

7. MATCH MORAL

Brian Waniewski

Tinderbox, tinderbox,
Were that this would—

Bone-sky dry—
The ghostly grass won't

Rustle, roam, rasp this
Hasp trees keep—

Last chance, Earth
Last chance, Sky

Come cloud / Come suicide
Up rushed ice when there was ice, hail, down

The rain if rain
& who can remember what

Brought brimstone?
Aye. Anyone?