

# ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD

THOMAS DAVID LISK

*for Harry West*

Flickering tenants animate transient lodgings nowhere else.  
Racing eternity, through eternity, toward eternity,  
tranquil tries beguiling nonsense now.

In half a hundred chambers sleep  
deposits gold where Eye  
and Deep Night meet. Nature leaves

the Street of Fallen Leaves.  
A dentured servant sweeping Cross Road  
rests her back by leaning toward

the broom rod and comforting staff. Deep  
in subaqueous caverns basses roar.  
Cleansing powder foams. White sinks grit

porcelain choppers. On a wax apple,  
eye teeth, dog teeth, incisors carve bas reliefs  
in submicroscopic detail. Visionary populations.

## FOR THE BOOK OF BAD ADVICE

Never mention n.

“Avoid” imprecise more amorphous than a thin nebulous array:

Everything but details.

Everything but the essential.

Particulars are not the essential:

Yes they are. No they are not

Scenes you rarely smell as your eyelids twitch.

Unrealized hopes (daydreams of being rich).

Impossible hopes (dream of being N).

Illusions (“living in a dream world”)

La vida es sueño. More amorph.

Through time, measuring time, embodying time.

Never say I.

I am what I am not.

Go easy on adverbs.

Light rain, a pewter dust silvering a dry golden landscape until it glistens with translucent sheathes, almost invisible second selves briefly protected from gravity by angled surfaces.