

seth McMILLAN

*different were the lions*

They mix up chunks of thought weakness:  
Roman sentries in barrels, mouth squash  
dripping into the past. They reply deaf notes:  
The bulls' eyes

shift to the fence: "bubble them with storm artillery."  
Hopping to the fragrance their  
black hair sweats of apple ghost:  
the ampitheatre

craves and pulls out of the belly a byplace: eagle  
kidneys are eaten in tooth seats, nucleus blades slice  
skin unlizard: they are soft populace of oil, drinkable fade.