

Alette Aldritch

## Imp ibn Id

Dirt spins,  
whirlwinds,  
twitching bins.

Blight king drips with filth,  
blind whirling fists striking.

In ship's lists,  
witch-kin kick-flip  
flight in disk-knights,  
chirping, "win!"

Light Smiths grin,  
sick with wild risks,  
trick spinning shivs.

Swift birds in lit cliffs trill—  
Wind-things singing,  
ink wings nipping high.

Night Sphinx winks, sips gin.  
Skirting jinxing 'mind-schisms,'  
swishing glinting spliffs  
split with crisp grist.

Shrinks sigh, thinking,  
“spilt stitch in  
whining, writhing snitch.”

Glib shills hiss with  
limp birch kris in thick chimp grips.  
Grinning pricks.