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Nosecone Made of Pine

nobody

the warrior caption
in general
bliss
until combat
the size of his fist
a magnificent
knife
plugging his ears with wax
fills the trench
with sacrifice
but those screaming for life
in the plundered city
its children
and wife
after wife
this darling of Athena
whose reason
betrays them and everything
else
his gift
his wooden
horse man is thieving
his murderous thieving
until deceived
himself
“My name is _____!”
who kept
their gurgling throats
open
with libation
Lethe, Lethe, Lethe
where this madman feigns to listen
drink no more
to drown
listen
the future
what’s it like
until
while his strength returns
he hears them
swear
go home, go home
where
nobody lives

stoplight in the fog

who prepared was nevertheless
hurried along down the bright
meanwhile a shore kept clean
until morning with adjectives
scribbling the leak a moment's
wet because a drunken shade
oozed out while flopping fish
upstream trout almonds extra
spinach imbibed with every
bit my dirge covered delight
was barely until anything
shoulders her supple shell
marshmallow radish quite
scarlet mouth in middle felt
a smell of sea like hot clam
bucket ambiguously looked
writhing up the lobby told to
stop her tail it should cease
yet insist more never flop
from room to room or else

want to nowhere

never
a philosophical turn
he didn't need
to go figure
the stars and moon
carving liver
to stick on a hook
what if
that mosquito
that brought the fever
was good luck
one day when his boat engine
gave out
he thought
pushing his paddle
against a stump
his rod and reel
took a hit
that fish was bigger
than shit
and he rowed to the dock
while the fish
flopped
not even then
had he remembered
to lock
his pick-up

for crying out loud

imagination sits like a coat hanger
never heard it
shirt

tomorrow the caterpillar
large as a cloth
of man

the flowing ever flowing
garment
and the seducer

seduces
yes, the seducer
seduces

while a cry goes out for justice
never heard it
the wind

ever flowing and rends
the flesh
an imagination wants

to pull its lip, and birth
a hand to help
to hurt

chrysalis is script
whose glass
would sweet juice

the bleating of lamb
confused with
youth

all for a sail to raise
the ghost
this garment of man

and flowing beyond
this instant
we turned

Robespierre

like the flaming eye of a Cyclops
but here mutton is a rare dish

heads roll over the mountain
the sky begins to drift