

(equivocal)

If the cock pecks at glass and the glass frames a face in the under-fed city of overbuilt transit, might I claim
 for my comfort the failure to picture your face in the glass, your transitioning eye?

If I draw from my ear a rose made of chiming or hold in my mouth a bird made of cream,
 if I place in your hand the flavor of typing or lay on your lap
 the sound of my name?