MERCURY

*many have never seen it*

it could be
determined lengthwise at
roundly surreptitiously mass his
lips rna-no sound-the rest (this
one) is blue such penalty wind a
cat hunkers down can undo
coil hair ready spring
VENUS

the morning star & the evening star

taut    spotted
salty    plucked
unreachable
written

stellar
speckly
doubled
taupe
flecked
glimpsed
It was a long time since--
She had heard the men were with her
are with her, always (floating phantoms, flesh memories) There he was on that bench, gorgeous, dangerous – she would have him somehow or other, and yet not (the silky threads hanging after spiders, his blue boxer shorts, his hairy arms). He, some of them, the men, they are lonely, lovely more fragile than the women
a branch between their legs
MARS

eccentric orbit

Flippantly she goes goes
wet and windy and wild
Happily into that dark wood
go she goes
Softly she creeps under the trees, wordy wood wood
Tersely the word, the blood
the place, the wordy place
Lovingly tapping each cock she goes peacock hen a-doo
Tensely they line up
little soldiers in tight rows
Alertly we all stand up
and tilt—are tilted
Blackly into bits of bit light, how how
Lightly, she lifts and enters
simply that hollow fills
JUPITER

not a solid body

Angles & dimensions carry the
thought through lines in the universe
deftly proverbs revolt against adjectives
(the silken how) Facts—rows upon rows of them—
J a place you’re not likely to linger
nonetheless I found a place to sleep in the L-shape
of your legs
Irksome revelation, feelings also have limits (hold it
tremendous felt hand) Sparkling they are, thousands,
calm, calm, the underfoot, gliding
the grey great the green spreading in your hands
your soul winging ways from skin
the jaws of universe (the sky’s clutch)
Tell, the thought, next to yours astride
all untie, wind surface
weights also instrument
why stars melancholy
and say who who who running
through your hair whispering to the ends,
worlds—it held the tongue the story’s who
the round world was to have edges like a square
and there are choices

Remotely we have felt you (a whispering in your ear) the matter of not
listening, the rain down your forehead, blinkered back by your eyebrows

the performances like all things other—the life, patterns
stories, movements, seemed to have no beginning
and no end—it just went on monotonously and
inexhaustibly till something larger than
time wafted its thread by calling
us away somewhere
URANUS

The seventh planet from the sun.

Half the dream
was you & half was you.
Whole was you with the changes,
stairs, being beside oneself. A whole
half was you. There was nothing left, no
edge of life not yet come to. Everything familiar.
Everyone astonished. That long silence is you. You.
No displacements necessary, no erotic mergings, half-
baked couplings. Just the being. Stripped down. Caught
at the border, naked, the only defense defensiveness.
No chance to save you. Nothing to be fixed. Only
empathy, acceptance, and the continual
movement into life. And if I take your
hand, knowing it is yours. Mine
here, next to your silence.
NEPTUNE

A faint and fragmented ring system

And if we could choose ‘and.’
And square. And museo. And mind.
And Cuba. And Spain. And Geraldine.
And boots. And phalluses. And belly buttons.
And Andalusia. And Pauline. And Eleanora.
And Guernica. And Las Meninas. And Adam & Eve.
And Banyan trees. And stray cats. And Hemingway.
And pears. And grapefruits. And Bing cherries.
And patriarchy. And matriarchy. And a parrot.
And strength. And weakness. And hands.
And holes. And tips. And company.
And Atlas. And here. And @.
And and. And and. And
PLUTO

Mass $1.27 \times 10^{22}$

Costanza Varano of Quattrocento Italy: « even when asleep you understand the work better than I »

*the inner snail shell opens to its seeming adversity.*

King Pierus’ daughters named after the nine muses—

Radius 1150

*they were turned to chattering magpies*

The center cannot remove, only move

`@@@ time and space`

three muses: moving water striking the air

the human voice