

Take as Needed for Pain

—for Dan Beachy-Quick

As Arab Spring turns into Fall,
First frost zombies the grass
And Sybil's leaves read what they said
And see where they didn't.
Thirtier than twenty-nine
She drove a nail into the spine
Of geography,
Where a light breeze pronounces
The curse of invulnerability.
Let me pause to give you an example:
There are never any vacancies.
The season's bilked,
Gallied to a standstill.
All the traitors wait for the dispatch.
How many unmarked graves will you be needing?
Queried the head snowflake.
Now that content is out of the way,
All manner of antics have at it.
There is no last stand, nor ever was.
And who doesn't want a nuke?
There's flukes, said Stubb, and lit his pipe.
Oh, Ahab.