

To Wit

notice a
fluke priorly said
who knows to wit and what
her mute procession peopled and less
rotary a manual without
without chittering flew by
it it it is I venture
it is I venture
the massive note dropped thusly
& seriously it bakes itself
sieve your gawdy grains please
within limits and theatrically
always theatrically
email Carla about my hands

Impressive

it is april twenty-first

metals clack under a resplendent sun

leggy nasturtiums rising from a dank risotto base

a worldwide double divergence

to each weird member their own

hobby horse

kite fight

homunculi

tacit points

french skipping

till a white-hot ray of afterlife slices the event in quadrants

& at last the ducks have found their groove

saggy messages and the stoniest foot

arranging themselves obligingly as today's speaker

ahems into the mic

“immediate” is a wrong word for the miracle
more like a feathery jacket that slowly elected to sweat itself out of me
and I found myself wearing the most glamorous outfit

and the glutinous tide is coming in
as the last macular degeneration
shakes an old penny from the ground and sucks it

the day is an abomination
and everyone’s neck grows long as a woolly bear

if they look my way and I say go!
disperse, you gross remains
all the trembling aspens, mastheads and rosehips
who’ve appeared for the reunion

a veritably humping melee