

AT THE MUSARIUM (7)

[18701 – 18800]

Before the dulcet gloat of vertigo,  
combative viscera whir, & discourteous  
tradespeople—who've sprouted discretionary  
chunks of casuistry—swap their neuralgia  
for heady loquacity & adamantine insomnia.  
What a quandary for our adventuress,  
stoic on her pontoon houseboat, encumbered  
by her refrigerator, & for the satyr  
abrogated inside her fustian suitcase.  
With harmonic iteration of enervated  
perspicuity, alchemists haw through the sedge  
to disable the matrix, as the wraith  
& brawn of a fairytale monotheism  
aides their safe-conduct & inoculation  
against the clairvoyance of the borax compendium.

[19301 – 19400]

Zebra twaddle at backgammon,  
temperamental about the wildfire  
& the python, the boa, & their ilk,  
& about what the specter of misanthropy  
achieves. Unconvinced, they befit  
with deadening percussion the gashed  
eucalyptus scud & jowl with denudation.  
Who would begrudge this meddlesome  
intermixture of pickpocket & ringleader?  
The leakage beneath the landlocked weathercock?  
The inelegant smudge embracing the Hessian  
& bruising the Teamster's Corvette? What vats  
of aphorisms & incubation ravish  
the hub of this time-honored judicature  
with extradition & mutilation?

[31201 – 31300]

IOU for the juju & orgone, for  
the wok, for the bios paté,  
for the ballocks embed in  
mugwump, for the scrim  
at the racetrack that day. For the  
come-on that left me so panicked,  
for the moll & the last-minute  
lunes, for the burgers &  
polyandrous satay, for  
the mandarin moulinet.  
But desireful is verboten  
& activists chomp as they tweet.  
They uncouple the swizzle from  
crikey & expurgate the USFA.

[31601 – 31700]

Not to extrude on your farsightedness  
but is that tofu in your backpack?  
Only a dollop. I like you in that red-top  
& beret, why not make a beeline  
for the honeydew? Oh dowse  
your mimesis in watercolor, this  
back-biting is bullshit! So are  
these grassroots acronyms &  
overemphasis on corny exhibitionist  
aliveness. Enough non-verbal chitchat.  
Your homonyms give me a boner.  
Anyplace for the glassy-eyed kingfish?  
Nope.