

“When what we feel is we remember feeling”

from “The New York Suite” from *To and From* by G.E. Patterson
from “It May Happen as though it doesn't matter what is real”
from (something almost with asking)
from April 10th, 2019 and an outdoor picnic table
from here and there and the time before that
from an internet thread that binds a dispersed friend group
from light got tied up in a factory of candle wicks
from cheek to iris to lip to oakworm in eye

when what we say is how we say		a happens against the skin a tripping barometric the shock of new green	as the thrushes do	petal mound split sun skin loose
an and stirred the hand	a mishandled fruit	at branch tips of flowering trees ands bud in series that strip of starts it always matters how accurate if the bees really did feed		was I meant to try on the tone this is a different we I'm wearing my own hat I mean I'm tipping it I mean
yes we all agreed on the because the flowers	precious moisture and salts as the thrushes do	on her tear ducts we must and court pollen we keep trying to sound like something like a flight whistle blown between two teeth	numbers were never the secret to music	none of us are here to hero
the nursery of the whale- shark is yet unknown	turn the page and wait for it as the thrushes do	us again we happen we count the catch but do not account when what we do is what we end up doing we will reconstitute grasses we will reinstate startling ands can we even take what we wait for		in my brown eye so few notice a plastic bottle of spring water sits atop and refracts the page its light

when what we touch is we ghost ourselves when what we sing is we used to know when what we grow is we sound each other out
when what we talk is we used to when what we harp is I remember hearing the strings do you when what we feel is we remember