

Brian Thompson /

## A SOUND DISCONTINUED

She is deranged  
This lady of the Isle  
Wrapped together to display awkward  
numbers.

This head of his  
bombed outward to the  
pain and fever.

Likeness had bound  
their bodies—  
fastened skin in water.

Is the purpose of speech gone?

This lady of the Isle  
Quick-choosing  
with self-lost love.

This Pale and dusty  
woman waiting,

For Charley and Tom.  
The fury of lying down dead—  
bent left and right.

They found many ways to die.

The land partly closed  
their step.

I give you now  
A Naked Bed  
Romeo and Jane.