

A tremble pleasure

Begin message:

From: S

Subject: A tremble pleasure a craving to take the path at the fork (I told her the truth but I told her a partial ending) I told her to wait while I told her to rest when I had no choice but to choose I told her to type a trail to the woods

Date: April 6 10:18 AM PST

To: L

There were seats or gas on our wayer through the air
truth as clear as an assassin drone the trashy clouds
coarse with trouble at the bar

Threads of you a farm

Begin message:

From: L

Subject: Threads of you a farm of threats of blue shirts and blue-red you fix the plumbing you fix the sign you fix the *he knows* from the parking lot threads of could threats of asphalt flutter by and he turned to go to his car when the night became too dark under the wrench of gardens under the leaky roof the stars the little apartment somewhere out there the what will I live on these next five years the brocade that falls out of the sky a sorted disaster of crowns it will all fall apart and the books and the books and the poets will be switched off of all their rusty notes the flakes of ash raining everywhere even now beware the fish

Date: October 26 6:34 AM MST

To: S

Threads of you	we are five
fall apart	years from now
a shunt of	walking through
thermal mass	the woods
leaks everywhere	we've been
over our beds	talking too loud
a sign of wrenches	we've been carrying
will not fix	the weight of gardens
the pipes	we are running
we are roads	we've been dying
and books	along the shoulders

A currency of amends

Begin message:

From: L

Subject: A currency of amends there will be one for bad breath one for skinny arms one for toenail fungus one for the irritation of breath one for the cereal crunching on the air a servant of cunning it was a pleasure a to growl this morning a pleasure to stop in quiet to quiet my own tv it was a pleasure to denounce the curtains the bandits of creases of course a transit of tiles a buoyant fulcrum

Date: September 11 10:31 AM MST

To: S

One for bad	and pleasure
sucking for	an animal of spit
skins and fungus	my own station
one for imitation	more a servant
one for milk	a way to get
one for trumpets	attention a corsage
and loud fingers	would not appease
in the morning	the track
a trial that	the grapes
waking up	the upset coffee
would not hide	what long lines
the waking dread	would not even
one for fugues	be a trick