

Edric Mesmer

from *Yrtemmys*

V

But who should in the world aggregate a vocabulary?
And who of words should churn against
the firmaments of rhythm?

“Strangers are sacred” said Webster
shelving envy between the glut of
sodden decimals

Now come Noahesque to aisles
then upon easels...
lastly in loam—

The lost companion :: mortal dread
where an oar swung out and fro
in winnowing

A musk ox then mid an ambit of princes
planing the fen the echelon must rear
fronti nulla fides , The

blood-sac lain on Tartarus—
ghosts famous of anatomy
—poor Vitruvius

Thy inscription is thine own and not
circumstantial taught—
ARRET and STOP

Apart are shot by field of target
and flee those gods like fate
in' impossibility

(Tiresias parting
as his hair
prophecy)

Franked lingual by the Fe
-asting of newfangling anglers yet to
be touched by the chart-flown tongue Linnaeus's

Leave for me a Δ in the carbon to say we keeling
o'er vortices , in all our stance retrograde
are but vessels regurgitate

VI

*Last at the shore I'll be
and drowsy at my oar
whence Jove pounds*

So there is recognition among mortals messed with
by gods afire , trans-
genetic tele-

Pathy ; a-
journey of comparative
mononucleic acids mapped

Inanely on the outer-inner husk
of an Ionian
boar's tusks

—Dip this pair in equal vats of molten cop-
per and of wax—to bi-
furcate the paral-

lel proces-
ses : : etch
as

From one cast ; & from the other crack
like teak the teacup-shaped
musk to be imbibed

And from the waxen artifice of former
hone a second cast in cask
of whirling plate

So two horns stand to bless the silence
stet as seers swept to
Hypnos' halyards

Neither disambiguating plebeian anti-pedant
but one the sign and one the gneiss reconstituting
the quality of schism embedded ever in the sovran

VII

You the aging prince with years blown through
as fluting gasps—the brow knits
sharp dew

Who sired you? Sires now whom?
against the gird of Perspex keen
to your translucence

You present , sweet unskilled swine-
herd , a worry over wan grid-
dings cylindrical

Silos so silent yet in their cement
saltless as unwept for as
thematicism

Painterly gazes , you answered , availing sleepy eyes
of stranger inlays upon the back of thrones not
all shepherds shown to swaggered

As an architect separated from his elevators by mortal exile
Sought in the photographer's myopic bliss
Libra qua triptych

for ourselves bathetic

Water the color of dolor gone
gender-to-gender beneath
the aegis

Unguent in the unbound palms of an
ingénue , odious lain—for sake of dreamt—
to rest at last as tress unclasped from Pandemonia's untidied head