

SURFEIT

(A Sensesense In Who For)

Reason with history would scout the thing
there in every moment ever recorded by organelle,
air, soil, plant, animal, sea or land; some changed since begin,
encompassed and tolled entire range of life and live.

Dual borderless enclosure of the "I" of mind, there, not-there,
Who Is measuring; Beauty rounded more than consternation.
Lacking no fuel, despite late bloom, deadpan choler,
drop-bag cloth, scurrilous flat shoe, and incendiary way
they had in possession, every manner – subtle trepan and idolatry
for word and world, could a monster or saint shape;
dry desert scapes, watery tomes – sure, pure,
any frackish friars wandering coupling people among.

Expenses quarreled cadence. Outflow, quick pigeon to quail
was swift owl to hot seat; who, which and what chief of ancestry often,
when in dream, gave timed kicks – Endurance! for.

But habit heated loyalties - like queen bee, detractors abandoning;
or leader, any land, his people, their willingness taxes
and brash beats the day like the living lights - as that mode
like to troop from battle, exhausted, destitute for sensible liberties,
to passion unannounced buzzed-in yields - caused the wrong,
dry gulp of sun, foul to last drop, where solid and leading citizens
songs to sung, as gladly would. Yet wondered,
would ever amore to pretty homes be welcome?!

Sorrowfully, shared-shard life - diary loose upon their ground;
fealty-full of never or over-delivered indulgences, accurate analysis,
which rarely so much sign or golden syllable ruled, had fun,
between chocolate treat, fish in heat (cored hope, lucid) -
the bereaved bell near anxious neighbors rarely rung.

Acceptance smiled elf selves; cat tin-roofed;
as vultures meaty treat in wait, slept eyeing some.
Attendance, off'd toward Annoyance. At gates, bleat heap;
frets fired tools' expectations. But effort moved to correct kiss of death,
muddlemingled, mindmelding with Clarity cheap its seat,
so grew in conscious popular tunes began to hum, even as
pub midden hoplite chambers destructions new in repeats
laid assures; and absence nary a tweet about hoary turn would.

So when Allowance, Capulet-optional, buff brace that always stood
topple, thinly rhymed families, replete, to never come again, implore,
exhaust summoned; equip, abundant in gaffs, ran-to-outwit,
taxing Napp under catalogue's cheat, so crime –
the always God-tree exposed – could, those usual purpose.

Shiny suits plenty bags embrace, twin beams thump.
And some would have: on to the zoo! or zero; kept track of who.
But saddlebacked on stupor and a-snide trim, tried an audience.
There topic drop, occupy, Staff and rod many rulers resultant fastened–
so all the thinking ones in guise, haste and giddy, the dire
group problem were really not upon. So a past, going-nowhere,
for cheery good time, it's all there! cereal box read, IIm game face,
soda fret with tragic final finish hooked, and bummed again.

Which despite, a few would hike `round; sit alley with some;
camp materially last ontologic bother till the fairly come.
As recur, a burger a mcdonald's became, a sears tooled to sleep,
pretty penny's, some; while slights did merciless, the people among;
and christian with mates to that late race did succumb.

Petty-in-the-pants, editioned, would still dehorn thunder beasts;
smash bother ant; rail crazy sufficient to not suffice.
But cut, paste could retouch blue, red skies, and wide and long
middling mind get airy theory to compile adrift, or aplomb
comply, as if there was brilliance, as if brilliance could live there.
As if quiet taint - expressionless, wordful concomit, electron/positron;
scrappy in scrum with mighty bristle rack and sea baying riotous
sun against - *could* send gifts to a blissful rock planet
where God and Justice, soooo-many ton'd, weighed all scales: off!

In the almost air they agreed then, they were outrivaled! That
present in the breathe, the It! The !! doesn't know WTF is going on!...
So, they bailed a tear for man and his shank, shredding hand
that leaves kin Earth a doom of sand...and said to one another
t he bubbly clouds, aren't so much anymore!
t here may be something in it for you;
t ake something with you when you go!...

Copyright © 2022 (8/17)-2023 (04/24-08/3) Joseph Duvernay.