

THE OLD FLASHES

For the grab-ass, a nose for spite.

Tike or adult saw its clear red light.

Later, manic mate tried that closed gate.

Found his pawl, paid-out dragon, couchant,

'tentive to abate.

Debase jokes, not permit!

The fence-tight teeth, that flash of red,

haptic armour, against these pit.

Otherwise on excess of love

and un-erred sympathy fed.

Once in a mean time, I lie not, it was maga this, maga that -

true only under moral evidence, ethic and humanist hat.

Now, little minds and smaller hearts with a people charged

to govern of a long grown, nearly proper law, which they themselves

were to be higher above are backward at large.

F*ck em! What's you're twenty Sarge?

Cuddle, cuddle keep your trouble,

let your fires learn.

But they weren't all that. And Heaven will hear!

Yet another time, Cynewulf seized Sigebright.

The captured's kingdom, up for a charge.

Till him, his long-accustomed alderman had to discharge –

and thankful and acceptance lessoned freedoms large.

Here, a warranted anger broke across his bow.
Been tossed, E'coutez -moi! many a century beguile.
And the countertop feeds and bleeds far back.
And the taste in mouths lingers ruin and rack.

Here too, the withy pretty in a one-piece nice.
Here, reach, rest, tools housed for the night.
And that wild, old quite flashes, runs the lawn.
His anger invited, put to yawn.

Whence in the morning, say it! Again, he will rasp all the non-delight
into a trash dust to sweep off a table.

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Note: Haptic: regarding the sense of touch.