

The hymnal of life if a caustic sandwich

dripping  
with jazzed aioli  
those bittersweet fruits  
emulsified sounds

- it's an endless barage -

whose beat drop

p  
e  
d...

to kiss that nightingale  
drowned?

or engendered:

the chaos loves to sing

discontinuous rounds

embracing

<<< fragmentary shadows >>>

conceptual monsters {abound}  
(gathered around)

aluding again,  
the parsimony grinned  
across  
the g a p i n g abyss

whose gruyere teeth poked porous

stinking the whole way through

that vapid chorus  
that curve demure

synchronous leaflets turned  
\* creaking \*  
the rusted pew backs  
merged