

from THE EXQUISITE BUOYANCIES: A Sonography
Ashley Chambers

Very Sore & So Asunder commune in a braided fingerhastening to fasten
my riddleroused incantation So Awake I cannot keep busy any longer
w the tremendous double
-jointed Truth —

& again w 1 heisted hen cipherclenched cluckwise

					between		
				my	bosomless	forlorn	
my	own	extant	maternalwillies				
	yr	acrobatic	eensy	jeebies	gone	goosely	savage
						our	scrupling
sepulcher					pliant	—	

I begin,

Baby, by treading unlit dust w my

Instruments of Enamel

& inquiring

if You can

forge me some Old Light

if You can *Be Light* Named Old I beseech

yr body back because Baby *You are*

Light Appeared

& doubling 1 richly colored Exalt toward yr

body-body —

Yes Honey You
a sprawling skyline stanzic unescorted
a recumbent cadence now absorbed in mother's fingerfeel —

Little Little Ripest Exile Moonwalking Whitest White Guide All
The Tongue-Tied Angels Baby to mama's Trumped Up Empyrean
Glockenspiel —

Vertical the bornest talk yr bleated bearer pinkied into posture & Echo
Baby, Bringeth echo
Echo me back into consecrated
place
to play in placeless hallow rosy
Where —

Awake's Agape rustles a little or a little recess recesses bright
You Little Recess Bright upon which shores You Little
Skein of Drawers avalanching widest 1st for Whose Ashamed
to hesitate my Disbanded
Soft Soft Stances summoning yr 1 & only
face —

Frocked in The Hereafter,
 A deep & weep
 -ing lustrous
 You Little
 Summon Face taking sudden seraphic sail
 You Little Breezy Freak
 of Fractured Face —
 Babbling on behalf
 of Whose doubly-beaked Jitterfauna for aye
 disgraced w a woozyhead
 -ed finesse unlike my counterfeit vapid rabbits lamenting
 Familiar What in sissy gulps so very wince
 & wry w nothing short of, Sure, Here's
 I more senile
 Ploverwhy
 duckwading away in silent worrywobble from My
 Insane Assay At Acquisition My faltering seize
 because not You baby
 not
 You —