From "The Untitled"

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FROM THE UNTITLED

His outward glance cast backwards over a sharpened bone. To see what happy things be hiding behind him. Not a friendly place, thinks he now that the inverse is true. Negativity my dear, will kill you. Monumental events pass into his reflexive view. Memory, believe you. Fist the meat, tendered on the spit. Roast slowly to imperfection. The fatty dripings collect, suet up scooped in a lovely hand. Hang him on a branch. To feed the hungry birds in winter, turn the beaks ugly and away from frozen sky. Feast upon each other. Pluck his body down. The birds have sung. He will not sing. Alone with crowds and shifty weight, swing in the cool distance. He loved and cranky among all this pecking. In order for him to compete, hands be forced to mold him back, whip him into shape, swallow, and wait.
Fear, the screw unscrewing itself, stripping threads of their spiral grip, the crucial ounce in the automaton’s steely arm. Some recognition please. It has taken a thousand machinations to achieve, at once, this detachment.
The bracket that held the all of him in [some imaginative adverb] breaks. The interior that worked, wired, now hangs bare. Tinker, my sweet. Grab a handful of gear, to feel, wear gloves. Disassemble. Draw a bath. We clean that which may be seen more clearly. He performed his task, took instruction, a bad habit he picked up from under the operator’s thumb. Yes, he was a very productive piece of junk.
Armor emptied resembles a shell, out of which the fleshy inhabitant is now moving. He is pushing, slowly to the end, toward the great fusion of a dream and daylight. A glimmer in the ocular. Some nerve.
A champion of the cramp, his rickety structure has collapsed. Out from under a thicket of skin, he is grateful. Thanks, he thinks and says so. When he opens his mouth, he makes mistakes. Now it's cold. I am uncommonly cold. He wishes to retract the previous statement. See hear, your honor, it's something you can do without, a corpuscle of the continuous tissue, easily removed. Hacked off, to put it bluntly. He stubby, moping around with apostrophes stuffed in his nooks and crannies. What belongs to him, his specialty. Localizing Hell in the pit of his body. Independent, the sunny side of lonely. In light of thinning numbers that warm the air around him, he lowers the lids that, heavy, have allowed him. Welcome. Make yourself and comfortable. He lives in a name, in a town, unincorporated.
A very welcome to the terminal station. This, the dead and of the line. We have seen, and again, the naked perversion. A dog in violation of his wounds. Sun’s a puddle. And frozen. Skies a grey, broken. Weather his reunion. Who he is wishy washing to meet on this, such a despicable excursion, eyes him. Embrace, hook and feign, the hole thing. We fill it in, the blanks, the body, got it pat down. The eye of the eye that beholds him. About face, the all that remained has been named. Say hello to him. Speak to him as you would, yourself. My friend, he is more than, my friend. He is the one who sent the flowers. Him who swallowed his tongue, who tried to eat you. He will be back at the beginning with it done. Steady boy steady. Once, and for a while, we miss placed him, took a little time, found him. In a mirror on the bottom of a bathtub.