

# rules for bones

are you sure yr a person  
you look more like an artichoke  
if even the parabolist has thir purpose  
if even the tipi poles r famous

broccolini for nonce-coolery  
adjacent mulberry  
to sissy beanpods  
& git-along-little-dogies  
parlous petracitours  
most lazy susans  
and picpoul cannabis

we playd bones w/ popish miniatures  
xe had me weigh platinum in my palm  
I was like got weed  
who first kissd my hand, then yrs  
until you ride yr own train yr open

rolfings alternate name:  
structural integration  
tijuana boxcarstyle  
rules for bones

# or pause to gaze on the moody chest of spartacus

garbage juice everywhere  
OTC tequila, non pareil they are  
w/o equal  
or pause to gaze on the  
muddy chest of  
spartacus  
its blu eye

causeth me to lean  
despondently out tha window

who speke depe  
tunnelis  
twice as like to pour the tea

I greatly prefer under my paws  
the paving stones

who have harborid no  
illusions  
whos twetes enflit

—yonder comes my mastre—

## a bee's feather

in pleasure as wot makes raquet  
to whit our own racketeering  
makes monstrous cry—noteworthy of thirself  
one capitulates—pourquoi ma fee or feess  
so impertinent as to produce a map  
—w/o wearing a wig—

one's meercoat—inreverse  
the trial (or tha) troll of hey nonny nonny  
semenaunt en fábula  
too blaut to be bonny  
—as if I minded my own judiciary—!  
          xanadu                  politico          frijolillo          myn eye  
molts on the untidy passage  
of a bee's feather. bosh!  
there never was any adjudicated form of aerial travel  
to spurt ducements on. that one most humbly deranges and belabors.

I am not supposed—supposed by others—to  
be telling the bees—& yet wot's monstrous?!

the glorious bêtise  
                  of the chickpea  
involuntarily brot into thymage  
          non euclidean  
          non aristotelian  
          non newtonian

one's mouse  
(trolly lolly) on its lone (therefore have)  
heart. cor, one has thir own fish ta fry.  
the unicornity of bodie. thir rages.  
once it showed me a kindness

manytimes a fleece to get punky by  
to flesh all & have a good row  
how one expresses so n so (a feeling)  
erst—once't—a double tome  
totedre & en face the great haunt  
they gargle in euclyptian tidewater  
heady toyles assailed  
one presses—agaynst tha mark  
just reads thir toes for to-day.

as one eaglescout to an other  
one's afeard to stele out in the hall  
manytimes a farce has been held  
(and maintaind) theyr not tafault  
onlyeye the swartness of the smythes  
brennwaterys  
thir avunction  
if only to discombobulate limbage

lawd—my tailor — ----- - ---  
aslape but for the droning fly  
who is this wertheim?  
& wherr goes my slip if not in the pneumatics?

great tidewater, a brade, a blaut my thinking  
(nor noghte) avunctuary

in which I've not not taken part  
heavy my city! and o! my limbic  
assoils—I have not the hrt  
—whose proper huts bewail—  
& the fwoosh of the rail mistook for a tide  
where one's hamhocks r a daily beast

howd I alite here—ta this place  
whan one is of a terrain: most upwardly  
most awkward? ahm I so brent?  
daft as to require an erbe?

is one afterall to remain chaste? aye in thir  
comforts? to what remains, in wot niddling thorofare?  
here habitat. here here perspicacious.  
—made explycit  
hollyhockd      midst rogues  
one brays to filth.

now one speaks of a privy most onerous  
that they pipe in the sound of crickets (or is that a distant alarm racketting?)  
heywot? donchudelay???? em disrobing emself in the dawn,  
the table w/ its owen scalloped edge  
far rockaway . . . legends of irelaunde . . .  
fleur unfaced. better the pyp is not permanaunt.