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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