

*Housecat Falconry*

Blame our lack of fatted apples on these lachrymose battledores.  
On these flame-retardant peach carts, blame our mania for sleep.

O motherless, O sunlit jumper cables! O cancerous chandeliers!  
Blame our spermicidal honeymoon on these inebriated bicycles.

On these phosphorescent pestles, blame our addiction to prisms.  
On these plum-colored thunderheads, blame our flight from ink.

O cadaverous handstands! O firm, O beachfront cummerbunds!  
Blame our sung-burned tongues on these flit and morbid orgies.