

## **ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE**

### *Making*

Holdless is sludge that dredges sludge from sludge to form space, a using of cross to octopi sludge space for the filling of nothing's pocket.

To be perfectly sincere is violently unremarkable. There may be better quiet in the careful shluck shluck of husk suckling which is a crouching out in pacific iconoclast frame a really exceptional performance of dying. Oh to be perfectly sincere is to come in and out of you like a graceless razor – avian, and a kind of desperate shackle which is too much address.

But in the happened there is an orphan again.

**ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE**

## *Bear in Tarp*

There's a tear in burlap. It's too much seen too much corded and too little exploded. Shrinking flames its sheets murmurs in moment i am sorry i am sorry. It's the wrong room of a long morning to afternoon not moving.

Would you call a categorically taut garrison barren. Would you call. Did you love a mummy did you swaddle some gun. Did a passing open a shoe box did so many passings make you sad. Did a sonnet ever work.

**ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE**

## *A Vagabond Bur*

A rust of minnow napes a hard neck scrapes its speck across lawns. Rhubarb chisels. A yard of rhubarb is at stake. Another minute tacks and another minute tacks towards the symbol. Prayer for an empty pane of window.

Burrard was tinder but completely irrelevant with charlatan hopscotch.

Meanwhile chirpers were chirping and everything straining. It was a curvature at wreck. It was a freezer muscled close to meaning, and seething. A great whale of a chalk. Too many eulogies worded over one another inside the lid of a chalk. Would you recognize it plated in surface. Would you recognize it as green – the breadth of broke lines, a scissored up snake of vulnerable green under a weight of rug blue roar.

This among the delicate sunflowers is lost orbit. This is the metallic tasting plate and this is the wall this is the door this oh this is the sink. No most destined gut. No slicked chicken to know but the half-life of well-passed thresholds.

Characteristically, the closet hangs around. Cups a whistle of mistletoe, skips a soft foot for a leer, for too many, many wheaty leers – throe-ing, throe-ing throe-ing, throwing an exorcism under there!

## **ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE**

### *Pointing*

Dead word dredged word be a conductor there something here of dread. Something happening in movement in happening in not stop happening what what happens what passing phenomena of every day happening so this is writing.

The world tremors away from not. Write that down. The world tremors away from not and death a thin membrane click and write that down write that down. A blast and a calming and a going and a returning produces.

Now frame the shelf as keeping dust and duster jobbed and a chasm receives flingings. Map a spread of hooks across quilt not holding anything less than wine and time for the time and eye and eye and eye and know this to know anything a terror state of alive. A spelunk of tea-eyed mime dares it all.

Stir actually a swaddled dredge. Actually a mire in stiffed clothing, in a bald eagled day's habit, in stilt in rivet in capturing plate, in wooded cardboard wood so fine surveyed, in anticipation shut and anticipation to go, in incensed city in ceiling in sidewalk name and in the graveyard again all draw close far closed weave away close to spell this pane—to birth the mad jester!— needs a peat of rusted vanes, a gathering of circles a coppering of noises and so many agains.

Why a woman dark in a door way and outside the night. Why not the blue forward that cannot be looked directly until meeting face. If it worked, the actor is dead and this or whatever is sacred.