

Richard Hoffman

CLOUDY, CHANCE

He goed, god if he was he seemed sum a way,
knot turning a g(r)ain, the shaper, O ver, O pen

ultimatum: now you have it, now drips the net, be
great, full, timorousness last life, must learn

for word, fore sign, and note no thing not a
live, outcrying outloud, until alone you know.

*

Can one (for if one can then any can) misbe?
Some have come to that, sum of have, of want

fell short and fell hard once and for all from
highnesses, the view from there a horror. Weigh

to go, swung bubbly broken, and wave goodbye.
But Reset is no deity, a flight, and futile too as pyre.

*

No: grieve among the beasts, here and going
nowhere fast. Last time. Last it, last it out proud

if possible and dour if not and spoken's better,
sum again too quiet out there, whatever common

folly warns, maybe sing; curt syntax of imperatives
on a wing O wing nothing to fear, and one that does.

*

Used to be for sale, slight wear, past perfect
conditional sticks, as is, best offer, free delivery.

Once up on a time, no better no worth, I went
downheaded down to the tale end of earshot there

where birth's all or nothing doing, breath's air's,
not your insystole, diastole, and a gain began.

*

But now erasure past we widen, praise tiny
as we can, fit thing and that, the quite, the quaint,

catch can since it eludes we know full well,
and oh no not again's a feel we have for more

than one adventing at a time or else abandon
entices in spades and right now. We are losted.

*

You perhaps. Could be. Never know. Look out.
After all of that I, I, I, I invite you in: come, yes.

Just us. No body. Or broken through, passed, we
forget, rest, muse; not ours what we make as all's

in our stead. Fixed points fictional means free of,
an open secret, in vita: of course tomorrow; reply.