

MILLIONS NOW LIVING WILL NEVER DIE

Sparkling in every pattern likens silver to episodes.
Quieter starlings outnumber the sandpaper one.

Breezes swear you put Ohio in my impromptu.
Our ceiling fan praised leaves, and praises.

Heterogeneous icons. City hymnology

Giving grease a ride, an added scent enriched.
Down anthracite. He was my lover's maze.

Flora and fire went to Nevada to enjoy the laws.
Happiness increases as the population explodes.

If pubes be wool, wool wires bleat white.

Millions now living will never die. The calm could
be read once in a sitting and that sit was its allure.

WHICH ARRONDISSEMENT

We're here. We're queer. Hang out the stars
in Anabasis. Between thirsty and frosty

Daffodils, half asparagus. Half public,
the forest on Indiana springs forward.

Weren't we there to expend slow pictures.

Utopia bent on the small catch and pheasants
in the field. If heaven began as property.

Left in the long grasses of Terre Haute

Enchainment, enchainment and plenitude.

An attitude so complete it never knew it.