

TRAFFIC: COMPLAINTS II

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1. Curb your dog and appetite.
 2. Utilitarianism is
the philosophy of slaves and masters.
Puritanism is their religion.
 3. Capitalism and Communism are
the matched sandals of Mammon's two right feet.
 4. Conditioned to despise
pleasure and believe in the virtue of work,
our loveliness increases.
 5. How different the modern world might be
if Newton had discovered levity
under the tamarind tree.
- i. Up your crab and pitted ego.
Et eco:
a parody 'n turbid pug.
O Peter,
buoy a pudding cart.
Petty in cuerpo,
bag our dad.
Beg, Dead.
Priap!
Out, coy runt.
 - ii. Funny mirror, till us a tail.
A nipping moth ails. Miss Spire-Tooth
shives her daisies. I eat.
Aint I heir to all dis'-huit herosies?
Trim slither of Satan Apples' ass
miming in ivory: "Sup!"
READERS ' INGEST (April '70), p. 4:
"Silo! Silo!" This is a psalm.
"I am a mouth, Sir. I hint 'n I hit."
O sleep--shift! Lotus:
Eve: Eris: Polyp is in Io.
This rigid Martian. This sham
Saturnalian rim.

Prehistory's tilt-n-tit nourishes
 simian lover, Sumerian pimp.
 O Asia! This fig-head is all.

- iii. I'm Andromed de los Angeles with the fat fan,
 mammoth 'n mum--a star!
 at Cosmic Pics.

I'm a charm.
 I'm a theme: O Sam Snatch!
 St Flip and St Flutter command a winged moose.
 St Marmoset Sandcamp
 sighed, "Momma Hamtent!" Off his nut.
 We called it macaroni.

Images: Flint
 and the simmer and shimmer of manacle soup
 catch moot St Dawmat.

Arms and the maniac I sing: McMammal
 who, tempted, shot St Moretoad in a scuffle.

- iv. O eerie flats! Sir Cockspur Pisonia, nee Seed-Rover,
 leveled the devils at tedious Union Bow Inn.

I see Urania 'n the urswine topple. O canoe!
 O beveled rill-n-rock! O vivid tide!
 Due sessions fester.

Rude wives suck the beepot sore:
 Rodeo, villanelle,
 sonnet, sieve,
 and I sired fruit pies on a coin.

A prudent 'n practical otherworldliness
 overlooks divine Eve's eenie issue:
 deifiteous bone.

Obscene, sweet, seafeed, dodo love--
 a sinrid reelove--spinips
 our truckin' universe: O
 aint it Hell?

- v. The fivefield crow and Mr Hydrant drive the world.
 The new runes brood not:

"Egad 'n the emmet! If it die--"
 Who baffled Revelever at the disco? OHM?

A trimmer. Fretted newt 'n yogi
 unwind the din. "Done, Dr Dither!"

Hefty, drive-inn boffs murder
 the mangled male (deodorous hind):
 trite 'n twice-towed Hawthorne diver.

Reverent fife 'n nether
 time-hive web the thrifted drum.

Odd lion. My dew-herd
 rascal God. I do not want.

Rover, fit
 the timid hind 'n Lucy Bedlam--O! I won't
 forget her Eve-wit 'n wart or mended fender:
 death' shed.