

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

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