

I'm just like everyone:  
I get really upset when I click on the wrong thing,

I eavesdrop given the ars ars and away, build fires in the middle.  
Which borders. An Euclidean nightmare.

When I say five to seven pages, I mean five to seven pages.  
I have other, more conclusive thoughts about warblers.

Relieved of grasshopper duty,  
Midsized chevreuil sputters——

In line with centuries of progressive illumination.  
Realmeanwhile, my better half is professional dew.

It has to be—living where we do—we could dangle  
A lung and move up in the [gold leaf] world.

In preparation for the season of worship——  
Surprise me with my very own toxicology.

I don't understand: you knew you'd be getting in at this time, would be kinetic.  
That's why it's good to look thirty-five hundred ways.

Marcel [our son] should never have been given tablas.  
What else can we adopt?

If we pool our strategies we'll be far  
Less likely to slip into Gaelic, to slip

In causal dust and past cease-fire blues.  
When you experience any stream as drumroll——

That's when sizzlers apologize, when what  
We've put behind us encounters our all-time moisture.

Old High German has renewed his materials,  
Leading the rest of us to think circles around ze mayoral stubble.

Whenever he says *Niagara* in passing, we know we can bargain.  
In the tradition of large men playing small instruments,

Let's not and say we did. If it were only a matter of stacking images,  
We could deal with Docent lapping us.

I read stuff like that and think elected officials shouldn't *have* friends.  
Nothing should be touching.

Dear Icicles on Passenger Bannock——  
Who would've thought vowels would carry Idaho?

The sooner we flashfreeze the vote:  
Giants in the earth, giants in the how.

Oh, the salmon can see we're all limping.  
The same genes, such different pirouettes.

We tie our laces and loosen our infrastructure.  
We expect babaçu to write home.

What other kind of life is there?  
By the way *by* the way Licorice fends off self—why shouldn't we?

Rattlers, we have to talk——  
I WON'T BE BUTANE FOREVER. [*sung*]

Let's fritter our having and, yes, let's space out our coat of [*grunt*].  
Having lost ten percent of our leaves, we can clip *or* we can clop.

If your sounds don't relate, how can people dance in their heads  
Without it being Avignon all over again?