

I WENT OUTSIDE

POEMS BY TROVE



this poems is dedicated to Delilah from the radio <3 I love you thank
you for being there in the radio waves in the air always around me
watching over me slipping sweet sounds into my ear

trevor



and there were

men around us

that played in the trees

you approach two

ahead of me

i called for you and they turned and watched

and we ran until

you got in the water

and the mud
through scrolling vines

and we wandered
budding trees
hickory leaves
across the tracks

and into the city we hear

still water

stagnates		reflections
on hypoxia:	the oxygen	ripped
	from the waters	lungs
	death	blooms
but this	water is (not)	dead
this water is	rife	
	with	lascivious varicose
	butter cups	
	dandelions	
tingle grass		green with Sprite
	grass	sprouts
	sky	
	light	reflecting
in	shimmer	static
small flow		
from	here	to there
glimmer	ripples	in a grass patty
mud	thick mud	

pause and

hear the toads rickets the crickets the croaks and the frogs stop speaking when they hear

the poem

e - lastin'

crisp leaves

the leaf

to soft again

but the plastic

scythe remains

petting nettle grass

like lively hair on a lover's head

becoming unplanted

sunwarmed wormwoods

incubate in pockets of nothings a

numb root

grasps

tender root

co-incubates

clenches

unclenches like a body's gasp

a gaping

fish or open flesh and the

opening is good,

it is release and it is

flush

to expel the mesh then to-knot

desiredata

a tangled net
in the
rotting
wind
the sea

a rhythm washing
the sand

here the rod submits

Keratin sticks
I'll take the keratin
I'll take the stick
I'll stick the keratin
I'll stick up for you
I'll care
I'll rot
I'll stick the landing

cure the sick
eat a tick
when there's a tick on the baby
who do you root for?
the tick?
or the baby?

when words ricochet off dancing limbs

curtain

shape into shapes into forms

round round winters summers springs
manipulate peanut butter swing the
rope princess peach professor plum
mauve over roger colonel mustard
greyish slip of dust and thick bath
of orange light in taffeta truffula splashes
chiaroscuro maraschino Corsica-Sardinia
touches upon a flat plane of flesh a
crystalline choker pink mascara a
teal bandana black velvet and
bleached leather blacker uvular
arugulas greenish ashes a melodic
samba ga hamburger crisp tingles
down dewy dewed points melon
brown blue vapor wood dust again the
canoe water streaming hushes whisper
shelter shelter shelter shelter sheltered

waitress scene

Customer: Um..... Waitress ? Can you come over here , please .

Waitress: Oh , excuse me ! However may I help you ?

Customer: Well..... I found a hair..... in my soup ! Sitting right on top , it was .

Waitress: Oh, my ! How embarrassing . I'll get you a new one . It is on the house .

Customer: ! What is on my house ? ?

Waitress: No , I meant the soup. It will be free !

Customer: Oh..... I see..... Well I do not mind the hair , as long as my house is safe .

Waitress: Yes , Thank God your house is safe .

Customer: While you are over here..... would you mind filling up my water cup ?

Waitress: I'm sorry we're out of water . You've drank the very last cup .

Customer: Oh dear.....

Waitress: Oh dear .

park your ears

life's unpleasant

grab a number

eat the paper

floss your teeth

do(n't) be careful

eat your teeth

market backwards

fight for sevens

dream backwards too