

18.

Conceived but not imagined. January  
How art may tempt more weather at any rate  
Tough minds drink sake, Darling, the suds of the bay  
And some cur's leash is all too short to narrate  
Some games of coup de dés omit the seven and nines  
And often is the fold for affection dreamed  
And the very tear from tear like the verb declines  
By fancy or by not occurring an aging source brimmed  
But the high diurnal hummer galls a hot aubade  
Adore the Muse's pose session of hat, hair, brow, and riposte  
Adore calls beneath the drag how candor stains this aubade  
Then an interna'l airline is a totem for what's criss-crossed  
"So long," says the denizen, ran Lethe the more rises and ran  
to the sea  
"So long" arrives missed, and Lethe rises rife to the sea.

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