

Call It

al tyburn holds forth  
says he has returned from the fatal tree  
his bright shiny face  
    weakly crosshatched by wintry light  
saying it all of it  
    to those within earshot  
who will have it any of it  
    about that blasted tree  
his lessers milling luckless gadabouts  
their ops rendered totem  
    errant whimsic harmless  
caprices of nature  
    forthright immutable delphic still  
and stories it thus  
gathering at his feet  
    to savor the mysteries

life on the ribbon  
each thing said once by two  
    takes three to tango  
aping the master drool strings  
    plumbing the depths  
chants rise and fall then  
comes this measure a springing cadence  
    with a clanking c2 of finger-pointing  
    the thrust and parry parry  
    and thrust  
safe of limb from believing  
    that he builds castles in the air  
by sun up sun down  
through suns up suns down