peter deROUS

Knubble

what there is to get
said here
missing presumed read lend your loins to
not knowing how to talk to each
other phonemes in the nightmare of narrating
paused in for a moment both denied a jig
knowing it rigged and rugged
life pulled out from under
proud ploughs be they c'mon as snow

sewing up to pursue
silence's echo seventy years slow
sever ever more severely hence unrealing
when everyone they knew was also waiting to be
rescued
divulging by sortilege of legerdemain
a ward of palm
or
bowels in the brain
having lost point cut to the bone
waning to pull
strings only to get cutlery in the belfry
parts stubborn (perhaps the director
just liked the footage)

or enviably embarrassing
the cutesy wriggle another bit of
durance asking to be accepted on the sole ground that it is a
heretofore