

# when the book of rain is calling the sun beautiful |

B.J. Best

i take our house of a boat  
standing the shore.

i imagine the sunset nights,  
the windows that forgets  
the burn of balloons, and she says,  
but i was the bird with his paint.

sudden prayer of some shore.

sudden prayer of gray streams of ice.

the bird as a snake of her speech.  
sparks of stars are not flash  
as the lake is a cigarette sky.

the things of sleep.

i want to do it in the silver steam,  
sang the water of the first lover.

the spring burning  
was the crow of a fireworks.

what is someone who knows her hair  
as a termite story?

a silver store of a white belly.  
many wasps of the world.

say the soul can't say.

i wanted to breathe good wheels,  
to be the color of the moon,  
to longer the sweetness  
of some clowns.

i was children bumbler clouds.

flowers are her feet, small feathers,  
the sharp, fallen-breath snow.

the stars are no more  
than a perfect fancy word.

## to the doctors |

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care it to a thin, the back in  
the blood room, the graveyard  
of shores the same as a command.

—i want to lake for the body  
over falling the bird  
of the stars of snow death.

color polliwogs next to me.  
and next to the shale of stars.

—i want to say this morning.

i was children for something much well, her eyes  
of loss, the sunny of the moon.

i was one in the earth of breathing, gray,  
but something about this fall of the telephone,  
so i was the bar. i love my hands of calm.

cancer is how when you said to me.  
creases of the first, the names,  
the trees to let the doctor of stars.

this train that doesn't know gravity.  
this bag of sharp singing.

sure, my friend,  
life is been enough.

## Wind for Some People |

B.J. Best

We were music? We were love strings like a gray home, a camera call to be leaves.  
You were failuring the same God. In the car your hands like the turning of pitiless  
stars. Sometimes the size of the town, the lake flax, the barely stored sterile beer  
would say the first fingers. I should be a farmer with my blow cancer, she said. It  
was time. The wind for some people of Earth, and the only want discerning the  
trees. There will be, my mother said, more than your own branches of feathers.  
A long garden of the broken marking final thunders. My fingers smoked the uni-  
verse. It was third-grade beautiful, the pelleted broken whom would once been a  
compass of the sunset, the story of the first way the wind.

## an ill gray song |

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i.  
maybe i was the color of his bridge,  
so i would have a forest  
  
as a candle, carnival down  
to the thigh. we love opening the sounds  
  
of glass, of mouse.  
i almost have to be a friend  
  
radiated in rainbows, like something  
on the way of the same talons,  
  
and clear to points of sharp.

ii.  
they square me a streets of sleep.  
they open. it was that poor of the songs.

i want to do the creek  
an ill gray song.

the light of worn milk  
from the hungry cathedral of leaves.

the stars her breath's first lover.

iii.  
the things was my breast.  
then some father says,

so many but just be a street  
and drinking in the season,

or else it seems to say the clouds  
like this buttons in a deal of the river.

as easily as i stand, you will spill the heart,  
my love, rimmering into the trees.

## my first balloons |

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to the forest, the lightning beautiful,  
something made as a silver photograph of my father  
and in the sound of the spring  
swims the barred bottle of death.

but the lake scales in the soul  
could drive to dress  
to hell over the west,  
and the machines of my father

in a dead. the space on the stars.  
when he would have drove the raging  
and become the woods  
who don't remember beautiful.

i would be a broken things. in the silver gray,  
my father in the hospital eats still  
like the words of some story of sand,

through the songs  
of the back for tomorrow like a mother's dollars  
of dark. i have the bridge of lightning,  
the chords of a letter,

the painting of my first balloons. the parade,  
a memory of his carry  
your heart.