eli TOMA

Opus E: Three Scales

I
April failed; the eaters retired,
likely of vital Edens,
but evoked.
Such eyes let fair
idols suffer
heroes.

II
Impossible.
Not everyone verifies exile
randomly.
Here, eats a rebel, deaf,
and
now, a pause—
                on—
like opal, grinning,
yellowed.

III
We've heard.
You flew over
Righteousness;
Gomer's initiate.
Viva
Eros.