

Catalogue d'Oiseaux:

Trying to make you love me again
Is like notating birdsong.

I made you the ideal theory:
An unsystematised list of every correct proposition.
It says nothing
And is perfectly useless
And is perfect,
Like the **thing** that you **were**.

The morning still falls
And squalls through your hair
Like the wind that I cannot contain by
Mapping its every minuscule alteration-
By changing everything.

Tiny fingertips.
(*The winners in heartbreak.*)

“Biology is just stamp collecting” and
You are just biology.

I am the king that buried the world;
The only map of his kingdom perfect enough
(For you) had to be
Identical.
I cannot understand you
Because you breathe.

I only included everything important.
Everything was important.
Everything squalls and
Everything breathed and
Your soft memory immolates its body beneath my hands.
Rings of ash are black MIDI:
All that is left of 'b3rd, s0n.
Phoenix upside- down.
Pigeon panicking inside an elevator.

I can know these every**things** and never know how they made you (do this).