less the way i looked:
the way i made things
an alchemy a power
just behind the lips
how art can sweep
you up make you
riot the theater hurt
whoever’s closest
that dissonance that
infection dug into
the lines you loved
you left me at the
subway i could see
it in small hungry
words before i
ever saw it at all

intervals in years
more, missed, or
when you arrive so acutely late? you said prac-
tice was all i needed but practice was a
led me like a horse until you touched your
you bit your fin there is a place
movement of the
forearm there is
number of bones
a certain magni-
[list]

way i looked:
and things
in a power
and the lips
of a can sweep
and make you
wheeze hurt
is closest
sonance that
i dug into
character
you loved
at the
could see
hangry
fore i
hit at all

[measurements]

intervals in years, not decades or
more, missed, off — how could
you arrive so accurately and so
late? you said practice was the plan
but practice was the problem: you
led me like a horse by the mouth
you touched your ribs and felt mine
you bit your fingers and bit mine
there is a place behind the ear a
movement of the tendons in your
forearm there is a certain
number of bones in each spine
a certain magnitude of yes