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After the Broken Shoulder

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After the Broken Shoulder,

I thought of the force in the fish. I did my exercises, I extended my ailing arm along the table into the lipped, resistant cincture of the rosebud of my pain, until it widened, until I made it a sleeve of small glass stabs. I entered, up to the wrist, then higher, moving into the pain, and thereby changing the pain, as somewhere else the vapor altered itself through multiplying itself and so returned to earth as rain, the poet of rhyme and rule lay down beside the poet of crazy slam and there was to-fro sexual spelunk and neither one would write the same again, the force was an immanence steeping into a deeper-dyed idea of itself inside the fish, was like the dream of the hand of a puppeteer in a live and literal fish, I pushed one quarter-inch of veldt and grassy plain and asphalt alleyway at a time across the top of that impossible table, now the fins were nearing a pebbled shelf, as somewhere else the sugar inside of the twig was nearing green, and the writhe in the web was a sugar closer to wings, and the atoms of hand in the atoms of fin were alchemizing, up to my elbow, higher, wearing the pain, reducing the pain in wearing the pain from here to its horizon line, my twenty reps, the grains of sand, the first step and the first breath, and I clambered out onto the land.