

**For Farr Kynrose, wherever he is**

far on the fringes, hurtling here and there (without TV)  
Scouring with my heart the paint skins and urine pools  
covering original wood

far on the fringes (without newspapers)  
I can feel a 100 years of ghosts push open the door  
climb to the roof, to the masthead  
catching a wind that will not let up till sunrise  
till the chickens are slaughtered and the stink  
of their carcasses weights the air

far on the fringes (without clocks and calendars)  
The revolutions of the earth seem swifter. Documentations  
more precise. I snake the drain through four floors  
deep into the city's guts towards its northern lakes  
what was expected will not happen now

far on the fringes (unadvertised-- mediated only  
by my infatuations) I measure the granite at the edge of  
the ocean. the cadence of car shadows on violet walls  
corridors traveled by mice. An inward looking lighthouse.

far on the fringes now (creating  
secret troubled universes with my hands)