

## PAEAN: MOON

O sob, O butter-colored breast,  
not a tub but a ton of this  
mellifluous, unscented lust—

this clambering, unbended mist,  
coagulate and rubbed and glassed.  
O sob for butter-colored breasts,

exhausted shutter clatter, rust  
of lumbering and silly bliss,  
unscented, mellifluous. Lust

was never better gladdened dust  
than inkling's nod and reminisce  
of buttered O and sob, this breast

49

of nuzzled frost, of puddled feast.  
Beneath, a sea surpassed, embossed  
with scent mellifluous, and lust

that's dropped from cached, posh, brass, lost host,  
vast piccolo, fresh blunderbuss:  
O butter sob, O color, breast,  
mellifluous, unscented lust.

Hailey Leithauser