

PURUSHA SUKTA

taken sound-by-sound in reverse

| | Habit, it naysaid to
savor tub art. I ate nachos,
hand on my ham: reconnaissance.
| An assignment: harp in ur-mud
a knot serenade and a jig,
munge notes and edge notes.

| | Mush up, mash Europe!
Hand upon top-nut
bulge, I have it.
| Hat-trick edemas
out pus. Hearts I had eruptin'
a seismic sourpuss.

| | *nihil placet*. Make whole
lotta dollars, dosh.
Has she removed my polyp?
| Uddered doves at my side
done shrieked, "Milk!" Cretins,
the cows hibern-

| | ate a watch. Who haven't armpatches
sing, "Gosh, chard. Need to come
| eat a lottery juice husk
at a chosen moment, natch.

| | Eat a lotta ordure. My polyp
high, so I die. Day seven. Who're you?"
| Hat-trick hyena, yeah, rules ya.
The summer come, ice on a harbor.