

TYRONE WILLIAMS

THERE IS A MISERY SO GREAT IT OVER-

There is a misery so great it overwhelms, washes out the carbon print of an uncut diamond, congealed excrement, arrested stall, a grief-lacerated spirit, a house rent asunder into two reversed mirrors, the back of God, the back of a sky-diving angel, the rim of a trumpet blocked by the back of the head of a trumpet player. A death that cheats itself, a mind expelled from the brain by the brain, an echo that never returns as the heard again—unspoken stutter, quarantined *arpeggio*—a solitude enforced by fellowshipwreck.

## PENGRAM

The alphabet arrives  
after language

acquisition divides  
into branches

off—birth, death—of  
*habeas litera*

voice of voice conscripted  
stereotype

preserves extinctions  
as echoes under

lockdown slip notes  
out *sotto*

*voce* Trojan Horses  
stamp-impede

post position Black  
[and] Beauty stretch

home neck and neck  
strung out

codices decapitated  
homunculi

...letterly...

A step

over a building edge

birthward

sideworld rushing up  
long-lost stranger  
arms abut wide

I embrace

acceleration and fall

for gravity has

a step on me  
letterly cast aside  
shadow I experience

upright

tombstone over tomb

Tower

from foot to headlong...