

Nextness

wordslabs – Randee Silv

ARTEIDOLIA
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New York

You never know what's inside a zippered secret compartment.

WORD SLABS

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Disarray: She's still dissecting stems, insects, blossoms and vines for furthermores and likewise seamlessly framed. Short dashes long dashes fault perpetual alterations intentionally exposed. Suddenly savored surges artfully flop. Rethinking maneuvers goes on indefinitely. Recalling what remained had to be memorized. Hampered whisperings way too extreme. She picked up a seashell and heard screechings & squawks. Obsolete jottings caught but not captured. Advancing priorities with no introductions no final scenes. Weathered interference is wickedly haunting. It can't be fixed. But un tie ing would do.

Commotion: A face. The same face that repeated itself on what he was wearing resembled the man sitting across from me. The similarities were hard to ignore. One smiled and one didn't. He held a ticket and what he carried was carefully knotted shut. The ticket was almost identical to the one I was holding. I knew we hadn't been at/to/in the same place but we could've been. Variousness crumbled into racket. Rumbles competed with clanging. Listening intersects and pulled out. There's never a shortage of temptation to intervene with what's overheard. She was begging her not to give in even if it appeared obvious. Again. And again. And again. A floundering loss. Agonizing & weary. Nobody likes not knowing. People should and do talk in code. Birds backtracked as we crossed the river. The announcement wasn't very clear. Maybe objects can swim faster than you think.

Dispatch: Unsettled sways are not themselves. Steering thru beveled hubs, thru electrified spawnings, we never were. But we are. Encoded with imports and exports and so forths. Specifics depict zilch nada nil. Webbed in untold claims, you, I, roused by obscure bounties. Venture ravishing revamps. Possibly. Verifying dismissed declines. Possible. Centermost setbacks elevate watchtower mischances. Sliding forays nullify triggers. He skips that part as to who clement pastures thrive. No reenactments. No miscalculations. A luminous gale.

Untitle: You could be persuaded by inescapable fragilities, by glorified kinks that fizz. You should be urged by estimations stored in seethrough cylinders or by dwindling passages that sag from pins & tacks. I total carouselled kalediscopes as they gracefully float. Irreversible ticking. A slamming. Flurries of absences blanket an arid bleakness that does expire, that does wane. Populated shakings are sighted. Curvable outtakes dig the deepest by choice. Invalidating. Overruling. Overturning reined in. Bonded to rooftops definitions redefined.

Unforeseen: We're told pleasure fulfills itself. Nothing is non-available. No need to rehire. Weeds tumble essentially to get somewhere. Where they end up has little to do with kisses from a zillion spring buds washed away in muddied inlets minus ions & eons. Corralled riddles puncture & probe beyond alabaster roofs. Chatter is noticeably taut. Too much is nested. Too much gets clipped. Barred meanderings automatically swallowed. The nays keep wrestling in a three cornered ring. Shes and hes rescue caged doves from patinaed gourds. No one can remember when the crescendoing started. Crowds will not voluntarily retreat.

Avenues: Three times. Six times. Twenty times over. Seasonable cadences peer and pry from sunup to dawn. Groundless. Needless. Needless useless. There's this monotonous pulling apart of overrated portals hardened hard. Lustering gapes. Painted soot. Circadian stormings rummage through craving whims mid to halfway. The event, the same event wipes trivial bellows from memory. Yours. Mine. Erratic. Akin. It just can't be this and then that and that then. Coincidences noted. Recorded henceforth. Lone motifs muse over ditching. Heed. Yield. Disable. Unotherings. Unotherings. It's not a misspelling.

Sidenotes: The ceiling rendered her speechless. To compare backing up with backing off is simply off topic. Comments overdramatic. Comically cramped. Skittish pursuits stapled to polished debates. No reason to sun on velvet lawns. Tangible arenas. Unlatched gates. Substitutes can't be swallowed. She's shuffling facts and accuracy like a deck of cards. Requiries succumb to scramblings. Beaded circumstances trade one for the other. You can't convert checkerboard seams into somber locomotions or rocky ledges. Uniform and unchanging they do not become. Quietness is not silent. There's a large uproar. She's holding a whisk without a bowl. Xxaggerations simultaneously dodge. Explaining things will be the subject of her next talk.

Compact: It wasn't really an impasse, deadlock or stalemate, but what was did not halt. Breaks, cracks, gaps. Seven tabulations. It can't be explained. The sky, though. That was dauntingly clear. I looked over her shoulder at what she'd written. "The lobby was dotted with frying pans and potted ferns and there were things on the table and things on the wall." Horns. Not the ones to heed alarms. Tools without purpose. Some plastered, unplastered. All clutteredly arranged. The light switch didn't budge. They packed up and so did she. Farness dripped steadily into remoteness. If you want, you can exchange places and look at what they see. Time brought storms. Storms brought quivers. They did make it across. Everything strokes a memory. Everything recalls a sensation. She motions fiercely. He and he next to me, we tried not to blink. Coldness never seems to thaw. They might as well have had speared the ice. How do you not fold into hate? Shovel it. Shovel it. Shovel it. I refused to pound the table. Distracted by distraction. The scent of mint tea was everywhere.

Barrages: Siding with fleets of undertakings, variegated and divergent, I don't have it backwards. Warned against murkiness. Inflatable contrariedades. Tepid dismantlings cloak in telescopic scrawls. Mistimed sequels bidding for someone else. I gravitate toward formations of carved eclipses. I tug. I heave. Neon washed havings blind scripted thresholds decades too late. Crystalline resilience propels. It's fervent. It's swift. With the heat of the wind I replay the speed of the river. Lastingness remains consistent. I don't have it backwards.

Example: He said he was not an optimist but a prisoner of hope. He said he was an instrument at the juncture before nothing made any sense. He did get me thinking about how things that are on can then be off. I stood beside her not knowing why anything is anything, not knowing what cements with and without. Something had caused the palm trees to wither. She rallied us in. We climbed over a rope, a barrier, a checkpoint. He held his footing on a makeshift throne slicing away contradictions buried in muck. She played for him. She danced for him. The deepest point of the root is where the sap is. He hadn't done it before so he's doing it now. Savage or wild, no one was sure. Quirky or plotted. Nobody cared. He had it all figured out except where did nothing come from. Oranges. A bushel of oranges rolled towards, faster, then stopped.