

THE DISCONTINUED OSSUARY AS ITS CONTENTS TURN INTO HUMUS

I have three beans, and two
Lentils. Only my sosie would
Know what to do.
But I don't care what he does.
And if I would, the would-not will have stood
The test of time on
Two legs,
Like sugar and like
Sugar at its dregs.
My sosie—
Could simply be
My ecstasy,
With a man named Simon. I licked
His hand the way I would a frying pan.
My sosie and me,
Pouring out repose in a tree
Full of caterpillars and fucking.
Caterpillars like fists
Go knuckling,
Breathing their way to wings.
The tree has each man tricked,
The muscle-soul stitching ribs.
Ear at that tree,
I tapped my toes:
Excitement as it grows.
Each toe stirred
Like babies in cribs.
I love you the way
I like the blue-cress tress
Limns forelock and clocks,
Thence his cheek stings:
Afterimages of tears, and
Emeralds as they slip.

CADMIUM ECLIPSES BERYL

All the armaments
Leaked green verging red.
They lost their garments.
They lost their flesh
To mud and poisonous scraps:
Open casements from
Bodies past and furious.
If you give me a leap of bone
I'll make it into a
Monotony of more than one tone.
With furious charge—
With, and with
The potency of myth, the Timothy
For which the grass its name.
We came, but said passage—
Nearly went down at the
Whorl they call
Zizima, which echoes which eructates
A modest fraud—
Small price
To pay for
Belief in a God.
Malted chop for Maltese
Toss entwines his spirits which he shies,
Which shyness he
Pursues like border collies.
He curbs a border's follies.
He concocts a blue,
The afterimage of rock
Splits and the spill like mitosis—
Times its abed and ebbed, till green
Coasts exuberant greeting:
Rudeness but not the
Slightest brusqueness.
You are their guest; you are
Not a stranger in their home—
Which is—
Exactly—
The power of their home.
They are the
Warmest kind of cool.
You will never—

Catch either out as
The hapless, let alone
The fool with the cool blue drool;
Because with age
There comes renewal.
I talked myself to the
Point and purview duh—
Where we'll learn a new cantata,
Where the gauge will only be for
The sea not any garden.
Nor any garden seems woods to me.
He, and he
Burns the wooden cage.
But maybe this—
Reduces the chance
Dust falls out from the fallout:
As France,
And as
France charges its account