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tran **S**fer station

I can't remember what i do with things—
in retrospect—i asked, should i?
and i did—with steel toe and shank—
i am—outside my body—averting the eye—

urinals line up in dickies—resolve in red wing boots
return these objects to use—it never occurred to ask—
members of the house—my constitution sensitive—
it never occurred to ask—gadhafi egypt libya—

to bend—i can't remember this—
a red peeling bench—what is peeling is paint—what is
peeling is visceral—i am this which is not that

concisely here—dream—the same surface
as memory—I am here—to ask
magnesium—zinc calcium—lime in fists

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sifted out over a barn floor—I will not—
ecstatic teeth over lip—hand swept inward cadence
you need it in a way—turquoise blue

fidelity to task—what remains—in division it is marked in
decimal—narrowing the gap—
I will not alter these things—diction as
sound—is not what you expected—not a whale

I'm in conflict—despite pockets of resistance
split action and radicalization—my constitution
sensitive—american—muslim christian jew

i had no choice—i had only three choices
military, jail or here—
what seems like so much distance is only sky

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two crows—an irregular rectangle constructed—
copper pipes—vertically lined—
nails protruding like thistle on a stem

i can't remember what i did—
put up against a corrugated side
three objects—straight line and bent
a bell ringing—dull grey—coiling and cage

there are days—unbroken—a japanese vase—
finds itself leaking—painted with bamboo leaves
do you know what i mean

so much is leaking—shadow cannot be touched
bending with heat—turquoise green—brillow—
painting as action—descends to lower altitude

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nothing else—i am pedantically here
if there is a way of being in a circle—don't dial—
two vents downward—spinning—seagulls dense white

chinese record collection—this is not a dream—
trying i was trying to hold—can you hold that while i—
while i inhale—suitcase with pink satin inside
corrugated rain—

the only ones here are the ones that have to be
white wash floor—white seagulls against blue sky—wind
it can't be muscled—i am finding—blue stamps—

dust—poured off truck beds—breathe through a white
mask—container is leaking—
pigeons on grey—marked—unlike clouds—

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i am not moving grammatically—alone
without imminent interruption
white tyvek suit—sound contained on a white transparent

baptismal dress—do not throw away—porcelain sink
it is coming together—green moss and dirt—so much
metal—blanketed in pale synthetic—alone—
“it can’t be helped”

yellow tulip—yellow house—siding and plaster board—
even eucalyptus—it all arrives—specified—exacted rage
a man from chico snorts human remains—

clipping stories—the claw handed lobster boy—
in folded columns—slayed by his son-in-law—
it came here in the end—under peeling paint

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i cover my knees—white rain—they are elephant’s knees
urine in trenches—wooden keys
metal birds—dropped into compacted earth—

dropped in a nest of papered urine—
i asked if I should—picking up—
pictures of bobbed hair—writing—
“Dear Duke i wish i had gone with you”—do not answer—

what is—is a circle—in sealed trunks and envelopes—
black and white photos of girls—compacted—
there is sometimes no point—in doing—

Debussy was dismantled—in a brown folder—
no point of projection—going out
like the crow—calling on the sky—

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a woman allergic to the sun—sits
inside for ten years—collecting iron—cut off from
reality—logic as weapon—rust red—

i can not explain—we are making distortions
a giant S and white picket fence—
strait edge and curve—it follows a rule of line
so much rain—dust in its crumbled form—

i am collecting objects—seagulls rising—like ashes from
fire—grey on grey smoke
“like a lint brush, I pick up”

memories’ inner cadence—to situate
“situate yourself with our witness”
didn’t you ask—I can’t remember

didn’t you ask—I can’t remember—
when—water—pushing through rock—
under a silken surface—turned over—pink houses,
streets, pink backpacks

i can not explain—one dog with muddy hair—
boxes easier to manage—what will not be—
left behind—fallen-out bundles—it is easier to say—i am
a painter—it is only paint—

material as word—it feels good to be—on these cracked
steps—sail boat sailing—white triangle on flat plane—
peeling—grey green and silver blue—

remember—swelling—the breast—the belly, the ocean—
repurposed—on cracked steps—
the ocean pouring—turquoise and mud blue

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a single color—on an insulated roof—
nothing to hold—fukushima—daiichi—navy
someone must go in—must—contain—

leakage—yellow put up in a corner—
things thrown out—lying on an ochre rug—
—shoes, bags, letters,
receipts of lives in broken burrows—here

located on a patch—hip and thigh—two deck chairs—
teak and rot—circle and diamond grid
grey pigeon—white seagull—do not—forget—

black crow—butterfly wings cut on
helicopter blades—invisible and broken—
both gages hold zero degrees—specifically

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snow falling—white on white—i can't remember—
what i did—aluminum, iron, steel—pipes—
set out on a road—so much vinyl falling out—what is left

after nixon—after hussein—spreading—pronged—
—we are forgetting—rigor—logical exactitude—gadhafi
was there before—wind coming through
hand swept—and inward—cadence

do not throw away—nation—number—
constitutionally sensitive—material—adobe
mud—is kept—drying in the sun

there is no point—collecting—it all comes here—
grey house and corner of neighbor—porcelain
self measured against other—becomes intolerable

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this energy—in the process of being transmitted
—in heaps in piles—does not—breathe—behind blinds—
fingers of maple syrup

no one—to collect—witness—
grandmother's photo on thick paper—failure to be—
it has sufficient energy—to interact—with matter—
we are made of matter—this is all a matter

of watching—being watched—elision on a field of film—
what cannot be seen—peeling skin—red—what is peeling
is visceral—this not that

a damp shipping container—everything repeats—
leaking—caught in an iron pot—
paper lanterns—magenta, fuchsia, lime—line up

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white picket fence—five sections—in columns
information—must be signed off—in tablespoons orally
it came here—in the end—i am putting

objects together—like an italian man's barn
a calculated risk—he made the nails first—
the fire went up in steam—white styrofoam—ionizing non-
ionizing—do you know what this means—

four grey pigeons scavenging—fibrous beaked—
falling now in parts per billion—an overturned chair—
white wool and springs—something small in the hand—

principles—signaling the decline—pigeons—grey wing
open—falling from rafters—caught on a wire—death
folded into—bird—a tiny chirping—jutting into space—

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cut letters—white hard hats—coo—crumb—wing—
deconstructing further—thing is being—sorted and
intricately made—i am making—do you hear

when i say abstract—I mean—grey fog like a washed out
city—half made—these planks of wood—dug up from a
garden—lined up on a wall—members of the house—
fidelity to task

I am drying out and opening up—
on the hill—object dictating form—take them off—
plastic bag caught on a tractor wheel—

gold in chains, bracelets, and watches—and money
wrapped in a black garbage bag—
we are forgetting—memorials of things—

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it came here in the end—under peeling paint
like the crow—calling on the sky—
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“like a lint brush, I pick up”—aka.boy george
“it can't be helped”—japanese saying
“situate yourself with our witness”—miranda