



Lord, I'm Set to Cry

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On an inn, a sign might say vacancy; on a bin, a sign might ache. Amazing then, how snow is cold. A pang in the air. A stare may hang. Stark as a statement, a tooth that fangs is winter. A blanket of no, thanks never a payment. Static is a film of snow.

Where is there an escape route? Poison opens
the cheek and the mouth bleeds, linking two
tales. Forest roads open for glands wafting
pheromones. Cloak runs from hand to sleeve.
Cloaking, a game turns to anapest. Phone in to
work. White coat is too symbolic an image.
Compass pillages.

Tongue breaks and needs repair. Shoes root
quickly into organization. Legal believes work is
neither fair. Easy if sequenced, leaves corre-
spond to numbers. So happy alone, dishes may
wash. Washed out, the house is empty. Con-
cretely, tv says there are empty seats.

Like the sky, a typewriter is vacant. River alarms in the same way that an ice flow opens. Letters pause in brainwaves. Cornea escapes. In dreams, falling is a war. An arm and a saw. Morning can be found there.

Gas bill arrives. Cuff tears on bathtub's claw. Deportation is a simple emptiness, swelling the edges of the bed. Even little platoons are set to cry, orders sharp and visceral as indices. Lip gingerly breaks the inside of tooth.

Prison circles in sky and its eye finds a way to
duck, shutting. Otherwise, noun stutters for an
emptied self. Woodcuts overwhelm landscape.
Joints swell with rain, as do doors. Language is
less structural than climatological. Page bleeds
with humidity.

Know that a nail is a hammer. It might rain. A
panopticon documents a diary. Cliffhanger
clouds. Plants wilt, and afterward, leaves breathe.
Database to a head. Spider to a hole. And it
might rain.

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