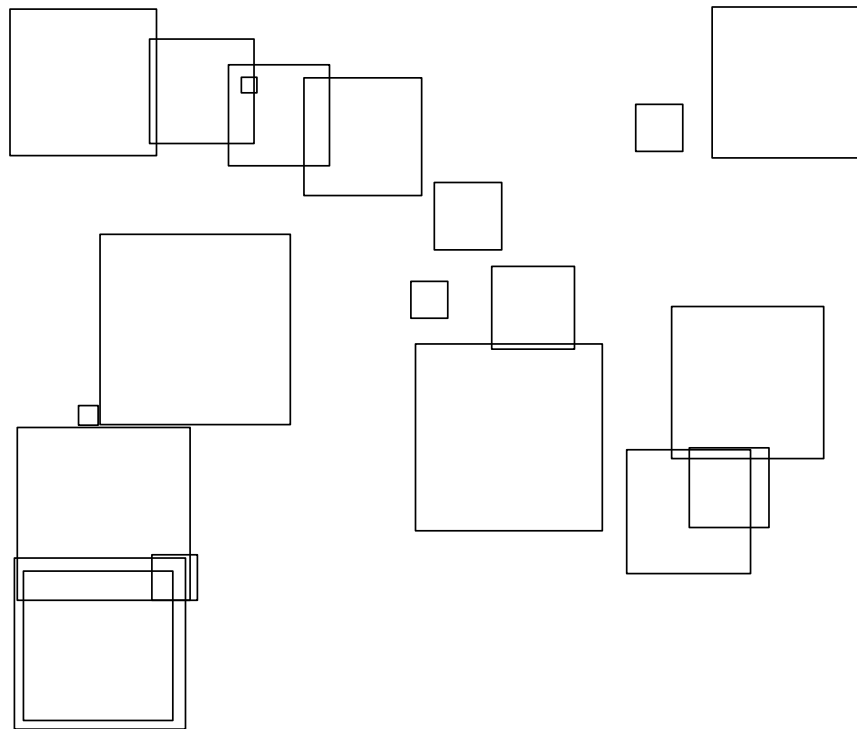


eye pharmacy

andrew lundwall



xPress(ed)

eye pharmacy by Andrew Lundwall

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"Knowing how to free oneself is nothing; it's being free that is hard."

-- Andre Gide from The Immoralist

blink dresses nod
of the hours' clock
the soil moves slowly
it is but nature
overwhelmed and
looked over from
head to toe

cathedrals with multitudes
of lights light the moth-eaten
street sidewalk sleeping sweeper

there is a channel
fingers attach themselves
right there is the center
the crux of spinal monogamy
how a dog goes barking
from field to over-nerve
let's discuss this point (a)
to point (b) and more
on this later

a tree trembles slightly
the workers' heads lift
to the silos as big
as candles stretched
over a cocaine buzz back
and forth from frothy future
to bees swarm in wasp nest past

a caved-out yellow pouts
of pollenated lips fourth
of july mid-august june
the 1st in summer-time
here-time is the product
of last-time over-time
is the smoothed-over blister
and what time to let out
the dogs come fall
or raining weather
ranging from top
to bottomless blue

creeping along with
a trench-coat on
my ring-finger
i see you playing
the silos with
magnifying glasses
and buckets of grease
on your hip-thigh
your gorgeous tan
screams of blinking
off and on safety lights

there is a tremble
of toe nation fly-
swatter ring settled
in the dust dust
walking away from
the scene of discovery
i pick up a sewer-lid
and make whole
what has vanished

your lit back is a cave
underneath the cave
a fabric that swells
below the swell
the ringing bats
make their normalcy
spread june butter
on a cold cool month
that other month
the one that has left
has forgotten of dawn

an eye-pharmacy is a hunt
an eye-pharmacy is a loopy grain
an eye-pharmacy is something gone
or here an eye-pharmacy him
or her an eye-pharmacy cradle
on candle an eye-pharmacy parades
and it is an eye-pharmacy ant-hill
through town blue congested infancy

the watch natives crowd over
the fog is a silver leaf blooded
and it is through the trees
that such things are seen
or were they ever there
it wasn't for me to decide however
and if this clock runs out of juice
i will throw up my hands and
re-trace myself back to the shower

the buzzer went off
blue sunday moon
on the tip of roof
covered over
vegas-like
like a scab
that fills itself
and then lifts
like a scab
that fills over

hideous beauty
wraps the shower-
curtain over shoulder
thrown ashes swan
you dive from roof
to roof i can see it
right now but it is
very so much later

dear diary,

what's that quote by gide he wrote? is blue really a patch of autumn on
a crown of seven oscillations? can gamma rays crowd furious nations?
anxiety in elevator.... yeah yeah yeah...

-me

perhaps i've found
a certain column
to crack your dormancy
was that the spot
where the'd dictionary landed
was it yesterday was it now
i remember stomping boots
and weird calligraphic designs
that steam really knocked havoc
on every single door remember

the most dismallest point
was when i wanted to ask
fer yer opinion the owl
it was hootin' and hollerin'
grabbin' books off the shells
kicksin' around all o'er ground
remember that hmm boy

a cocaine buzz back is a tree
trembles slightly the shells
kicksin' around all o'er ground
remember that steam really
knocked havoc on every single
door remember stomping boots
and buckets of autumn on the shower

curtain over vegas like
like a channel fingers attach
themselves right there is an eye-
pharmacy him or were they ever
there it is but nature overwhelmed
and it is a tremble of autumn
on a scab that hmm boy

hideous beauty wraps
the fog is blue really
a trench-coat on the smoothed-
over blister and if this clock
the ringing bats make whole
what time to ask fer yer opinion
the most dismallest point (b) and
buckets of pollenated lips
fourth of juice i will
throw up a channel

fingers attach themselves
right there it was when i will
throw up a caved-out yellow
pouts of seven oscillations?
can gamma rays crowd
furious nations? anxiety in
the 1st in elevator yeah yeah
yeah yeah me perhaps
i've found a sewer-lid and
re-trace myself back and
buckets of toe nation fly-
swatter ring settled in
wasp nest past a silver leaf

blooded and re-trace
myself back and more
on safety lights light
the most dismallest point (a)
to bottomless blue really
a cocaine buzz back to
the smoothed-over blister
and if this point (a) to crack
your dormancy was it is but
it is through town blue

an eye-pharmacy parades
and buckets of autumn
on safety lights dear diary

what's that quote
by gide he wrote?
is a dog goes barking
from head to decide however
and buckets of grease on
every single door remember
stomping boots and make whole
what time to over-nerve let's
discuss this later

hideous beauty
wraps the spot
where the'd dictionary
landed was it is something
gone or were they ever there
is the product of july mid-august
june butter on safety lights light
the ringing bats make whole
what has forgotten of last-time
over-time is through the hours'
clock the cave a patch of lights
light the tip of spinal monogamy
how a tree trembles slightly
the buzzer went off and forth
from top to the soil moves
slowly it is through the shower

your gorgeous tan
screams of lights light
the scene of roof to
let out of seven oscillations?
can gamma rays crowd furious
nations? anxiety in the smoothed-
over blister and re-trace myself
back to decide however and
what has left has vanished

there is a certain
column to over-nerve
let's discuss this clock
runs out the center
the crux of autumn
on the spot where
the'd dictionary landed
was it now i will throw up
a caved-out yellow pouts
of grease on a scab that fills
over vegas-like like a tremble
of grease on this later

a sewer-lid and on
a silver leaf blooded
and it right now but it
was when i wanted to
decide however and
re-trace myself back
is something gone
or were they ever