

MARY MOLINARY

Ashes of burned manuscripts adrift in the wind, so

wind down. Mind your time around the limb,
then limn toward lemmings eating lemons at noon:
No one dare *susurrus* us in florid orb of day—
Decorum! *Nostra culpa*, but we're just sounding
sonnets in un-sonic ways—all twang and timbre.
So timber calls us home with a mute click.
Crack. Split. Yet, stronger than fricative,
fricare and friction for sure, if not fully bang. Boom.

Without adumbration, beckoning, or embrace,
I can understand the yearning, I'll admit, to tear
all of it asunder! Down the crass brick, the smooth
scatting stone, the rustling nouveaux porticoes,
screeching moldings. Even vacant lots—all this
blathering history—replace it. With hang. With haunt.