

| | |
|---|---|
| From here, we can see it | (the relief) |
| England has disappeared | (beneath clouds) |
| And Chile is aquamarine | (with lithium) |
| From here, we can see batteries | (bursting) |
| See how matter and anti-matter are composed | (of the same substance) |
| We can see the darkness | (like light slipping) |
| Everything incidental | (everything passing) |
| We can see the sum of all things | (nothing is also here) |
| [enter] | |
| We dance to vinyl with purple pop on one side | (jokes on the other) |
| Drink ash in alcohol | (alchemy's in again) |
| Wide-hipped sex on a water bed above a train | (stationary or rattle) |
| Dream of transmigration or a move elsewhere | (this time, nearer) |
| Yawn into the separation of morning | (lists, leftovers) |
| Wiggle into the disappointment | (of dissuasion) |
| Stick mirrors on our hats | (we are being reflected) |
| And dance again it's what we were used to out there | (silent disco, no touch) |
| Toss out the candles | (we have the north star) |
| Trampoline onto anything somewhat green | (Soylent green) |
| Eat a protest sign | (it makes us sad) |
| Hang a red plastic bucket outside our doors | (so it knows we're here) |
| Throw away all the paper | (throw it away this time) |
| Water will soak us all | (the Sierras are rising) |
| Beards will grow | (mama repeats: 'listen with your stomach') |
| This place is full of babies | (islands) |
| Made up of the most of all | (possible) (worlds) |
| We cannot go now | (not in these teeny bikinis) |
| | (plus it'll take forever and we are so tired) |
| Look, the corner shops sell books! | (where have all the clocks gone) |
| [exit] | |
| Everything passing in meaning | (all the blue) |
| I can remember you like you're now | (facing me, my face, and I can only remember you) |
| | (Are you absent or am I) |
| Your philosophy is a great watermark | |
| over a common landscape | (glossy sweep, rosy-cheeks) |
| Mine doesn't stand a chance so I will | (do what I do best) |
| Hula-hoop to India | (weathered and whistles) |
| Your philosophy is a common landscape | (garden thistles) |
| Mine doesn't stand a chance so I will | (do what I do best) |
| | (I'll wish I had summoned a proper goodbye) |
| It's not home but it's familiar on the tongue | (morphologically) |
| The hot steel heat | (it makes my back-feelings show) |
| If I told you I prefer living somewhere real | (tear gas) |
| Phantom | (obliteration) rooms |
| Corrupt souls. Dreams | (hardened in dust) |
| You'd say, "you're exoticising" | (fear of ghosts) |
| What good did criticality ever do us except give us | |
| style: windblown hair | (and nonchalance) |
| (The ancients told us that) | the revolution of the body is only plausible with a |
| | revolution of the mind |
| Occasionally, even those of us that experience | |
| the tilt | (guests) |
| | (encounter moments of kindness) |
| All that anywhere flickering | (towards where) |
| Dancing | (to where) |
| Sitting up straight (to rest) | and emergent. |