

Verde

I knew you when we lived in the undulating prairie amongst placid
ungulates
And you thought that I was vain and loved me nonetheless

We married under the sign of the green triumvirate
Clover manifested its destiny
And nothing we peel off in greenbacks
Will ever be sufficient to pay the ferry man

The last time we made love you were about to die
and what a tawdry film they played at midnight

Oh the hooligans and their howling. How ho. What do you know? And at
noon
it was raining and the record player scratched out a sprawling palace
for you to reside in. May you find peace among the ruminations of the
ancients
May you swallow all the bitterness of this moment.
Be the peacock we need. Transform and purge.

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Laughter is the music of the spheres — meh meh, I bore myself by trying
to bore
down into the earth. Snakes signifying and worms turning, but the
preacher is
an hour glass wandering in the hills. In the dunes on the cape

Laughter in the early hours
Sandy signifiers
Snaky shellacked book shuckers escape

Verde que te quero verde. The green how I love you green
The river making love the whole length of the singularity

Twin inserts seed cacophony
You have gone and cauterized the wounded word

Oh croque-monsieur, don't croak monsieur, let's have a croissant instead

Prickleback or stickleback
Nascent anchovies. A nation of stinky fish

See citation index and
Insert fish whiffs here

— Karen Pava Randall, 3/12/2022