

Kayo Dot

"Blue Lambency Downward"

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Beneath the arc of the rounded rainbow ley
Whistled the lark as the arrow lost it's way
The Blue lightless perfect-colored obfuscaire
Still supine, I crossed the sandy veil
Falling forever through each measure;
All moral minds sentinel
Falling to Hell
Breathe together,
Farewell.

The circle we drew as we moved but tried to look down
was wiped away with the sound of the morning
rooster's crow...
His tail was tied to a hammer and he dragged it to the
horizon

In the hallway outside my bedroom door,
I heard the old dead sleigh gliding to it's restful
drones, purposely knocking the pictures off their nails.
With a vacancy ogling my sober inhalation, our
curator's rocking to the rhythm of the rain on her
carved hair here in this room, with the inverted torches
at it's barrier, where materia vibrated out.
It's vibration left a plume climbing it's way up a blue-
blessed curl, which was girdled by aurora of obliging
black morel.
Then, I called and cried out while I minded the bell that
dangled crazily closet edge of the basin of the rain
which fell.
(It fell in the shape of a bifurcated ammonite shell).

A beacon as blue as a bowerbird's eye in the morn,
A poem written in threes over four,
My oeuvre based on the coy and forlorn,
Another boy's parallel night in the harrow,
And the quiet decline of my questionable rhythm.
Disinterested forever in upwards motion,
I hung out by the white chalk letters.

I watched my body move and let it.

