

JEFF CLARK

A Gigolo's Ghee Gilded William

What I was lacking you brought from beneath a ghat
I was building a gimbal and it cracked

I was unbraiding a giaour's meditated tuft
while you sought surplus purple for a gamay garment

Your geyser always shared in prescription store aisles
while malevolent Mimes

aimed hoses into the ocean
with things burning right beside

But your eyes and even rinds were sucked yesterday through gills
above wavetips and over Mojave-made azure gharries

We scaled gagging spires and gutted ourselves
Laboratory gone through a gloryhole on Fell

That tan transmitter taken from Rose
where waning white accordion waves past collapsing places

Green grams fanned through
air and the irrigation corps

dessicates in stations
A vaulted sky vulnerable with nimbus symptoms

Ambulance tremulates lengthening silences
In an opaline shell navigating space you

fell at Io
and we owe isolate lighthunting faces who overdrew

an inventory for an old dosage boat
We never broke pelicans or shot at odious offshore ships

Cinnamon-colored clinamen obscures that ocean and I oar out
We never spat our objections

in a speck flask of obsidian
We rung orange canalwater from two rags

All the ones I dream of are children
Now comes Asian flute music and a despicable feeling

Seek fractured voices from vaporous places
No longer even questions but the sound of questioning

I dream of azalea-colored eyes
on a warm orb

that kisses
and a family that builds

vessels because
it wants to ride water

to places of
somesitic dunes

that swallow trauma
Your tongues were wild hoes of astral agriculture

We ringed until two we began
In your midst I had three friends

Double Trochee, Dilator, and Flora-Flare

The diceholes filled with dew and you swam

Filled with lobal foam and you beamed

A flea was riding a porpoise and they were in love!

Verdant Shunt would take us by the face

To the orchid store

on the 33

in deranging rays

The fluttering
inverted comb

the softly bouncing snout

of a dead September seahorse

in a tank with a darting disc and oval pieces

Blood does not accrue but moves

I pretend there is something in the sand the water wants
that the center of the sea is silent

that at its ends one hears

backwash ramming

incoming walls
and to the southwest

a torquoise blasting ship on glassy resins
Cunning things thrive in cummy dungeons

No longer our songs but the ache of playing
The spider played its needles

the cunning thing came
and was inverted

its pill drained
Together we annihilated the spider

then fed it to a sparrow
We pounded the sparrow to powder

We rolled a Hell Bank dollar
and brought the sparrow inside

We rhymed pearls in advance of the sadness of
the Chinese boy who chased a rolling melon

—*Why is my melon running away from me?*
Does it think you're going to eat it?

—*No! we've been in love since Monday. What's that dust on your lip?*
Swizzle-Styx....

—*What's that claw in your pocket?*
You're a curious boy!

Now you glide through new highlands that feed you
In the Age of No Adjectives

they'll find your skeleton there
upright in a throne of white crayola

Australocumulus
The Mimes broadcast nine minutes

each tender one of our telepathy
They drained cathedrals with droll catheters

meant to clean them but they crumbled
You found a pass for unladen animals

 You inflated my lungs with just touch
but here deflation

of cut creations
 in hemispheric vases

 while once I knew human moons
against a pillow

of silk from a dead robe
 the pink of peopled evening sleep

 and peach of unknown but dreamed Tulare...
A gigolo's ghee gilded William