

Gramarye

or, Whatever happened to the fate of our monarchye, er,
democracye, never before stopped by boredom, panic,
guilt, or even inane repetition, and, being so late in the
performance, whatever happened to Sarah Jane?

Spiderye

“The solving of the problem rests with the women.”

Tarantula spawn across Parliament Hill:
these tiny furry carrion are bringing forth a bill

so hurry on scurry on
so many bones to pick!

Fear-puffed balloons
uphold corroded rooftops
From deep within the postbox
bulge the smiley trooths

that puncture copper
guttle trusses
pupal agents pulsate

Tarantula swarm over patriot walls:
emblems, concessions,
apoplectic paper flies

in the way of the photo

so many blood

Flatterye

Your arms
welcome footfalls

Your carry-on
unabashed

Your sole
seeps sement

shimmer croons meant
for body:
So romantic!

Nec/romantic:
why my sternum is squelched

coxa-ed over your shoulders like a sac
of young

potatoes

Symmetrye

A video plays against the mauve-eyed clouds above,
In real time—

A woman, frail and thin, more elderly over weeks,
blind-folded, skin pulled tight to pale temples,
shot once, in the head, to mark the fallen
in the holy time of Ramadan.

A video plays up ahead in droves of chestnuts,
Statically, suppressed—

A man (boy?), limbs slumped aside (coy?), plays fucking
dead,

not dead (this Marines division said)
Fucking Faking It, so blood-
shot once, in the chest, just in case;

Carry On.

Oratorye

“Gramarye is.
Check my dictionarye.
Check your dictionarye.
Heed my oratorye.
Heed the Googlye!

Tell my sibling I love them;
This contaminancye
seeps deep into my drollerye

And my veins are the
marrow
for Your Excellencye

to creep
through and smother
all hopes of hard hungerye

I love her, I love them,
In a panic, I love that
Gramarye is, and—
Look out! there’s one on me!”

Burye

That was the year it became clear she had never been faking anything; the nothingness was true; the shot was only a needle drawing the blood that would be inexplicably found clean; yet still the sickness remained, and when the people noticed it, they sounded the alarm.

“Yes, Sir, the war is going well. . . .

. . .

“Yes, we’re cracking down on educated women.”