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Delphine

Edric Mesmer

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EDRIC MESMER

Delphine

...and seamen invoked her blessing on long voyages...

i

conch chaise—
the seminal lain upon upon

face—
on long voyages

as on millipedic oars
hangs defeat

dominion wide or
docent deep

ii

fat kid in a fig
leaf, outgrows

leaden kid-
gloves gripping premature-

ly the glissandi
on bastard wings

—he seeks porn-
ography to sublimate

via voyeuristic help-
mate—the distaste-

ful otology of
his mother's spate

for war, rot-
ting his fug palette...

iii

for this
an oracle was slain?

sluttish
logorrhea knows

better than to best
the messenger who reads for

Psyche, when
she took to fan-

cy landscape
and drowned in gaseous fracture

all too inky:
a whole well

iv

—morn
finds the pimp out—

the shit the
seagulls speak upon

a spit of pier
where overripe ambrosia

adumbrates the
damask lass unasked

to prove her salt
in civic tasks:

the sorting from seed the
husk; rasp

from
memory,

from sham-
poo,

a dram;
and from flagon, as

for Proserpine,
something blue...

v

sing me not

—sing not

Psychology's lyres
are tortoise shelled,

the coxcombs
scrambling in to livery—

all lullabies are but song,
and if a gossamer

of egress
should tether to my wayward

ego
let it go, let go

Hermes,
your handheld helix:

suave eloquence; as
Millet's night, turned Van Gogh's...

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vi

spheres,
vaguer fancies, love;

trumpet for
a pond—

taken for a sonnet,
lest—les-

ser divinities—
more hearth

vii

in t-shirts concert minstrelsy a
heavenfull's syringe—

for even the simplest reed
proves often

the very flute—
glimpsing

great acts of contrition
gone down with

gravitas,
razor's-edged—not the only face an

ass has—
wherever supple reeds

grasp
as capillary

the cloven chasm where-
in an anemone moans—

viii

o, canal of man-
made

necromancy,
triangulate

this water-
way!

where young tri-
tons pull

with glass-cut
pelvises the

constellatory against
the very sirens

who descry
like their anti-orphic

cousins,
banshees,

fangled dangers of
choral tyranny—

ix

...no choral tyranny

however

in oaring

awhile a shore

x

—and what say you to heroes?
gone in to tides

like thunder, their
thighs spanked mercury

—the gorgon's comb
a trove to each—

finding a deity in every minute,
all the mute

suppositions of material
come back from

Poseidon, for a swim,
still unknissed