

Okay, 2017

Star names, night-blue,  
angel water with a  
leg-bend in the fountain  
pearl jam the rock band  
used as reference (but tied over with real longing?) like a one-trick pony  
like a vague amphitheatre with  
flown in extracts of blue  
a book haus or a  
house of books, so dragged apart  
it could come undone  
opposite the slow drawl of charcoal  
how it sits there without  
moving, slightly hovering  
before the wall  
pinky's rule was decreed by certain  
indefatigable laws: (1) ice machine  
next to the ice truck, (2) no one use  
the filter that makes your face fall

but what we were really guilty of  
was the tie: an  
idea of a tie and a tie  
all in one  
our predilection for painters is  
pretty obvious  
we started to justify it don't  
worry says  
no one  
cares  
these sugar lips  
kissed soup on my cheek  
as I watched fire hydrants bleed pomegranate juice  
in one of the drawings  
the bird's eye measures  
colour, shuffles our names  
into a claw and scratches the artwork fastidiously checking what's underneath

Leo Bussi