

Jared Daniel Fagen

**I Can Say I Attended The End Of Songs**

Was it there was, much night left in us. At farthest gone, that cradle of  
bomb-, shelter embraces. Torn the limbs from a ladle constellation.  
Enveloping, a long look to post turned the stars into sealed widows.  
The rough gum of acacia exuded and cavorting, awned tongue to  
tease. Been but in this night what could, not happen. A night that  
writes its discipline haven'ts. A night that says its blades, too long  
we do not say. Lost and, let go, hesitation wounds since being scars.  
Wishing well, weeping well. The night's famine of artery sores. You  
can't unwrite pining brightest indifference. Exhaustible, laid in  
creases, i'm. It was enough the night we were forever ago. Deep-  
fried to light of oils, of scalds you weren't. By deepen dim still, to be  
the distance also. So long, belonged. I can say i attended the end of  
songs. When we look upward and sigh the resign of last lightning  
flashes of beatific resign. The much left in us, that was. Just the hot  
ash of an opera.

## Ever that Unfurled

Ever that unfurled taking shape wind swept, whose necklace kept around you showering. Ever that unfurled as the knit unfinished. A leaf crippled by the cold, lifted, coiling, taking flight. On this morning i want to be with-, wind swept and nearly nude, with you. In steam, negligent unfurling. The shadeless light bulb that hovers above your head, curling the furl. Lifting strollers, carried backward down flights of stairs, you walk toward as I away from. Whims. Holding a door open, to let you leave. You last as long, as this. Unfurling exits. Stared out, as if the first time. Ever that unfurled as the parka's fur, hood loosed. Like a tail that grows defenseless from my neck, lashing and liberated. When I look at you, and my words left no anguish. That I'm met, instead, with the grace of a nod ceasing. Even a smile unfurled your cheek. I need. Let it be ever. That I plead, let your lips not ever level. For the time being at least, this morning. At least, let shudder. That shatter unfurls as a strand of hair on your shoulder. Unfurling lithe to the tiles, lasting as long, as this. Never that unfurled, if to forget was my reaching. As if the first time, from thens a plead. As an expanse, coat open catching the wind swept. There I stood, catching my death. Footsteps, taking flight, to let unravel the furl. A necklace demarcating the bordered continent of your collarbone. To never interrupt the fold. In spite of my deficit to be with-, reach, join you, for ever a while that dawn.

## To Find the Sigh of Your Heave

To find the sigh of your heave tattooed on me, snake charmer  
naval hiss. To excavate the arch of your collateral uplift, carving  
my wounded sunless regions. To be that craving beast of the every  
thing that ecstatic is, of unhinged buttresses, of precipice. To cup  
your squirm under the needlepoint. To beg alms of the present on  
the thirty-second that writhes eighth days. To strew a pigpen with  
fireflies that haven't a part of for long the festive in them. To inhale  
soar throat, soar for thirteen months going this winter. To blank  
imagination. To forget the image. To scar nations that replace your  
scales. To find the sigh of your imprint, when your breath beat me to  
it. To throb and forge me to skids. To be built to look away. To be the  
act of after image or the sound of to be broken. To find the sigh of  
your heave hissing beneath my grasp, molting onto a mountainous  
upheaval bed sheet. You believe my gospel i branded you with,  
preaches in the damp palimpsest. Three hundred sixty-six days of  
convulsing gulps, for the snake of your hedonistic meadows.