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i keep waking up with my pants off
and my soX
there's something there
stuck in the drawer
a tongue
it is also a sock
i love the sound of a sock getting stuck in the drawer
like a tongue
a bit curious
i go to sleep with both on

sitting across from you i neaten things
they're stacked
the sounds of books lined near the sink
there is the sound of the telephone
the sound of dust over the phone

there is the sound of being watched
there is the sound of it
i quite like the sound of the kettle and the fridge
what orchestra (the kettle of a sound)

there is the sound of honey on the side of jars
no sound of it dripping

there is the sound of someone pronouncing your name
which if they did not want to they would not have to
there is the sound of me pronouncing your name
then the sound of me pronouncing names wrong to books i've read and do remember
but you do not
and i do not want to shame you

there is the sound of you knitting me new soX
eight stiches to the five
they're the hanging shame of possibilities
covering my feet

my soX walk to the sound of shame under your foot
i can feel it there
what is that sound?

there is the sound of thinking the same thing at the same time
the sound of deciding to walk and not take the train
to walk home after seeing you
that's the sound of a decision
i like that sound

there is the sound of picking small stones out from the back of envelopes
the sound of picking out small stones

there is the sound of not being able to take off your sock
in life you know
i knew you wouldn't let me take off my sock

on the way home i hear if you salt a clam it sticks out its tongue
there is the sound of me hearing this in september

there is the hidden sound of other meanings (to eggs)
hidden notes shells stuck between doors

there is the sound of you finding a glove
your fingers finding it through the air

there is the sound of a comma

written on your eyelids
of plates being stacked
a profound sound

what is a foot
if not for a sock
and a sock
if not winter

there is the sound of seasons changing
of the next season
wait now no season?

i wait for the sound of an evening without adjectives
(bright days of green pants)

perhaps
there are only
two types of sounds
raw vegetables being cooked or cooked vegetables ready
when they smell like themselves

there's always the sound of you willing to tell me who you were
and the sound of you thinking
but what time is it

there is the sound of a jig jag compliance drawing
the drawing of the nose of those who knows
there is the ambient sound of no good cop no bad cop
but a bit of both you know a crackling sound

there is the sound of a seasoned boat deciding to turn left
no right
no
there is the sound it abridged

and it's a shame
that i love the sound of a sock getting stuck in the drawer
like a tongue
the sound of a sock stuck
or getting unstuck
many sounds at once

the alphabet
really to forget it
it seems you have to forget you've forgotten it
it's a question of what words are
no
i mean what sounds are
making alphabet soX in sounds

i hear the shame under
my foot again

what would it sound like
putting on soX that you've already taken off?

i thought this as the morning hardened upon the walls

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