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*Scherzo (VII)*

Confess your disdain for coyotes, the hound with a deep-belled wooden horn

the chicken like a dragon, pseudo-autumn & the exfoliation of time

how even the comfort of touch  
has been weaponized

clown-kissed

a few specks  
within some empty egg carton

or that time you cut your knee  
on a mousetrap

to potato-print a border

Confess to the light unbending & mourn  
the torched porcupines

the bridge never touching what it crosses

Confess an admiration for the toddler casually shitting on the floor  
that you're probably left-handed

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*Scherzo (IX)*

Bless not diesel & the ground-level ozone

Bless not the sheep-fold adding up to suffocation  
& a repulsion to tulips

nor the closet you're only interested in like an errant star or runner  
in December chasing a wheelchair

But bless the flat-antlers of personhood & siusius don't have hands or eyes or  
a buzia or legs

how rocking horse can equal rooftop,  
the krzyżak befriended

on the back porch

amounting to a form of elegy

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***Badger-Ass Beard Poem***

the badger-ass  
beard  
is like a  
bristled-mole  
but not,  
part aardvark,  
& dziobak,  
backward assed,  
the sound of  
a noise  
with bristles,  
unbrushed,  
don't worry  
built into a  
badger's  
ass like a  
bumblebee  
on Crete,  
kret-like &  
byzantine,  
a bearded bixby  
assuaged razor  
so don't worry,  
worm-fed  
mud-mask  
with specks of grey,  
subterranean  
pole bird, bumbling  
pseudo-heretic  
faced  
with flight

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