

PHIL CORDELLI AND BRANDON SHIMODA,

from Walk, once again

[Ridgefield, Connecticut]

We Cannot Feel Nor See Any Ancestors

any ancestors here see any ancestors here
no further
hollowed out. Standing bleached,
stiffly indicating a pause,
failing the trailhead
the sun appears frighteningly low on the horizon
Gray green rock and fern
shield and sword
pierced to the point of sadness
to keep it
or even see it

To Let The Strands of Rot Take Us

We wish

We lie:

Brew a weak hemlock tea

Let this wooly bear winter

Thick coat, thick coat

Hard whiteness, hard white, our soft whiteness, our soft whiteness

a weak tea

on the muddy ground

Shuffle and drop, then DANCE

a pattern of flings and flails,

branches in a controlled burn branches in a controlled burn

around bedding

bedding places

to feel the

carriage of duff and snap and leaves

which those miles are –

were it all encased in a vivarium.

those miles

:until we're

rotting

Still Here The Sounds

still the sounds of the tape
recorder;

inside small

thinking:

cakes and utensils
painting and pornography,

and our gazes, dense dense

And now I hear
none

birds and crickets
where before there were

will take us

the utmost paraphernalia of our depression

Old Christmas Trees; We Dragged Them Out Here

Old Christmas tree;

after the sufferings

formality

limbs

stand:

feeding from an empty stand:

shadows

across the chest

arched

a canopy

of expectation

where light fails to

full embrace

fails to form a full embrace

thank you,

it is just what

The Deer Are All Sitting

The deer are

though they taken on
be tamed

to fit to their whistle;

The birds can find no color
[]
and so no whistle

A dish of water, overturned; -es spilled
browse away these woods: they've browsed these woods;
pass through roads, wandering slowly through
blankly in fog, the neighborhood
shrouded

Flexing their flanks,
the sleep which roots stretch sleep roots their bones and
spreads
their skin, coarsened by need
the need for more than these witch hazels wave;
they shimmy to attention

We are not seeing it at all, cloudiness, large, dark eyes

The Confusion Of The End Is That There Is None

The confusion of the end is that there is none;

; there is the confusion

Turn the thing: see the the thing around: see the tall
grass

the shape through the trees,

Confusion: confusion shingles
clap board siding with white trim

It could be anyone's

this monument – no missile
would be smooth, if it were smooth

As it is, it is rough,
grown over with lichen and moss

and lonely in years leaking

All these houses think make
of close brushes with death of all the brushes
and the ways in which deaths have the various ways in which
occurred in fact