

Welp

And so I wrote this thing but now it no longer

strums like the harp of the

girl in the

mosaic,

or brush drums the word,

*Mesopotamia.*

It no longer warbles like a flute from the

bone of a

cave bear

or plucks like a lyre of a

shapeshifting

quail.

It no longer booms to the gait of a giant

ground sloth

or sings like a wren from an

American Chestnut

It no longer giggles like Tut at a good

Game of Ur

or thumps like the wings of

Pelagornis

It no longer shreds charged guitars made of

plasma and gas

said the hole that inhales in the

Perseus Cluster.

Fuck!

