

YARN FOR A SEASON

"...and spring was but a season of the year."

P. Ovidius Naso

Writ by every mind that's laid on;
known in the yes of nods, no of mortals, bantling cries
and humus sod oeing; sung from mouths beyond number,
this wheel of fortune, this jeu d'esprit
really forecasts no outcome.

At once frigid, warm, hot and thin from burrow,
sayable of beauty, harmon, corybant, then:
'without mode, dissonant'; waft in durian cheer,
she proves ambivalence in fail of showy,
with no care accounts and a very lot of variables,
as Jack tries budge with the frosty steed,
in this 'chaplet month' after 'winter count';
shearing Shrovetide ala Alcofribas; a hail goes opaque;
forsythia golden riots near the gate,
and for all her summer pretense, Pert primavera,
Theresa of the Undergrowth – tresses mussed,
clamored by all and April, that patter of verse,
collector of taxes – struggles hygeia.

A temperate primary worms say,
where starry night and stifle day portend fires,
that long before Homer burned.

Clear observations bend in effort,
and round corners even moon's luminaria
seems hunch fortune's bidance.

Bobs of cork! Revoked poise of the once neritic,
in its reason, up-ocean-floors waterous, funnels discontent,
washes, wipes at pace, could not keep, through thorn thresh,
bitten bramble. "There are tears for things."

But by heaven myrmidons, when "world is in its dotage"
and you've long since loped with poodle ilky and dung beetle –
others our story – to pen all poodles, save wastes beetle knew,
for man-friendly gain, treaded not footless your carbon load
'cross the plains of air, where Null-sinister accosts Felicity
to loud her motto, shove hell's piles, and lose that 'winter mind',
they're there still on our behalf, like all self-assigned
having "ropes to pull", nails to toe, wounds to wrap:
Null-sinister warning, blood-weal turning oaths over in her hands.

© Copyright 2005-2007 Joseph Duvernay "Sunt Lacrimae rerum"