

VARIATIONS AS COSMIC VESSEL  
FAILING TOWARD A LOOSE LINE

O behold the cosmos! It woke so  
slow, stood. "The Book, he is come—  
the 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.*