To declaim
from this berth/ expanse

of sea &
battle, continued
desire for
a GRAND response to equal

COSMOlogical imPOSSIBLE, traceable you
a meteor just the other night, so close, they sd
(tho that’s expected: what to

say (illusion
would seem cruel
if
this were not
a

ship full of
stripped shores of
tragedy

where to, statesman?

& what?

here, formerly
here, air

from here, Maximus
history is still

built
into body

& vessel, roughshod containers
(that fit the job, we roll around &

((the poison fucked into her, so she had
to kill

the myth)
must confirm

&
after we

have traced the origin

all material, cite the genius

say

investigatin’

logopoeia /
gone

st. elizabeth’s or

of makers

(my tongue the primitive
shapes you
form)
from breast, immortal
drink.