My name
whispers above the stirring, strained dissonance
haunting me
from my dreams, through my waking hours
in every sensation except those of me
all around me

etched within echoes etching me
metabolic insignificance insinuating
in waking things
or was it the sound of the horses hooves
but in the pale blue shimmer of the first
not in the mod of the lexicon
was it in the first frame of her

partly
of the looming over me so
in dark of my room, fell the shadow
she visited, was it when I felt her
who can see the first time

reflected in the dusty age in my periphery
free her showing in her eye
on the brink of wispage—my meek—
I felt her in the dark of my ear

lighting up my feet
and waking and discovering at the same time
in my mouth and in the head, ears of buzzing
in the room of the blood
I smelt her

she when she shows me
and unseeing, I see her
and senseless: faceless
and face here is here and colorless; transcendent and featureless
spinless to listen the first face
when I follow her deep below the attic

I will be only a blue thing in the dark: an empy
what is left of me is coming closer soon.
there is a constant time; a stretching
the way I love of folding out—still
you ignore the way light pierces through my cell.
To die.

Persons name that is where they are due.
The Dublinian stops mid-ring and calls out a
their own head under ar e arm. When
The Dublinian is a headless rider who carries

Doolan's HAN

Doolan
earth, heaven, and hell with its roots and branches.

(Compiled myth) The ash tree that was thought to

Yggdrasil

Yggdrasil
Eden he read laugh anted the Edomado.
and we are glad in this brighter metal season.
We foresee the coming doom of gold.
A breed of his bronze heroic reason.
Remembering the stone song
Ceremony of the sunflower boy.
God mouthed over the green young
and his eyes shone blind with leaves.
Evan the dead laughter among the Edomado.
To be

Topector any color and fold any flower

Absurdly perfect

Yet in my whitest moods I hold

With locks

Blissfully blue and bend the sun
glow glass its Legion

When in good humor,

They die

Not grass that I choose to think

Laugh’d kiss, get drunk,

Who’s measuring how they admire,

And raise their optional houses

Who’s measuring how they admire,

And raise their optional houses

Whose eyes slide

Over tables the moon’s celestial union

Through a window of mine

Those diamonds shone all night out

When my eyes slide

Spin itself from under my feet

I walk above,

Soliloquy of the soprano
Enter slowly—deliberately so easily I
lift the window from its sill
just above the sand, some six inches.
The second story, the bedroom, the
second floor, feels like a
nothing here but my window behind home.
Making sense to me—clearly
seen a clearing this is this the end
have long since surrounded to the
smothering desert wind
It is the light that catches the light and 
reuniting with it classics since ceased addressing
the sand from my eyes
do not know how far I would go, even just a taste
does the sun still rise and fall in a sandstorm?
Autophagy

/nəˈfæɡə/ noun
consumption of the body's own tissue as a metabolic process occurring in situations of damage or redundant cellular components occurring in vacuoles within the cell.
in mid-air

When you think of love
You think of a heart
Remember the time of a fiery romance
When you think of fluency

of it on your skin to your mother’s mankind
Blood is a picture for the action
from the aesthetic body

The heart is not a symbol

precession
the sound of sensation.
For singing
For shouting
Your ears were made.
Listen to the silence

The tongue should clean from the epithlets
full of feathres

When you think of the breeze humming
When you think of the breeze humming
wither
but I carry it
She lights the torch
wetness vs self
perseverance & rebellion
I see a beauty in her
but I'm not
I know you've stared
looking in her eyes
I mean, you can't stay away long
You can't stay away long
Well, one thing I know for sure
Or if you simply want to eat me
I wonder if it's a fate within you
I wonder if you know of me too
But then I'll have to think for a moment longer
You decided to me
But after so long, you kiss my feet, holding them down tenderly
You're so dirty
You're so dirty
Deep down below
Deep down below
Would it cause you to blossom red in my eyes and set root
Or would it ignite your fire
Would it ignite your fire
Would it ignite your fire
Would it ignite your fire
Would it ignite your fire
Dirty
Dirty
Dirty
Dirty
Dirty

Can you guess?
There's monsters in all of us

"Tim Wittrock"
who refuses to die

and there is nothing safer than a woman

must be ghosts floating on camera

than I must be fiction

it'll never pass

if I'm not real

I think

I say, "Lazy body, why won't you love me long time?"

but where's nana on the street today?

that so someone might call me beautiful

to make bloody murals of my mother's real skin

I knew exactly where it is to hang it for real womanhood

but I can't believe you ca

who taught me and my mother to hate our skins

she looks no different than the real woman

I think

an acceptable kind of feminism

some flaws ever

what, I weigh 120 here now

I've always been used to follow directions carved in the dirt, the places

buried under many

but this is that body is still there

don't you know real woman don't have secrets tucked between their legs

als it's dry, oily boy

and all those hairy eyes naked to spot the photoshop

I think of Cathy Jenner
Monster
Hei evis hold volcannos

Hei evis hold volcannos

Moth-like

Within the dark wasteland of our bodies, I am drawn to her.

From the inside, my heartaches and throbbing lightens up my defenses.

Something else within myיעה"ímals. I feel her.

They underuse me, exploitively

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