

upon the butcher's gored-up flank,
my name is Chaunticleer,
to-day.

Never am I public, there persists about my placedness a whorl that before, a
time, two, did swaddle

the barrister's gutwants even, if they nearby passed,
or if, in choosing to pass unlooking, bowed, carp-like, draped as such-so,
a harp within a bespoke jacket

brought to playing by (sigh, they wish)
One's Personal Sensitivity Toward the Poor,
a feel abrading fingerpads which they deem
enough
and good.

But being brought athwart forced wonder ever-dulls it, flat as affect, for
inflection. Having
even a need

is of course weak, and coarse. The broad among us wrestle woe, I did
mention

I have feelings, this, as such, is one of them, that a count worries internal
all stout-

hearted persons, it's a ward of encouragement, the route
thin blood tracks abroad the marble that you'd flick it off on.

But yuck to blood.

And bile's passé too.

I

have grown accustomed to releasing—see pigeons hurled off, from a long
canvas coat—epochs

of self-knowledge, I find it

I guess

tedious, The Baroque gelled right to gutwarmth, a total drag, especially
when conversion's being's meme. The revisionist theme, *It becomes you*. And
so it does.