

### THIRD PROW

A king scattered seed-like if daring to love booed down his whole life roiling in terror  
Drunk to the gills beneath the absent deluge  
O clarity  
Escape ladder of eyes into eyes  
Towering timbers echoing the bricked warmth of black snow  
The color of cold the warmth at sea  
Seed-heave the soft-bodied mollusca these legs mountains echoing high hopes  
More divine if daring to level it all the meanderers and maenads left to sizzle in their place

Midnight illuminated to ruins the lace-on-lace of oceanic nether-regions  
Bursting at the seams with luster like the rainbowed globe melting at a moment's notice  
Alighting on your obsidian nostrils  
A rose-cut diamond spinning  
Its amethyst rose and trumpeting  
Night's bronze  
Boring through the scolopendral wells of youth  
Does it offend? This way? This orifice? May it upend the history of straightness  
Stone-fortune feigns the shearing iron  
The rings of vanished horses

Waters-turned-roe-deer graze the overthrown kingdom to what ritualistic exchange

Mirror-fowl writhe in flames the doubling-down of lofty crowns

By apanage that star is my castle  
Scaling upwards it shimmers to a boil  
Rather than a lightness of being which erases not  
But pulls the ever-at-the-ready  
Abyss ever closer

Step aside flame-spewing nostril  
You're a long way from where my meadow is  
Solar quicksilver of absolute glass  
Spiraling cornucopias of drunkenness  
Listen to me you out-of-breath varlet  
You valet to royal steam rooms go on patrolling your sea-wall of anemones

Between the jaws of vowels witness the carnivore extraordinaire  
This clearing leads to one wide-open maw  
Orders in the air howling to unwound wings you are a tyrant  
If to those ground-down we have but throne or crown to show under one thunderous heel  
Steel wanes in strength woven through common streets  
Obsessed with its own snares  
—What if the snows arose on horseback?  
—What if the horse was absorbed by the hoarseness of the reeds?  
The worn-out summer wears away at the stride  
Ensnared at the tail end of one such tête-à-tête  
A stone's throw from the void  
A crustacean-like bridge elongated subjugated  
By its convulsing valves  
Until every star-chart is erased  
In the octrois of months to come  
Become dense clusters become a trellis of poppies

Why so cold a welcome from these arks

These slumbering summits these honeyed dishes of dreams

This field become cloud become blooms of ancient stone

This inlet the outlet to madness?

O winged bed of sea legs

Smooth over the pearls the rolling spindrift

This day imprinted with a black breeze the dewiness of the void

Haunted retiarius maimed slayer of men

Headstrong the winter steadied into summertime

But was it ready

The sea spray the misting waters were washing the already-besmoked

Island with gold

Wishing to spur the fur-covered forces from their palm trees

Doomed to the marmoreal undressedness of noon

*September 1950*