[poem] Verse on Tie-up

A face without feature, an ahistorical field, anachronistic finery

on the fuzzy carpet

a meadow lays

in the morning falls rain

Moored to the fizz of vodka soda,

to the fibers, the friction

moaning and fluttering

flush without shame

Give a cane, flay an openning, take in pains

(peel up, purple stain)

to make belong, to be a thing

material, mercury

objet

petit

a