Pregrets

the page torn itself out, on a plain line, with a curve like the earth, its destroyers too busy with reality’s accreting encapsulation to notice, aubade with interchangeable centers in fear of opposition, one-two has having tremendous chaste desires to be slights, don’t insert yr image thing there in that likeness, dig dug with reactionary vegetables, pensive music sidles up to brackets, I’ve got your whole back but ya got no neck, in my backpack requilibrium vs. prequilibrium (ahem, says Chip, circling the act of sequence), pitch the shit or don’t, there are many formaldehydes of anti-expression, every five minutes adding five years scale peers into traffic, let us now misapprehend nature’s inhospitable quality (butterfly attacks), private life goes on the wing, so, “this” is like “it” pointing to itself, or handing it to you, because “it” is the enigma right? I mean, “it” is “it,” you can’t do anything with “it,” but “this” gets “it” right, puts “it” in your hand or in your voice, yeah, it not only gives you “it”, but it gives you somebody giving you “it”, right, which is like... it’s up front, in a way, whereas “it,” “it is raining,” is mystical, you know, it sure is, but it’s also reality I mean, it’s real reality, whereas, it’s possible that you can’t ever really say “this” when you mean “it”

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