

Scars

Stephen Kirbach

Likewise, the throat
of a banjo might be
squeezed, albeit, splintered
as tinder. So, too, shall
thereby blaze the lyvely
sperke that issue from
those Iyes against the which
ne vailleth no defense. What
wourde is that / that
chaungeth not though it
be tournd and made
in twain; this, then, the
heart of the merganser, a
mothering duck who trails
a clutched motley
of divers, fowl species *et*
alii, saith staunch Ethan,
whoso known, a fine
young man, and whoso, washing
his face in a frying
pan, greets yon gathering
dawn. Yet scars mirror
damage time vanish, avarice
awash dastard tramp planet not
withstanding its best women
and men. On a clear
day from a plane, the man
ravaged earth patently
strangles, divers by death
fucking sentence bedeviled.