

HARMFUL ARCHITECT

BY RILEY HANSON

Philadelphia Public Book Connection
Philadelphia, PA
2022

Harmful

“Know it is
then I weep
yet cannot describe the tone.”
You will look upon, nor pity
the ambient urgency.

“I’m lying in bed
smiling at the ceiling.
A smile all the way around the world.
World peace smile.”

You made plans to make a baby
but are you sure you have the money?

The worst music.
The greatest preparation.
An extremely unstable body.
Whose parts you would describe?

“On fire with the same force
that lifts the stars.”

Rather its September evening
my little centipede.
Magic tricks
spinning tops.

Darling asked Bunny if it was true
who remained outside smoking.

With excitement
Bunny must have crawled away for good.
Since hens
theorized fetishism
evident in a photograph
which was on the floor
Darling audibly twirled their necklace
angry translated as *folk*
beautiful
sad and reminiscent
of a body spinning
to the grave.
The horn playing.
The grieving wives.
The happy inheritors.

“A silly wise arrant shame.
The sorrow of horses.
They are dogs.
Two pairs of legs balance
in your path.”

Darling took in
terrifying sets
of self-doubt like
like money like power like sex.
Like greasy hands
slipping a rake
infinitely
so that no work gets done.
“What were we doing now?”

The tower listens but doesn't watch
and guns start shooting everywhere.

After sex
Darling said they didn't feel anything.

You have got to be careful
and kill any human urgency.
Cause yourself to be reported
remembered and then forgotten.
Only recalled again distantly
as a painting
expelled by a sneeze
without the presence
of god.

“I rebel against images
wrapped in a wool blanket.
When I fall I feel nothing
and my eyes don’t cry.”

“How d’you mean?”

And again, here it comes.
The nothing.

“You thought I looked
like Soutine
tinted yellow
and appropriated.”

“Touch
me
again
less awful.”

Harmful

My heart broke
out of my chest.
In love with betrayal.
Latently swimming in thoughtful
organized history distracts
from the openness of a room
and soon enough takes me into
oblivion like a cake.

“Trees repeated
as many times
as it takes to make a forest.
You scream at the shear
amount of solitude.”

Almost lost
and gone
the trees looking
into a darkened mirror
have swallowed
in the way years
have run me down.

“I fear the crowd.
I have said and suffered.
The moon pulls
water from my decomposing body.”
A brief floating
suspended.

Bunny complains Darling turns colors
in their sleep.
In one hand smelling the night.
The other clasping
expensive jeans.

“Whether this cathartic interchange
do I admire
I wait till it’s all
of your memories.”

Darling sat
somewhat motionless
thinking of a prior
yet recent
imposing pleasure.

“Your lips are like babies.”

Telephone, character
GUNSHOT!

In the quiet I drink your bones.
You texted

im sry.

Much like Freud writing:

***Stay on that beat
Right there
Now drop it low***

“You can no longer see
like independent universes.”
Darling realized
in some confusion
Bunny was leaving.

“Dream on!”

“If you persist in wearing your mask
the word nostalgia
will become an unruly tyrant.”

“I smell the blood.
So how do I look?”

At night
this impudent baggage
behind
is a noble action of honesty.

Emily Dickinson stayed home
when Emerson visited her brother.

Darling checked a message
on their phone from their friend Phil
that said a show at the Met Breuer
was both creepy and stimulating.

“I keep crying for no reason.
Damn poets!
Lets smoke a joint.”

A narrative context accompanied by
the bleeding of stars
stylistically climbing.
Revolution to cascading airways.
On mis-stepping
to heaven
head-cracked.
Down to hell.

Out of breath
and on their back
Darling and Bunny
arriving at experimental
relative truth
considered ordering Chinese.

“They won’t let us get married
If we’re on drugs.”

“Foh! ‘tis a nasty world.”

Outside on the sidewalk
“My voice in my mouth
loose because I have few feelings.”
Was surprised by the question

“Any last words?”

Frozen and immobilized
is translated into French
and deteriorates.

Wintering in a dark
without window
but this is TV.
The first time they kiss
consists of a two-word phrase
such as *dead reckoning*.
Literalized
complete vanishing.

Darling opens a book
and reads a passage at random.

“Of his later poems produced by Robert Bly and James Wright at a time when interest in Spanish surrealism and its imagery seemed to offer support to proponents of “deep imagery” poetry, but an apprehension of Vallejo’s complexity and genius would await Clayton Eshleman’s superb translation of Vallejo’s major work, *Trilce*, written during an unjust three-month imprisonment.”

“You were alone when we met
and your smile said something
through the half-opened door.
For me it was
realistic.”

Harmful

“It is distance that becomes
my flailing limbs.”

Bunny then described a drawn-on mustache
open exposing expression
furrowed
solemn.

“I lay barren as a body sinking deeper in a
field.
It is not mine
do not accept it.”

“In darkness
there is the senseless remain of light.
Whether on the other side
or upon the opening of one’s eyes.

I can see you way up in the sky
but all you see
is the small spec of a roof.

It is with comfort
I invite darkness.
That it may surrender to my will.
That I might know
when and how it may leave me.

And still I emerge
feeling something
I have swallowed
stuck in my throat.

I have swallowed
something strong.
I have swallowed
the spirit of my mother.”

Bunny spent the next day
behind a camera.
An interpreter acute
as a silhouette.

“My eyes small
fairies reaching up
and slightly foreword.”

Darling felt they would need to scream.
“How! If you love me
you must hate London.
The contents of that miraculous garden.”

Is the illusion
the raving
the dark sounds we make.
And in the dawn of the lakes
Darling apologized twice for their awkward-
ness.

Reminding Bunny 10 to 20 percent
of their life before the sight of Darling.
Expecting to see a lethal and vulnerable soul.

“Rangy... Carefully observed...
This will be good for long plane rides.”

It is fair to say poetry of this order
is murderous folly.
Not a kind of bravery.
Essentially austere.

“Know me
give me a name.”

Truly know about karate.
Bunny’s eyes reminiscent of bullet holes.

“When?”

Twenty minutes later
Darling wanted to be on MDMA.
To mollify
to wheedle them.

Reeling alone they moan.
The artificial fires of ecstasy.
Those facts artfully arranged.
Bunny could only sit and watch
as one does in the woods.

“I personally blame the media.”

An oscillation between love and solitude.
An area of the torso steadily ahead
with a bored expression in its posture.

The sort of glorious lips
whose kiss tastes of Christmas.

Darling felt again they needed to scream.
A lullaby of salvation.
Handing the ground a book.

“Oh jewel! Oh vulnerable!”

A hallucinatory proverbial phrase.
Darling was willing to admit.
Loud noises
pressure on the ovaries.

Darling sat alone
as though their body
were made of deli meats.
They experienced a situation
where someone they admired
was disgusted and/or uninterested
in their presence as both a human
and most likely as well as
a deli meat human.

Dark poses.
Falling forest thrills.
Bleakness undergoing lurid
sadness.
As in...

Taking drugs is both similar and reflective.
The bird feet
talons
scratching riddles of sorrow.
Part of the reason Darling felt little
to no motivation.

“You can be dead way before you’re buried.”

“Honey fuck that!”

Resist and the soul grows sick.

Bunny and Darling
would get lost somewhere
talking about the landscape.

“...is calling
your voice is calling.
It doesn’t matter if it’s from Ohio.”
Or the moon, now open!

Your window
let sun in.
stricken and blind
guide the genuine ideal.

“I find my father and mother
allusions to utopia.
Beyond the grave wades
a spirit in disbelief.”
A Texan cried.

“I’m sorry to interrupt you.”
The lotus feet vividly explained
plainspoken
unrestrained.
“Pessimism is a nasty drug.
I charge thee
fling away ambition.”

A perfect reconstruction is impossible.
Above all
Bunny dreamed that night
full of cherry blossoms
like a ghost in the white light.

What a surprise that must have been
when a priest vomited simultaneously.

“No gambling.
No sex other than procreation
within marriage.”

“Well ‘tis e’en so.
I’ve got the disease they call love.”
But Darling didn’t want to die right then.

“To defeat time
to still it beautifully.
I rarely
if ever
feel that joy anymore.
Did I escape? I wonder?”

The world has begun to collapse.
“And how do you love me?”
They have no conception
of the future.

“Who would corrupt and mislead the youth?”

Such transparency
requires total dizzy bliss.
There is no vice
so simple but assumes

the same ambivalence
I find the most beautiful.

“I went to the tanning place
your friend suggested.”

“Was that place
the sun?”

“I don’t have so much
as any dizzy
lurid ballads.”

“You’re under arrest.
You have been too merry
at the wedding of your pugs.”

The autonomy of assertion.

“Where do we come from?
Where are we going?
Help me!”

Bunny often kept a little hand-written version
from the governor.
“Your body is basically wrong.”

Thy gods and truth’s
were not forgotten trapped in darkness.

“Earnestly speaking on the topic of parable
I can produce only a small quantity
of chemicals
that will then produce
a postural model of the body.”

In which Bunny expressed a pious maxim.

Bunny fondly recalled
the night that winter
hit the catwalk
painted blood red.
Then blew out a candle.

Darling and their fondness
wearies their mother much sooner
then Bunny.

“Never kissed me
like that before
so gentle.”

Here's an example of jealousy
on and especially off.

“You said I was the only person
you told.”

The whole point of cremation
is the ashes.

Fortune brings in some boats
that are not steer'd.

Like imagine if a hundred
rascal scientists couldn't hear

or discern the sincere sweet daydream
jumping from a wound in their chest.

And they still live
with their parents.

I read it and it's not true.
Western culture is on Meth.
Could give no further advice.

After a few moments
and the attempt of Darling's friend Jon
it was confirmed
that Bunny had not blocked Darling
but had thrown their phone
into the ocean.

"Nay
I knew you would not believe it."

One of 37 enlarged
occasionally lunatic
claims.

The world purrs
with a graceful figure.
Warming up even
the deepest insides.

Darling had been missing Bunny.

“Come then, dear gallant.”
Carrying illegal drugs.

....that I'd think it was a matter of money.

The thousand dollars Darling had received
for the little house in the big woods
was gone.

“My teenage misery.”

But these maneuverings to avoid
the touching of hands.
These shifts to keep the eyes employed
on objects more or less neutral
as honor
for the time being
commands
will hardly prevent their down fall.

The disorienting overhead camera angle
will have Darling ugly.

One can become smaller than an atom.
One can become bigger than a mountain.
One can become lighter than air.

It takes courage to live in Alaska.

In the midst of ideological
delusion and violence.
“All go to hell.”
Shouts from inside a mausoleum.
But there’s also a moonbeam.

Which is not reflected in the motility
of concern in Bunny
for Bunny is proper.

“Let ‘em make love before your face.”
Thin skin
shapely legs
in a dawn of cornflowers.

Darling's message went unread
four days.
There is a minute at the end of it.
A minute
a dew drop.
L-A-T-E-R that week
interest rates charged on bank loans
semicolon
parenthesis
followed by
"Friday?"

There is no vice so simple but assumes
reflection of our true inclinations
activated by sensing an irregular heartbeat.

A handsome boy face down with an axe
sticking out of his haircut.

Bunny throws devil horns
with their left hand and vanishes.

“My lover is dead
and I’m taking the semester off.”

Harmful

Bunny yawns.
“I could be purely sentimental.”
Darling is missing the ball
because their experimenting.
How oft the sight of means.

“Be sure you love me whatsoever
my Darling says to the contrary.”

Los Angeles California

The spirit soul is simply covered
nor portrayed against
another slightly shifting iteration.

Quit to become a cocktail waitress.
Love is colder than death.

“I broke my leg
in the woods that spring.”

The music stops
the trees fold into the floor.

“And what are you
honey?”

Darling sits alone
contemplating their personality
in the third person.

Bunny the night before
came to Darling's apartment
was confused as to their autonomous
decision to come to Darling's apartment.

Distracted by some earnest
interior activity
Darling sweeping through Bunny's head
took a bow.

“Ha! Is this a trick of yours?”

“O final flame of Michigan summer.
O I was terribly shy.”

Bunny memorized the crucial passage
but it was time to move on.
Darling used a washcloth
followed by a Q-tip
in the early morning sunrise.

“Last night
reminded me of branches

flesh colored again
then blue.”

Consciousness is the greatest exponent
of the modern world.

“My name isn’t important.
What’s yours?”

It is said to stimulate the viewer.
It is the irresistibly sweet fragrance.

The difference is due
documentary and fictive.

“There is just the night
when I leap.

In all its elegiac beauty.”

“I thought knowing that flesh
is heir traced with a fingertip near the middle
of the almost empty parking lot.”

When the drugs became troublesome
Darling contemplated the idea that any
somewhat deep connection might also mean
you have lived the life of the connected other’s
other romantic
but not exclusively
partners.

Shapeless after dropping weapons
on a kitchen counter
recorded in Bunny’s diary.
Kissing like warriors saving the world
surrounded by demons.

“Learn this now: slow
steady.
Adorn your body
accept the chain of birth
and death
for the pitfalls instantaneous.”

Bunny and Darling leave the kitchen.

Darling realizes now they and Bunny
staring into the distance.

The ring chosen by a wild guess
ended up fitting perfectly.
“Hey!” Darling said while installing it.
Sliding it right on.

“Your face has rearranged
in a way that has me wondering
if mine has done the same.”

“On song-wet grass I imagine myself playing
the same way you might and it’s funny.
My legs disperse into roots
snaking for the earth’s crust.
I study closely whatever words mean.”

“I KNOW!”

“The good
constant
yet plain enough?”

Darling turned their head and was just in time.

“The purest among us have died”
The camera lost its sight
too hot about the affair.

“Random subtraction of love across the infinite
I tell you
is my rival
and will hinder us.”

It was moonlit
full of delicate rubbings
“I remember the first major lie I told.”
Every prior experience blurs.

“It means you want to crush with a slow dance.
Be eaten up with eyes while it lasts.”
Bunny nodded their head abruptly and disappeared.

This recent companionship
did not come without a relative
amount

of fear and reservation feeling that the attri-
butes

Darling felt caused them to most ad-
mire Bunny

also caused them to fear their own unresolved
insecurities

possibly evolving into feelings of jeal-
ousy.

Their mother floated along the side of the
drawn

carriage riding a top a large hill looking

down upon a brick courtyard.

This romance was softly unspooling

but threaded lips could not account for kissing.

Restrained illusion breaks and in-be-
tween

a purring moan loudens to a shriek.

“But what should this mean?”

To conquer a fear
of a hat covered in fur
that as a child reminded you of a cat
you once had
and is now dead.

The vivid rhetoric of terror

“Or was myself – too small?”

A bicycle ride
adolescent tears.

Abusing one another in the stillness of night.

“You owed nothing but the death of poetry.

Jagged when I thought you said ketchup

But martyr? Be still curious deemed a fool.

Wade into the city before the sun strong.”

Some lawyer ran out. Darling fell asleep from
exhaustion

Bunny wheeled with the stars
to the German language.
A little jealousy
I won't lie.

The desire to be reborn
In every boy. "To what end
Should they be jealous?"
To what end and a dazzling baby.

"My baby is sweet but they racked
their body until in desperation
they threw themselves
into the dark."

"Oh Darling
do be careful
you'll break the eggs."

"I found myself hating Bunny.
To be the life of the party.
To be the object of desire."
Stunned and acutely unaware
and alarmed.
Darling motioned their eyes back inward.

“Thus
I might proclaim myself mad.
It seemed imperative that I come off casual
but my eye saw the rabbit
strait-laced Lucifer at the service on a Sunday.”

Bunny woke up early in the morning.
Wrote their dreams
confessing people’s hearts are filled
with dirty things. They agreed it would be
inconvenient.
Bunny permitted Darling the intimacies of a
family friend.

After spending their lives hating one another
The Poem began to falter and die.

A material uncertainty of things.
Plain making politician blames it on horrible
nature.

“You say you can’t stand them
unless you repute.”
Such a loser
such wetness on the marks like salve.
“Then kiss me a little secret”
Rimbaud died when he was twenty years old.

In postures of mournful passion
mouths should cry open.
A slobbering parody of glamour.

Sapphic dame abject to illusory solace.
I cannot tell you how bored I got.
Adulthood was a place Bunny always pictured
as one executed devotional service.

Darling asked Bunny to pin the places
their parents had come from.

The capitalist garbage bucket
surrendering to their context.
Both of them looked tired
both of them
looked very Viennese
in their attention to form.

“My mother hates nose rings.”
The inscrutability of the sequence
is what makes it all so powerful.
Whether you surrender to monarchy
aristocracy
the insecurities of monogamy
it’s impossible to measure
if you are transmitting utopia.

Sexy in this posture
Darling pretends they're on acid.
They drive off
the road poised and accepts
the fluorescent dust around its edges.
First
it formed a phallus of velvet drapes
to an oblong angle
pronouncing Feng Shui
funk shmay.

“Angels are bright still
though the brightest fell.”

“I am flushed and warm.”
Darling pushed their silver shovel into the dirt
and drew out a pile of bright pink bodies.

Nothing is equal to the terror
of dreams come true.

Darling did a nosedive
smelling something rancid.
They felt self-conscious and briefly
entertained by the disdain for poetry
in the morgue burnt to death.
Although alive by some miraculous feat.

Harmful

Darling was thus reflecting
in the mirror
twisting their waist so that only their lower half
was moving.

Bunny watched uncontrollably
between their fingers.
Tape recorder swiveling
and ostrich like.

“You are dead baby.”
Darling didn’t mind being watched.
Their hand outstretched
shrouding supernatural
prosthetics that made their back
vibrate between scapulae.
The same brand of eerie fatalism
their ex-lover had teased them with.

Bunny mimicked
four to two feet
in front of Darling.
“You are mine tonight.”

The dance petered.
Experimental devolution.

Bunny bares it carefully where the swans
in lavish sweat before watching
the glimmer of a half extinguished light.

The sweat continues
to a deeper layer
until it begins to bead.
Drip past the eyebrow
to the chest.

Darlings breath sinks.

“What is half the reason I stay?”

Bunny Sniffles.

“Bunny?”

“Cause you-you-you
as strange as that sounds
it feels like you’re
like you’re afraid.”

They discussed the car
for what seemed like fifteen minutes.

To find solace
the fantasy then subsides.
Any auspicious urge to convulse
and/or explode in any social situation
creating an even greater distance to span
will result in a misconnection.

Soliloquy:

“Methinks he speaks impudently of
yourself,
Since - before yourself too; insomuch that I
can no
Longer suffer their scurrilous abusiveness to
you, no more
Than their love to me.”

“We cannot write in time only.
In the way of otherwise certain oblivion.
And here’s the sticky part
naught’s had
all’s spent.
Where our desire is got without content.”

Johnny is going to arrest Darling
and Bunny is now in love with Johnny.

The power leaves Darling
while Bunny's feet are in the stirrups.
Darling was unaware of their rudeness
they ate
took a long pull from a highball.

"You spiritual lovers
think that you alone suffer."
Bunny turns to laugh.
"Death of course
but why this way?"

"Are you deaf or something?"
Like a sci-fi descendent of Plath.
"If you think it's so important I'll try."
By lonesome the world was making
no sense at all.

Darling tirelessly checked
for broken bones.
Then boo!
Was suddenly elsewhere.
A bewitched warrior seized by a tornado.

Venus the color of opera
in a window sill falling slowly
into shampoo.

“Between jokes
heretics
lovers of qualm
I lay restless
as always
bellow another body
to produce yarn
now producing
electronic waves.”

In the summer Bunny wears t-shirts
with holes in the back.

“It’s classical
remote.”

A frog states the country folk
have poisoned nature with their culture.

Bunny pans a camera
from above the table where Darling’s elbows
rest
to below the table where their pants are at their
ankles.

“I saw the reflection in a windowpane.
Looked for maybe thirty seconds.
And said forget it.”

A sweet
clean grace.
Clean as the insides
of a newly bloomed
rosebud.

“We have to rehabilitate the farm
in Connecticut. The trees
are growing over.”
Darling grew conscious

of two rhythms becoming one.
Suddenly the doorbell rang.
“It’s almost over
I am in control
And yet
and yet.”

The erotic ideal could be a commodity.
In the midst of life
we are in death.
Becoming old or a monster.
“I don’t even recognize what’s in the mirror.”

Darling lies down on the front lawn.
Casts themselves as an anthropologist.
“I read and study the wild fancies
of love lying dormant with the chance to
wake.”

Bunny inhales as if sighing
lazily passing Darling the joint.
“Only in human beings
do we find a metaphysical search for meaning.”

“What’s the matter with you?”

“But do you remember how I wept?
Its orientation towards the future
not the past
exchanging *I* and *You*.”

Bunny wanted to continue kissing
but couldn’t breathe.

“You are being really nice.

Let me try.”

“A pathological condition?”

“A pathological condition.”

“Help Bunny!”

“Help Bunny?”

“Can we go to your bedroom to do some of this coke?”

“Okay.”

“Can you tell?”

“How can you tell?”

“Yeah but can you trust me?”

“Trust me.”

“Me darling?”

“You darling.”

Bunny's had cats on it
whose bodies spelled the word *love*.
The process is described
in a plane crash.
The grey sky lowers.
Was a dire attempt to corner
too strong an imagination
from some incomprehensible direction.

“You can look at me all you want
But you can't see me in public.”

Since without exception the images
revel in the devilish properties
the moon can serve.

Howling.

“I can hear bullshit about love
from across the bar.”

One common indivisible destiny for ALL.

Don't go away now
that you came to my door
and brought me flowers.

Don't go away
now that you came
into my life and gave me good things.

Don't go away now
I want to recite this poem to you.

“To be, or not to be: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand

Natural shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd.”

“...Its fine I guess.”

My father was not scientific
Even the freezer
even the piano
and yet
by hammering away
he carefully recreated
what I had seen
through the window.

For weeks
Bunny would feel
empty
look wonderful
on the screen
with the utmost sincerity.

Thinking of how the stereotypical
love spoons a bit of blood
whenever motionless
and not asleep.

“No one seems to love forever.
Why should ours go on?”

Only fools can expect
the entire cosmic manifestation
wild purple asters blooming
nonetheless tinged with sexual overtones.

Harmful

To survive civilization
to exalt in its degradation.
The sky peeling backwards
close to rather noble sounding
to maintain this sort of self- righteous front.
A pattern from a mouth open
drying out by the sun.

The weapon is not a club or a disc
but light entertainment at best.
“Bunny I still love you.”
It doesn’t matter anymore.

“I had to apologize for not singing.
I picked berries from a bush.”

Darling was at the table
making mountains with a napkin.
The steam rising incessantly concerning them.
“Nor were these my only visions.
I saw myself as a waterfall.”

“I’m not responding to your emails
for the rest of my life.”
Bunny danced to the alter.
Smashed the ring.
Ran with their arms folded across their chest.

I kissed then in moonlight
goodbye to love.

I kissed then
a welcoming of joy turned sorrow
on the occasion of a morning's dew.

Philadelphia Public Book Connection
Philadelphia, PA
2022

