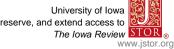
VARIATIONS AS COSMIC VESSEL FAILING TOWARD A LOOSE LINE

O behold the cosmos! It woke so slow, stood. "The Book, he is comethe womb chokes loose." I stood to look. It'd become who. She's so he. (It's OK.) So cometh blood, woes. (Welcome, hi.) The Book stood. S-O-S, Booklet echoed. "S-O-S?" I-who most blossom to ties-choked. Oh, woe. Shoot. So, belowdeck sit Homo E to Homo S. S-O-S. Oh, we be locked, it be code, lookit: S-O-S. Whose? Moth to the web (Om), loss (Oh), dice (OK). So helm the bow. O do toss cookies, choose bloodshot weeks. Omit home (O the dock, O ties). S-O-S, blow the doom. Shock is (Ow) obsolete. The code book, somehow, is lost.

123



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