When nights unslept for joy or pain surcease
and kill all 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
diffamateurs’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, hel-
icopter 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.