the order was in the hour of worship

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the order was
         in the hour of
          the order was in the
                                                hour of worship
                   stained glass windows act as mosaic
all radiant acts of attrition
         all foregrounded prayers supplanted all prayers a backchannel
          every pew held our bodies
                                                 we turned our bodies
                                                                                       to the covenant
                                                buttressed by the Mason Dixon
and all its flat border counties
god vested his attention along its
northern border
vested his attention where he wanted
rested his attention along the crest
                                                the only act of god was in the hour of our worship
                   the cross bore directives
directives that could show us
                   shower us as a trinity
shrouds of our own making
all exemplars, prayers supplanted all prayers supplementary work
the sun shone its piercing distance
it shone well because it wanted
the sun shone through the church pew the sun shunted us along —
the backchannel brewed
                                                           the little tight crest
                                                          began to peel at the seams
it began to gestate, it seems
                                                           as it peeled back
anything that has crossed my paths I would mother any semblance of family elocution, I'm r
all felled logic
familiar
huddled for warmth in the space between us
that's what distance does to us
                                                          this gilded foremost endeavour
                                                                               clenched and chlorophyll
                                                                               wrapping tendrils toward the sun
at every breath
my countenance
my long path to wholeness
no country can grant me that
my lonesome three fifths
the precise mathematics of partition
all across my selvage
                                                           yesterday I sat with the ocean
                                                           seeking out its white noise
held a shell up to my ear
                                                           settled into its subterfuge
I took a sound recording of the waves
sound waves speculation what's with the undercurrent?
all these ocean grifters
what the flotsam water
held
yesterday I rose from my bed, Saturday morning
rode the ferry outbound
all New Amsterdam's soundless current
a polyphonic noise system
no language was staid
I broke
with tradition
                                       hello
                                                                   I called into a black vacuum
                                       what I got was the virtuous salt — sonic
what I got was a reply :
                                       order comes to the house of worship
I slid my fingers through the hot sand
the sun burned my right leg
the planes they flew overhead I let them
the seagulls drifted outbound
let them
all birds alight when bruised
if their wings will carry them
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from the bird's eye any light? from the bird's eve pinprick? from the bird's eye the sun was burning my leg I let it I counted 17 planes I would triple that to count the gulls
I listened to the May ocean I was still marooned in May I was taking flight in May I did my day as I wanted
I was still childless
I took my time to get to the ocean I rode the ferry lengthwise I loved how its motor trilled strumming us through its cerulean backchannels all prayers supplanted every pew held our bodies when we got to the waters all the oak pews faced the Atlantic to carry us outbound — silt coffers to sit with the words held in the pews the sun burned a hole right through me I let it it was a better means to supplant the missives the pews got filled with our bodies our linen garments cuff by hem by selvage salt lined and miasma little grains of sand embedded how the water ebbs and the tides bind a few came with long rods named birches all the branches peeled back the order was in the hour of the workhorse the others were in the house of worship any small act delivers the lord's vested ships next we managed the heap, the lumber we dressed our hands in the lumber gloves we used the Granberg sawmill and its guiding system we felled the trees and trusted they'd become lumber wasted not a single splinter all lumber cast from selvage diligently the Bostrichidae emerged from their exit wounds circular fissures in the wood's surface we stowed inside them ardent language undo the pestilence smoke out the dense lattice the dead rising right to the surface or bet yet let them live they built the ship's deck around us we remained in the pews we closed our eyes as a protective message we cupped our hands to our ears and amplify any noise direct conduit to any ocean under this pestilence the ship's berth is coming together during the long construction we never we knew the order was in the hour of the worship one by one the timber became what it could become when we open our eyes we were on the water the Atlantic is a matriline: wake bore hole wave crest all prayers a backchannel lumber cadence incandescence Mason Dixon bifurcated split along Garrett County we touched the boat to bless it touched all its minor parts touched anything unruly beyond 3/5 is the rest of Plessy the order was in the hour of the workhorse doused our hands in mineral oil we blessed it, this our finished vessel so it would shunt us far from here no map governed our journey the nautical chart

hello

from the bird's eye we see

I called into a vacuous island

a rote index of possible nexts: barren void electric language no map yet governs us thus no map governs our journey the shrouds we tucked them in the hull for whatever was coming we were to live through it for whatever was coming we were to live with it for whatever was coming we were to live in it we existed at the margins of the coda we exited the ocean all ovum rendered worthless all ovum meritocratic nothing else but progeny no map yet governs us thus no map governs our journey I am etching anything in whatever substance remains viscous the workhorse brews to a full canter all working hours held in accord long hours, then longlife countenance converge at wholeness the numerator is filmy ocean dividend the whole planet all colonial demarcation held in full credence as if the earth existed just to suffer this pillage order was vested in red moon the order was how threadbare in the this trinity hour selvage brackish Mason / Dixon covenant the sun shines its full distance it casts its gaze how it wants it and what it wants is the order of the workhorse



so what it gets is the order of the workhorse