

J. S. DAVIS

[kun TRIVED]

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Deliberate palindrome sways hips.
Quacking, switching, swinging ducks—
back-&-forthings before written fucks?

DOOM sayer somersaults the saying;
lowercase DOOM speaks:

Blink!

DOOM thinks:

Overly planned—a forced unnatural effect?
How unlike the coincidence of a poem. T h e.
Forced the forcing / feel it / your home is empty.
Artifice behind the DOOM or DOOMer's artless speak.

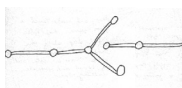
Poem a of coincidence the unlike how.
Less art for the affected...fake pals...
minus a natural handshake,
leaves well-dressed ministers—peppered.

|| .

O!

Let us sing the percutaneous porch.
Let us ass strained stairs. Eloquent.
May I ice-cube transcripts?

Around kun TRIVED: c(ops & robbers)on.
Kun TRIVance machine, err,
inventions to scheme. Err. Or.



Unmuzzle rainy corners.
Smell between fingers: barned.
Soften an apparent solution.

Dear pretty motherfucker punctuate,
Mind-boggling manipulator,
re-match, stale m-a-t-e, mortar.

Lowercase DOOM does not regret.
Ruffled noise to unfold gently.
Like it; straddle the midget's horse.

Shush. Non-non ourselves, already.
Find unmarked phony binding.
Fun management lost its spine.

Cervical sexual intercourse.
Suspicion of shallow breathers.
Lumbar strokers join the feathered.

Sit up straight, Just-Add-Miracles
stand behind the jammed door...
Devoid of mistles, missiles deltoid.

I did witness you weep into that paper bag.
You thought this party barge was deserted?
“ ” wading had no vacancies.

Yeah, reunions can get you down.
Flushed pulp of murky water—
shorelines best left shamed?

A gesture so small, I mistook it
for red paint of opposite intention
or a whistle blower, kun TRIfied *hawt* sea.

Father's sneeze obliterates an ashed “sorry.”
Trumpet's demisemiquaver falls from limb.
That séance never happened in the rosebud.

Russia / same direction / forked where.