

PATISSERIE DU MONDE

Because I am the nailbed and the bed of nails.
Because I am the pink and the char around the warm.
Because luck folds the lamb, and the luck unfolding ho.
Because I fingered two plums, and the plumber ate one.
Because crass craves company, and the candle kindles some of me.
Because I am the fifth, no fifth in line.
Because five said *make me seven*, and seven tied a rope.
Because I am the unsigned covenant, and a coven well, a coven.
Because line 10 marks exasperation, and 10 numbers sigh *Oh?*

As if music swam like number, numbing the bottom half.
As if geometry chased a note. As if a figment of a ghost.
As if flavor staved the hung, as if well flaved a flay.
As if beauty marked a question, the question parting low.
As if rusty made a shiny. And shiny antidote.