

a word with you

older than words,
sentences
morph more often,
verify
by tongue's slips
natural election.

I've told you
a thousand times,
one says,
& haven't
evidently
ever got it right.

you've only ever heard
my words, one
at a time,
too many
for a thought,
a picture's worth.

if you ever
get the picture,
let me know.
don't tell me.
just let the show
go on.

great again

oxen driven to plow, tongues
gouge furrows for seed,
crop & weed
indistinguishable.

let threshers winnow
chaff from treasure,
ground breakers escape censure,
more sinned against than sinning.

gold floats now. oil sinks
through water. soon, corn will become
a root vegetable, buttered in its husk.
in this bistro, no one blinks.