Brief Essay on Immanence

Ephebe, my ephebe,

welkin of cautery insensible,
no glass pastures deflect the hauteur of your
languorous appetite,
no rough marrow slakes

the shin of said embrocate guise. There are multiple earths

and your habitations are several:

the perch of the wren, the monks in their spry harbors, the various entablatures of wheat.

It is always as if the first time, with you, and to turn away is remarkably similar.

A penance in the marketplace.
A convection of bruises, tagged
& catalogued –

There is no sense in hiding hearthwelter, birdthrong, in the mandolin's aster-prick.

I would know you anywhere by your supple moon.

At a Singing in Sunderland

the last significant bract of light — arraigned —

there being no portal there, no

significant displacement — and fraught, as with a simple mechanick of housing — legitimate

pharmacopeia, I denounced

the satisfaction I felt received no better due – than faience, than sky –

an ancient pastime –

as the waters moved, those clustered without encumbrance of blood—at the lip—

more seal than,
say, excision—awkward
on their land-legs, nor swift to pelfry—

(compass scratched in mud by the brickworkers, on schoolboys' slates

or in the marble tombs of princes -

a unitary worship—

as, later, in the valley

a great moving—(of earth—)
((I was not without sympathy))—mutable

procession, rustle

of silks, soft palate of what chance gouged from chance—

(queer runes & lesions—