

what tends apart

Anne Lai

Pavane

Friend

what tends apart

First Thirst

Paris

Peace Piece

Noon

Felt

Around

War

Chaos

Player Piano

Ten Ten Two

Long Past

Running

pavane on pavement a jazz pattern nothing

no, no set of steps 'cept constellations common kept

endlessly presenting opening movements, from: and to: slowly here and/or quickly there sum of paved permanence shared

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for to give,
          is not to
give for
nor
for give
for to give,
          is to
forget
the give
the to too
a closeness
closer than close
further and far past the nose
as give
becomes
the full forget of
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what tends apart on the one hand parts apart from and to returns towards the other takes and givesgives and takes these references as such returns in re:
picks up from one another middling apart together bound to slightly part forever

the first thirst attend
earnest which held
despite the fall
whether or not for
ever happened
a meaning moved,
that is to mean, they did

silver creasing crescent

a bright, unblinking satellite dot

so there is a blue
turning less so till
comes the lightest green
paling yellow to yellow-gold to golden
golden burns clean through orange straight
runs along long line of red
reddening lessening to a gray-greying out

corner of an eye
a hovering plane adjusts its wingtips

lifted from B.E. tops piano please re-play the peace piece

hour hand, second hand with diligent persistence meets neatly at a middle o' clock sun

crossing, cursing its laps around a public swear

bearing sharp and mighty swords held aloft its common points engraving half-mark turns roundabout their backs that shadow on his jaw
pressed upon and parted from

a feel, a felt, a feeling fell under a lamp's shade

her palm folded neatly
and proceeded to tuck herself
out of the way

each revolution

carried over and into

a ring, a watch

an arm in arm

spent the time

change sunken to the bottom of a —

light hits its clear, shimmering skin

around a finger

a wrist around

around an arm

returns dizzy

won hand by hand, twice lost fist over fist there lies a lie, not so far from here where a war wore on and out yet they were one and the same no slight of difference each one before slid into another with pockets full-turned down and out with measured reprise in the common we've

chaos

sorted

right

into a bit of blue

left some of itself

stuck unto

yesterday's lapel

worn till through

up top
sibling hands
tended from below
correspondence by shifts in key
awaiting watcher, lookout
hearing what must be fingers
push down at the player piano in unison

nameless name
faceless face ten
tips of fingers string
edges of elbows knock ten
clumsy, fumbling thoughts
who is not, who is naught
pressed away till two forgot
in justly quiet

further than far

from and too

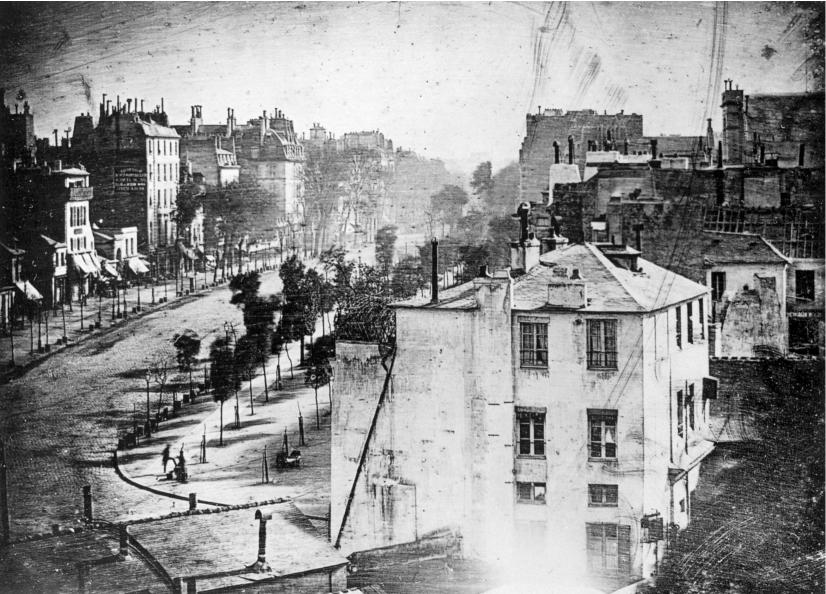
long past

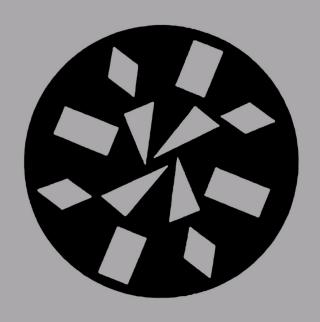
passed over

lately later

than late

M. F. B. C. C.C. E.J. T.L. G.S. A.C. A.S. E.S. T.V. J.B./G. N.N. N.S. M.S. P.W. M.K.-G. I.X. R.B.D. J.I. M.A. T.L. J.R. R.E. A.O. J.H. M.C. D.T. C.M. E.T. N.B. J.B. J.O. C.Y.-E. P.K. S.C. D.H. J.C. C.S. J.D.C. É.Y. G.U. G.W. J.S. C.B.





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