

| | Eighth day chew it up, prove who're you:
“coo,” “haw,” “bawk,” “T”: symmetric hum.

| *nihil placet*. I had a tick
who bit islands, mushed Europe.

| | “Hoarse old codger at large!” Dom said.
Dom said, “Hairy judge Jehovah
| gotta diaboli-cheeky
end-of-age, ‘n robs ya.” Dom said,

| | “But I jest. That I’m set suggests” --
Dom said--“Dairy judges not lunch.
| Dairy judging, I’m a sage jerk
and you have restaurants,” Dom said.

| | “Yeast, chyme, argon, wine, a round of
active ergots, shit: in a soup
| may God assert matter have Mass
and you have restaurants,” Dom said.

| | “Yeast, a chaser, raita, dosh:
dinner joy inhabits anise.
| Salt arguments, aged mash, Europe.
Nock sharp this arrow, bag ya a rat.”

| | Here he vanished, hand to Upstairs.
My jaw decides to open a safe.
| Atavan. Dom had gnawed of it.
Ash of a honey-syrup tea

| | his report of amid botched sup,
ah, I tried to open these jaws.
| Hush Europe and an old jar o’ bees
enjoys a tariff. I am stuck