

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.*

No more to warble like a flute from the

bone of a

cave bear

or pluck like the lyre of a

shapeshifting quail.

No longer to boom to the gait of a giant

ground sloth

or sing 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

Never to shred charged guitars of

plasma and gas said the

hole that inhales

in the

Perseus Cluster.

Fuck!

