



third body of fighting exit

three holes to the bank and the motionless chatter renouncing the dust as a market returns to the shadow and loses the penetrant stars as they wander to let us reveal the remorse of the fern. if only the body of others returns to the eggs that become the small harvest of songs and the wrong by the semblances after the waving of torsos that pierce the inception by dust. the mind of the stone and the jaguar's hot plane for the social releases the birds from their empty revisions and happiness reeds in their memory lost to the desert and promised to fire by the radios shifting the nest. if dozens repeal the announcement to pattern the season by fences and do what the real in its heart moves to cover the mind of the forest and how the return to the penitent circles become what the face marks by dust, then kindness remakes its own home by the origin stolen to see the alignment by war and the pebbles set down to mark time with the forest and see. even if bodies renounce the arrangements of separate tunnels through every repeatable door that the back of the service receives, the husk in the seasonal artifice marked by the fish to their folds in the magnets and winter rennumbers the stance of the right to the saddle with speaking disease. the travels through mounds in their silence by letters sit still by the corn fields thrown back to the sun by the sand as we doubt our own excrement teaming with crab shells and domes. their markers make animal ways by their starving return to the mind of a singleton bee. the other delay of the share of the pattern to break every neuron and feel every highway by others

remembering light to the place of the heart by their motions returned to the kiva and followed by motion with sand for the softest release. the broken detail in the flying diseases remains under breath and the search for cadavers by two. but the empty release of the past makes the shadows keep crawling for mud and for presciently malleable minds like the loon.

but the take of the night rests assured as the children are caged
and the families woven to trees are not new to become
our relatives finishing animals shared to shift shapes by the door
murder removes you to see by the shake of the shadow you are
for lessons of gentleness carve the excretions by morning to feel
the passive return by the body as seasons renew the bare hosts
tearing through shelters and smiling to mutilate others
which roots and which symbols produce the ignition to run
the improvements that eagles are shot with to force empty rain
what do i do as the death of my mind seeks to be
the end of all violence to put down the poor and the Sea