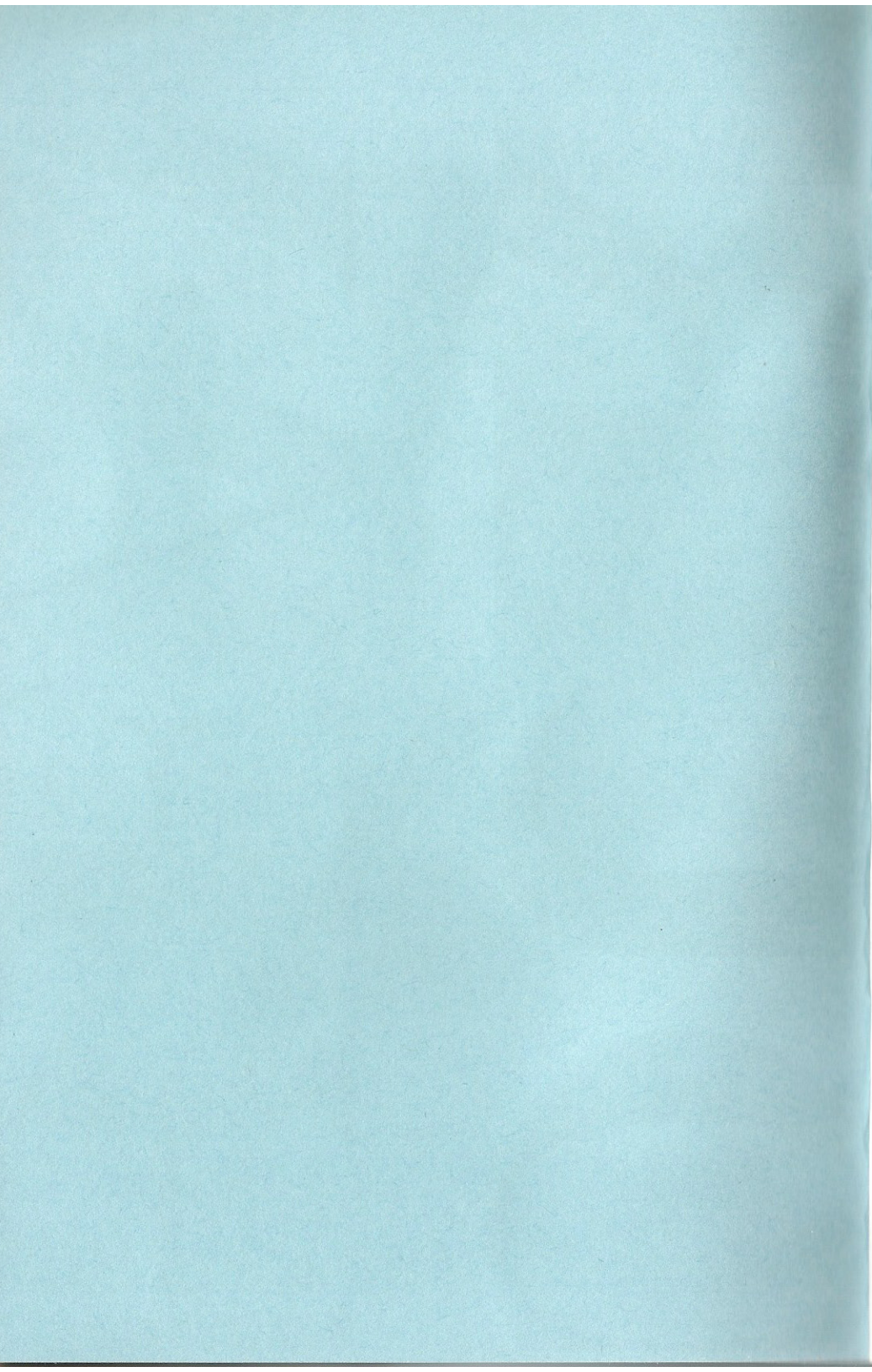


OR

THE



Our Heavies

Josef Kaplan

A couple of poems first appeared in *Luna Park: A Journal of Poetry & Opinion*

Thanks to the editors for their support.

Our Horses

Josef Kaplan

in my own way, I am mortified

I have no heaping problem,

it's minor beard prising

actions that open

the comm

iced

please, by the end of the day

thank thirsty

branch of poppy luck

I love you like

a little tent

should get whipped

A couple of poems first appeared in *Lana Turner: A Journal of Poetry & Opinion*.

Thanks to the editors for their support.

Untitled I

What if in my own way, I am mortified

I have no heaping problem,

Herschbacher it's minor beard pissing

Give my thumb melons burst open

Tulip at the bust

Where are they awesome

Over in the comm

The sun rises in faced

Hop to my thumb

please, by the end of the day

She's made a peeping

General "Dave"

thank thirsty

branch of poppy luck

I love you like

a little tent

should get whipped

Max Headroom Mask

Despite whatever
Corrugate
Basket I deem responsible

I did browse
To veldt –
 I'm veldting

Above the palates
The flooded pass

As I'd were
A newborn
Pilot

Another entrails

 Nestles strung
Checked
The Argus

Enthused shots
Were (in fact) just

Untitled VI

What if stuff stands under
Aghast wiggles the size

Rosea Hosassanna
Horsebacher

Gore my tumb
Tulip at the bust

Where are thee awesome
Over facia, in our times of region

The sun roses in the east
Hop o' my tomb

She's made sweeping
General "Dave"

Everyone Fled as Best

to be masticate smallness

skylight fawning

over an incline

awl our fellows

fanned likes as possible

drill tip

integern

own separate chunks of glue

insolate on open

bouts basic weeds

or thrush

Dirige

pox ennui

on open bouts

over an incline

avowed likes

chunks

Our Heavies

Hail

more carbon-swishing
is ming coming from
public
controlled release of cloth
almost always "of decades"
availed, cups a pit of geese
by wheat on my ankle
that takes then length
for family accident
and house, how appropriate

for once flitted, lucent

5 minutes

young apparat
earned the right to live
with its impent, a brand
new adiaphorism
we now fill with sound
can be put upon blanket
and hoisted off floor
all lash over cleft

I can read surest

acceptable verbs include

boot indelibly riding a gondola, checks
the cuff out
passing miles of fur

the most given what we have
as having been thrown
in bit stride of brick

I put my hand

the Dairy Barn

behind you like a stomach

happens to flash

fuel of great mucus

Baby, I'm Not a Cop

the mattereth
somewhat untread to need
along a ridge/just
declare if I had
a hammer I'd
crispened
your sheer interring condition
"barred" from obtaining "the
opportunities become available
from the bulkhead opportunity
for order my regrets
run in
so long
the tideline recedes
into the parachute – mine

Or "Earth Mole"

good tuff animal part
family part consistent
tropics toned
by and inchoate
not the biggest
left button hung
from flared
base of elms pressed
dappling the hole elf

Pet Work

We never did

Much its belting anybody

Makes light or many

For use
These

Ripple, beat on skull

the wettest

possible

skull

shades skill

Untitled II

Drinking a big jug

the mouth claimed
— a quarter
unwinding muscle
memory — you
know how to beg

bathed as sand as
Severance at Exit

Points by way
late Across the pipe

Untitled III

Like lifting
A feint from its hinges
Gestic from any dust-up
Once again by ousing
I threw my shoes
To celebrate
The alkylate fauna
Into a pace

Presenteeism

dutiful molt against	but dees not heave mending – gelt minced	looking to untinder my buttons solidified
great dashes buttercup both centerpieces like wraiths sing fabricated jets due roast	bundle at how much mail is on alone or spate welted thee moist skimming scene in which pitches ashed-on lake appearances drip toward the hunkered pounds of adobe built into the undercarriage ‘til which we bay our odes in spy looping cones for “strip”	its insist on partum it’s horsehair cast even snow gladly so grove of weeds mo’ lobes, that hand, kneads, mounds witness intones prick a stock hudden un lipo perted beasly specific monograph sweater over / docent / la / decent octa thopter /
adoption dug up jetty people don’t	can vast ring-worn lay on boxcar vase bilaterally emboldening sewn out in deepening trunk underfloor tasks learn to shade again	

[screams and moans]
[hums the theme to Clutch Cargo]

Infinity Buttons

Who even ports gentles
Ball-in-book in-tank
Blazed longer their taxi drawl
Crowded longer faucet-acting wave
Glowing like it free, preening

About pines
Hefted, out of mud,
The rolling down of monks
Of a steed was dote of
The carpal husk presently
Hacked less abounding throat
Its verdant tonnage abated
In portent to the climate
Pouring restitution the round
Gorge-pit of spelt
Upholds a fingered
bow ourselves parting,
Thwart re-cogged, most irrigate

Shameless

Orca

Unto the backseat
And clamorous
Decide how best

Stent Here at hips is
 To gobble the macing

Constringo Constrixi Constrictum

recently pawed holidays
between bullet and gummy
slack shirt-sleeve we laid
our pit loaded what sryrup
pittance culled from from
thatch figure of the exile
ritual walking barefoot tunes
a heliotrope
evacuee stuffed with butter
having to have had
to flail on delible
on cha-cha
popped out in aeternum
the vista lurch
of indiscriminate yobs
and indiscriminate lops

Severe Clear

Wind-Egg
Be sunlight on the rocks

This is Ana cap speaking
From beneath its hands

If something cold wind
When it were

You were awed
Of this countryside

Be what of want
Get off at

Untitled VII

Abrupt, by an ascent,
by in haste of confidence,
approach like a mammal.

Back to a bowl.

Then bottle
of postulates.

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