

## **AT TIMES THERE IS A BOAR IN VINES**

At times there is a boar in vines. This should not concern you. It can be dead or metal. Always interrogation, taking turns, relate. Are you comfortable? Are your feet cold. Wolves and boars are prone to misconceptions. Take time out to correct and to improve. Oh, no, this is summer. Can I call you back? Shallow waters tickle roots and clams.

Circumference and majesty. What engulfing talents. Never underestimate the powers of persuasion. Even in darkness or in heat. When a Chinaman is in trouble, his eyes turn fluorescent cherry. Blink and you will miss it. An Arab sage will sit in solitude and ponder suitcases and cars. His feet are dangling, only ankles show. He is as tall as tales.

A chicken always runs in even steps. It hides under branches and trees. Counts its blessings. The porch swing is one of many. It must feel insignificant. Flowers and butterflies crowd its cushions, when you sit they leave. There is apathy in passion. Only no one knows. Lest. I can turn my hands in ways that let them figure myth and magnets.

He who knows the end of props will find himself in emptiness. There will be walls and windows. Floors and forks and needles. You can strike a pose and wrap it up. Ribboned feats of shrewd gestation. One and one make two. Humming makes the letters sizzle. But it is only in your head. Pour an ocean from your ear and seem baffled by it.

Pipes are reckless and in unison. You can turn a bend and be a stranger. An eye-less smile makes shoulders ache. You number tiles and draw a chart of ceiling. Once a paperclip turned cinnamon proved fragrant and connected. It keeps your floor and overhead beams in steady relation. Oatmeal is abuse. A child will toss it to the world and back. You'll like it.