

## CATAFALQUE

When nights unslept for joy or pain surcease  
and killall palls like dreams as gats unload  
from those who'll no more sing: how sad to not  
be hurt anew./ A painted bird she'd not  
inveigh as 'slattern' incendiary  
diffamatuers'd proliferate: the same  
in sotto'd palter Bel her flesh while co-  
vens wan of belles'd excoriate through hands.  
A ritual by now redounded face  
she wipes as cattails tap their shoulders, heli-  
copter diastoles toward thrombus, graves  
like sails mong trunks ensoul enflame as myr-  
iad awoke thruways. To sun's infarct  
with phlegm she says, It's true. All-Very-True.