

## ENTRANCE (TRY AGAIN)

wet rubber of a night,  
with not yet the dead  
leaves in puddles, brewing  
bitter gold waters – l(e)aden...

every year

breeds many more –

all mewling for reprieve while

bleeds the blue, fingermeatcircled (exactly like a tree; of age, also)

this now night  
suffused with taste  
of boots and  
snapping ties

(ties by which I mean - but this you foresaw - both of blood & rubber;  
tree blood and mansap, rather

)

what is a house and not a house? answer:

that which turns without turning, answer:

the house of milk, answer:

*aw come on now this one's easy*