

Cuculiform

I knocked my
knuckles against
the weathered wood

And professed
ignorance of
all arcane lore

But if something
or other
can rise up

Against its own
weight
wouldn't you think

She said
that had something
or other to do

With, say, the
mysteries?
Something or other

Maybe or no
I conceded
Of course

I knew all of
the time
she had her eye

On my fly
Mysteries!
There are no

Mysteries to
speak of
about that

So Her

Breasts do not
erect

She could never pose
for bunny art

Though her heart
is there beneath

We span the arc
for there beneath

Is bread no hunger
can forsake

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