmas' etiquette typography of sea snails the moths well-
known for causing damage the specificities of ornamental plants
a diet made entirely of dirt beastly beastly rules relating to
the occurrence of most movable feasts small mammals an
anagram of that pertaining to an apex, speculatively Slovak and
Czech crude profanities, their rhombi spearheaded falls
some soft-cyprine war-cries of the famous cartoon creatures
still smaller mammals more mammally than ever the
wound in his side Magpies magpies, two for the price of all this
will not save you your hands are too small the ceiling far too close
or far away and factless there's the sound and oh there's the moon
its own attempts at sympathy at restfulness