

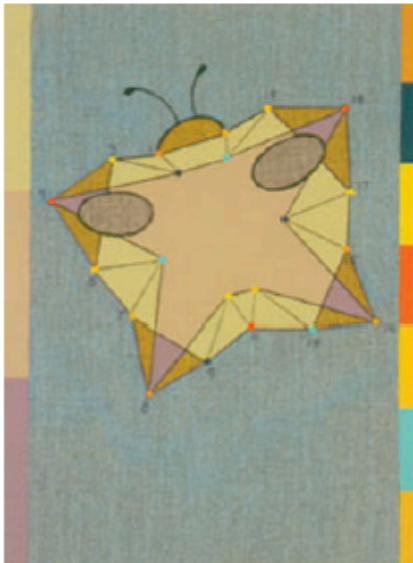
## panic board soliloquy of (butterfly) 2.1

All those buzzing & shining outposts of me!  
Remote wing-tip sings its blinking red song  
about trajectory & need then burrows toward  
& into the blue center of my melancholy-at-leaving,

of my arrival-anxiety. Orange hope burns  
for a world where everything turns out  
all right, where the grey sky I'm set against  
holds & never breaks open. Such ragged

distinctions, a state of dissolution,  
a thrust of purge, the dim suggestion of blunt,  
of anonymity: a hidden forever of sequence,  
a pattern to follow

with correspondences unforced.



**(butterfly) 2.2 considers the troubling enigma  
of (butterfly) 2.2**

Regal I'm not, though I try. Me: swirling  
amalgam; magnified twirling me, a flight plan  
of plant rot & decay, all rant, plot & relay,

the architecture of my sway held collapsible,  
inexhaustible, four points highlighted to hold  
my deepest darkest & one secret strong box

to keep you out of my space, my want,  
my indefatigable sorrow, all my sad tired songs  
whispered thin on nights when the air is chill.

Children weep inexplicably & it's me  
in their ear. Deluge of the unknown, miasma  
of plan & punctuate, I'm a machine

of soft animal not right for this life.



### **soft-hearted (butterfly) 3.4's reverie**

Shades of lavender, of crave & hunger-  
this is my rainbow recitation of being & desire.

Splayed out & frantic are all my loves,  
internal compass indicating a shift

of focus, the lengthening of Undone's shadow.  
Always & however, there are bright patches,

the clear light of knowing scattered,  
occurring in the midst of. Fierce angles

retreat, draw inward & outward simultaneously  
& the question unasked is one of intent-

a dragged down impenetrable in the unseen  
inside or a furling out to ensnare, to capture,

to reel in. Then the struggle to sustain what was already alive.



**(butterfly) 4.5 provides notes for the Sunderings**

All tattered my colors,  
ragged leaf ready  
for fall, for a  
journey, passage  
from one discovered  
country to the next.

Is this my state?  
This is my state:

within & with  
out, there is  
so much I'd annex  
or disown, geography  
of attract & ex  
pel, retraction of state

ments, vacating  
the tenements, a vacation

of pure intellect,  
reason on holiday.

Instinct & urge  
comprise my go,  
my backtrack, my re  
gret & remorse.

I sing a code of  
the unfinished-

a new language of ir  
resolution...



**(butterfly) 4.6 implodes in all pretty colors**

A clearing, the acumen, a sharp sightedness  
while beyond the green mess of these border trees

lies only the possibility of more trees. Provisional  
surroundings, visual field slave to sense, to florescence,

how can I hint at what's beyond me? Naturally  
to nurture the outer invites it, an inclusivity that breeds

burgeoning. My growth is limited only by my limits.  
Strenuous expectations allow exceptions

for only valid excuses-a dreary day, the bleary fade.  
This center? It hangs full, seeks, would build

itself from itself, would put no end on what's now  
begun. Perceptions scurry & report & nothing

is strange anymore. In my dream I am my own dream,  
a dream of myself dreaming.

