

# Thomas Oliver



DEC 2020

Edition 1

# Grammateriality



Hurriedly move room to room  
to swap earplugs and  
lay down. Inflate  
the air with fatigued  
Breathing.

After a long time laughter came down  
and told me it had nothing left to say





03

**Drool**

Heck  
I can go from  
35 years wrongly incarcerated  
X-Factor America  
To  
Live streamed  
German wood chopping finals,  
To my bathroom  
With  
Blood,  
An ulcer,  
Teeth gunk  
And a  
Loose patella

But can I open my mouth  
And will love fall out,  
Or just more  
Drool?



Later Later Later









The day crumbles down, mawkish thoughts of yesterday, contrive to replant tomorrow.

Everything looks hideous. All objects: repugnant. Deep sardonically corners.

Layers of time that will overlap me, reams of unwritten hours.

Backpacks hold more than emptiness that weighs me down.

Traffic angles, motor choruses.

I nottate dead hero's hands, should I become a consumer?



A great fire catastrophe

Held up in warm air

An apostrophe of

Weight

Grammatical rubber bands

Holding back lightning

-Stretchy disaster

Call on collapsible

Umbrellas

# 201017 (NYC 2016)

Laying down in thinking of New York as the tiny island bedhead

snuggly warm, nestle,

sparrows hum Central Park,

feather down following glow,

streets slap

bituman bitumen

It's that hot hot hustle

heat

That sell you CDs

from under a jacket heat

hymn hallelujah East Harlem

I got elbows in the West

and a plane ticket heading South

home

# Rise Rinse



