

James L. Swanson / THREE WORKS

THE ALMAGEST

Morning she found him lashed to a turnip.
Sunrise make him burn for the bush.

He has begun, as will be donne,
at wooded foot, green valley.
Uphill he run, through forest come,
into the alpine, sally.

Rockrubble to glacier he tickles the ridge
on clodhopper adamantine.
Sweet liberty! The wicked itch
to press the bonedry waterspart
where the immovable moves aside,
where billypiss piddles to oceans wide.

Tripping over the lofty champlain
he drones a scrubpine ditty.

Bless the Mahotean coffee
and the Aztec chocolat.
Preserve the Fly in the ointment,
keep my belly hot.
Soft the foamy riverbed,
when all the bolt's been shot.

Deep in the bouldered abyss,
whitewater sparkle and hiss.
Blackfly buzzz,

breeze off, bud.

Shadows drag thru lofty hummocks,
downcast eyes scan granite grit.
So Skinhunter's in immanual Lemnos
when women in flocks were charmed by his looks.

Here are no women but only rocks,
saltpeter to pepper Paul's tony rot,
amatory not.

Easpoor of ostrich, noon,
a sneeze on the dusty road.

Incense of ripe Pandora.
Conjunctive limbo sidesprouts.
Olfactory bulbs and smelling salts.

Millions of comets flock pell mell.
High in the mountains

a shepherd fell.

ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE HEAVENLY SPHERES

Foursquare and several meals a day, our fivefodders and sexmudders went hubbubbling. Lapping each other's behind the back, stretching Hooker's loi on spelt Sealeys, pulling rank. All blamboozey eyed from hidden argentass. In brief, working awed hours. In shorts, shooting the breeze.

They wore heaven a hell ova time. From the planes of Noradco-Nozzler to the craters where livers got lillipills. Aegis ago under an avuncular bumbershoot. Handsful of worriers being taken for a leek, chanting the owed to the tundric urne. Hennypennyone preying oder profitizing mit head huncovered disfiggers the head. Many megatoons before the breakup of our nuclear family.

Groined ceiling. War an insade joke, by job. The ridgepole cracked. Yawn knave strutted around the buttress, arrayed like Sullivan in all his glories, dressed to the emcee square. Non fingo hypothico he, uzum erectus oedifuss on a giant edipussy. Einstein's asgard asa newton. Ein zwei dry fear ist argot.

Around about the decent of the oracles, he was honked till dief and dumfounded as the farmer in Adelle. (Produce by.) Gossamer inprism hymn. Has hymen many a gander since the kurds wayed in. Couldn't keep up his end of the hind. Brow falling stern, gifted with gab, he gravely gulped a glass of bitters. Them let without salts vomit up the first stone.

He was brot some yonder bread, he would not eat. Nor would he drink the water. Urpsprung the countess of Salvary, who dancing dropt her garter. Chaste? Change why to the aye and add e s p.

Wood ye be willow to gift up yr stumack while those all round are waisting theirs? Get thee behind me, Romeo. Fowl bowel. He flagged in his randy career. Chest ribbing, madam. Wash you wart. The new groom sleeps clean if the slipper fits. Haul men are crated equal. Spar the rod, spoil the bladder.

Snakes in her goldilocks. Laff can be foney, sept when yr tickled to death. Bugs in her ears. You do knead a schoolmarm to vive la difference tween rite and wrung. Incognito ergot soma.

Turn Isis. Sis in rut. Now for twinces. Wishupon it were still kosher to green more wives than one. In the stray scent of the verd. Mormon's dozen sweet superstarlets, greglorious as bingo. Double yr pleasure. Ball three. Gnawstick penumbra. Aromatic auspices and flamenoids.

Under pain of bread and spread of butter, the sun beat the wind in disrobin the rover. What'll we tell the kids? Derriere de rien.

He wired for wine. One percent flockululation, ninety-nine bottles of perspurspiration. She dialed for bread. She raised a skirt. Esau and call trump. Hirsuite? Whiskers, but not on her face.

Yeast we forget, he is risen. Waged the rugged tree. Mock my words. Hair trigger. Ramparts. The master debator went off his nut. Sirens. A moment of inertia. Swing animus. Oldest trick in the book. Who nose what evol? Bock. Take yr base.

Ex folio. They gambol in brood delight. A troywate of flint. Tinder's the knight. Such a burn of bushes. Touch wood, punk.

Yule remember what happen to the bay what cried wharf. Got dockt. But what happen to the capn who smote his doter by the ocean? Cot the flew with his pants down, dickering with nativity. Was in the end booted out of the gluckkliche farting contest. Atomic piles.

Oct, this egg is roi in the muddle.

That's the usual sign. If in doubt about what to sacrifice, two ripe melons will suffice.

ON THE LODESTONE AND MAGNETIC BODIES

Of all the firstwater nobbs of the second order ever eaten alive by mice, none was more differentiable than Bishop Hatto, who by the way sported a convincing moustache as well. A number of poor harvests during the dork ages compelled the Bishop to herd the peasants into a barn and set whole shooting match on fire.

They are like mice, only good to devour the corn.

An army of mice subsequently attacked the Bishop, drove him up a wall, and polished him off.

There's another one the English won't get.

The Latin dictionary found among the remains suggests scholarly inclinations. Cross yr eyes and string the matrix.

Then there was the soothsayer who died of laughter at having outlived the predicted hour of his demise.

My own trouble began Tuesday. I was headed for the garage to get a shot of O-2. By all vector gauges I have the spin of half a weekling. How did I know the Easter bunny had come? Because of the snickers in my ears. Whispered by what I thought were my brothers in larmes to my sisters in lay. Pass me the knock out drops, I'm drenched to the half shell. Steamed in bed, animal to animal, crooning crybaby songs over Evelyn's keel. She was a mobius stripper at the Klein Bottleneck. Who could desiphon her frumious rosetta bud?

Transplanted into the psychopompic vernacula, you could say I ran in native mode to free myself of the combines of investigation. I stopped at the lightbench to trace up some rays. In came the message. Cursors, tinfoiled agleam.

Beta Decay Central to Nuclear Burning. The Italian navigator has landed in the new world.

Myth america I loan to see you. Fly yr flagel at half staph on doupeltime. I pinched myself to see if my chips were rad hard. Discreet is my muddle name, but what in hell is all the Christian nomancclatter?

You look familiar, but I can't replace yr face.

My father was a one-lunger poised at top dead centre. His father before him was Black Jumbo. My mother was a plutonium blonde. Noticals aslanging, fantom fighters phlying, they evolved by jerks. Bateau ivre. Yea verily tho I walk thru the wallet of the shawdo of Urano I will fear no mushroom clouding my cranston. Tho they leadeth me by still detectors and maketh me lie by corporate coffer, with enough shovels you can dig where I'm coming to.

Pluck yr magic twanger, Froggy, and hold him in escrow. He's got his stations of the wires crossed on the way to Boot Hill. Sircharge him with violating Hubble's Law. Read him his columnist's manifesty, Mickey Mantic. Drain him, Bookie. Ignorance is its own excuse.

Head crash. As anybody who knows nobody knows, the missing dark matter is composed of dead brain cells. Tubular bells I hear. In one's ear and out the other's.

Remember to fall back on polynomial time when it's neither daylight nor dark. Spring forward to exponential time when it's all hands on foot. During the blind man's balmy holoday.

O captain mercaptain, sulphur us not the little children.