



dad capo
that's FINE

Peter Gizzi

uqu'y a-t-il
à l'intérieur
d'une noise??

If I hadn't been
reluctant

Sentences in a Synapse Field

to break them

For I wanted sound / to
dig into sound

a small, stary flower

For snow and blood / for
wine and mirrors / for
electrons / and electricity

small, stary
& other

loving embarrassments

For debris / for damaged art / our
collective fortune / future

joined
quasi-una
bambolina

hungry
Like a fire
that thinks it wins

adults being ~

discarded

children

who accept

nobody's coming

to pick them up

until & except

the baddest dark

For as long as there have been soldiers / there
have been poets / for as long as poets
there has been a bridge

ta dousa vortz ai anzida))))))))))

For I wanted to hold a room in silence

For debris flooding back into a wave)))))))

del rosinholet savage

For as long as particles / a charge / for
it should be incredulity / to be alive

et es mins el cor salhida knowing only
in having gone past

For these things that can be told / until
mystery becomes elegy

This tree was pollarded & grows out with the park's

For it was March going into April / for
the day was / speaking the day

~ ~ ~ si que tot lo cositer

For what you thought / for

what you buried / for

who you are /

stones & pinecones, conkers, pieces of lace,

pieces of glass, all behaviour, kindness,

For what you grow out of, mistaken for

what you get away with, for what you

get away with, mistaken for what you

have done, have done for others, for you

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