

Tessellation Row

Outside, Ernest Hemingway curses Alt-J
and kicks a beer can, screaming.

Inside, Ron Padgett and I been waiting for
hours to peek at what that creaky ol' windmill of a Dutchman
has been doodling on a leaf.

Now he inches to the counter, pays for his Danish with a Swedish credit card,
quick, swoop to his table and carve some initials (MCE) into a tree.

Read his shapes upwards and downwards and allaroundwords. They spell this:

We	tessellate	slowly,	afraid	to be	art,
tessellate	as We	glide,	to	a ragtime	beat
quickly,	groove,	We	scatter,	triangle	up,
afraid	to	shatter,	We	tarantella,	frightened;
to be	a bebop	trombone	tango,	We're	just
alone,	beat	down,	terrified;	just	<i>tessellate.</i>

He catches us reading and thumps us with a cane.
"What business have you, interpreting my art?" he wheezes through a harmonica.
M.C. Escher is a brilliant artist, but he's no Bob Dylan.