

After Tom Phillips

by Alex Taitague

After Rafael
the canvas became a facade
for hand fans or hats.

The window is bland during
an invalid motion and eternal
motion doesn't register in the bedding.

Both ratios were divine corners
made and kept for the purpose of praying
it while eating it too.

In two places at once
but only doing the one thing, or else
fall behind the building's faces

which discontinue trying
to appear at all
textured and sane about it

but still whisper the brick
and mortar details in both ears
at once, twice.

The fate of the indoors out
fitted with oblique strategies
the breeze of losing yourself.

You are listening in
another green world
of buildings made of others.

