

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

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