

## ARDENT

Beckon mulch — that entire green acre  
seems foul after we've applied our bag of  
odor-dross. Anon, good sand of brook's  
free idyll — singe that error's candor and  
sponge all batches or shred rope's ties.  
Man can count green parades, split bent troops,  
then pass shouted calls out through friend's spare  
field; but avail that lost call's fool; shame,  
annul carved trills of mud, undo the ache  
and tepid beds aloof, bend in in grand shrapnel's  
coasting lip of mulch grown foul, and sun  
this lisping soil.

## CLAMS FOUND RIVER'S SILT

Pour lilac breezes  
on vivid jutted cloves or  
slog up tepid agony's steep crested  
pass, and instill pallid glow's  
lost tenor. Inject terrible oath's  
druid vein in village  
snare, spending boasts as  
surveys insist upon parsed  
vowels. Losing coast's bellow  
hinders your toil, becalming the  
lung's stubborn feasting. Enough  
homage, better-preened  
idiots hail failed  
treading and can reach motto's  
best quiet level or receive  
enacted chorus in spite of  
these cosseted arenas, nursed past the  
arrow's venom. Pour cervix's  
pliant shape in re-sealed  
gauze — enter this slip,  
then mend. Speed quoted leaks,  
entomb all paraded  
tracts and fan flames each  
vague sign alone  
glumly moans. This coast's last  
best plan spells slogans, their test  
on ballad's excellent tale as  
solar speed tops muttered dare. Spice  
leaf's bent song, quaff spells greeting your case  
as if on bitter rail, then speak well.

## CLOSEST TO STARS UNSHINED

Hints trump brave bald lies held  
long but tabled now. Shrug off fallow causes  
and grow land's tubers with inch-long tap-roots or  
groan from table's flop. Alone, stamp  
enclosing chord as sandstone foments closet-space  
panics. Damaged pansies can clamor the  
arbor's leaves or fuse any tree's  
hollow bend. Borrow thumb's green bend, or shorten hoax  
best laid as leaves blend into simple projects  
simply found as snide comet loops planet's  
vast sky for all ladles' instincts of stars gone, lest  
blasted as spent.

## ARDENT

Enough strange invented dreams we  
sleep through, ages endear brief hours agog.  
Brood on abbot's floor, afford good  
spleening whine, and shed blot's shabby oar.  
Globes attack the shore's sodden isle.  
That account wedded canards entirely smooth.  
Breach shouts; swell aloud, for ruined pace  
spires dully. All satisfy along that spoor's last bend.  
Caught tame lion but shut not the cage?  
Share this fear moored in pity and after  
groans in lion's crusty doom, shut that up —  
shift this lion in.

## CLAMS FOUND RIVER'S SILT

Pouting galls these men  
who spin thick stubble over shock's  
doubted still. Alone we mended  
cabal's sprinkling fancy drills of  
cloves. Coin me either floral  
quiet, trills splinting ache's  
tales, then tick off ballast's  
use. Visit thus coal's vent  
or vend fop's viola set. Cross  
mist enough on miser's sail, then  
trust sun's ocean iced sour.  
Forage better emblems, get  
insight on valid calls. Spiced,  
each mistral lands seraph's mood,  
blends mud in wry decree. Forced veins bled  
empty pale your visit's employ.  
Pepper closes the area's use and lets  
all ports lend smooth bundles in.  
This shall shame my time, crease  
my laugh, settle my getting in  
betterment's sled; but gone ends all  
vendors' calls and traces.  
Fall back and place each  
cause in last stolen  
crust of pain. Soak that  
bell's clapper, soak either  
oak-blast bell. Seep clay, speak  
long and even. Shout bell's least erring swell,  
cease your call, then tremble. This shout's crave  
palls, springs not in easing the ear's shell.