

# 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.

