

T. CLAYTON WOOD

16.

The bike lock jams and still we jilt a day
Make lore out of this ruddy rant and rhyme
And in the belly-fort yourself by sound portray
The means of meaning lessened: lesson: what rhymes with rime
So I tanned for you a rope of sappy leathers
And any aid an ardent rosette of sunset
With a lurch you gushed blood, bore you, the living lowers
Such like your sainted surfeit
Sew, hooded the vines of hieroglyphs that sniff and reap air
Switch this mime's prehensile roar: eye, pupil, sign
Neither windward: port out starboard home in plein air
The tan's fake: to give allure, disbelief dyes skin
Go the sieve's way or will seep or will spill
Remand, too, a rusted ablativ— a lawn awry *mower* mown—accrete
like krill.