TRAFFIC: COMPLAINTS IV

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1. This little gentleman tried
to make sense of life:
REASON AND LOVE.

2. Reason and love made his misery.
Inadequate, confused,

3. this little gentleman tried
to make sense of life:
SURVIVAL AND INDEPENDENCE.

4. Survival and independence made his misery.
Suspicious, accused,

5. this little gentleman cried: "Whee!
Whee! Whee!" All the way home.
"Life makes no sense."

i. Sir Riddle von Kettlefish sang,
"O Flea! O Time's Tattle 'n one Eel!"
Amen--"
LA REINE--aloof; "Get a loaf."
Monks mend Eve's heel.
Tiddles tint red sin.
Tortoises rattle an alien moonlight.
Elves made stiff Eden kneel.
Feet slam in a keg. "Anon!"
Interest! Interest
fools 'em all!" Do the devil.
Life's more
still than idea or deal
of skeleton tag's vein tenement.

ii. Fate, cry me a drivel. O Sun!
Squeamish in a deadend noose.
O Musician! And easy Eve
straddles her QED'semon in a UFO.
Each monday-rood queen
sears a man's inevitidlle fuse.
"Conquestadolors, I assume. Maiden,
I've a handy fender."
Echo and Vanessa
riddle fame's inequity:
"O Drone, amuse."

iii. Maskers, endure. Feet, ape.
The silent magi enfold Nola 'n lend
vindictive titles.
O villain! O villainess!
Elf'acts nest in garden time.
Keeper, defend the mud tent.
Miss Trivia Fleetnut's
a folderol vending machine 'n tilt-ended speakeen eel.
Viveca Lilian, fiddle-naked, rinses
her gene-sonnet at Mt Tittle.
O plumseed fen.
Delta's deft toe
needled the spinning revivalist fire.
Silken Emmanuel can't--O!

iv. Shame is service.
I made a druidic succus.
Devil! spend a penny on us.
Maimed--sacred and suspended--in vials.
I envy such curious pieces.
Pussy charades revive a splendid manic.
O Dunces! muse in suicide.
O see!
A lucid duchess rips nada.
Deep circus amuses--me,
vivid ninny.
Some pansy dud-chum rival annunciates
desire's cussive deed: ICI!

v. Wheel! Wheel!
Wheel the lithe gem: emmet.
A sonnet, for instance, wheels
like a daisy.
Hay! The mime'swine and the meteoric eel
(she!-he!) whittle
a flea's knee: "Well now,
legs!"
Ewe heel.
Ewe hilt. Ewe helter'skill,
sh'elfish 'n gay as a tomtit omen. Damn
ewe, hence!
I see me wheel. I wheel.
My nonsense gotta twitch me a twinkle.
Flesh, reel. Head, heal.
Weeds settle in the winkle. Wee
William 'n heatherly Sham fleece
the shamen: O EGO!