TOM SMITH
Castleton, Vermont

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.
Tittles 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's e'mon in a UFO.
Each monday-rood queen
sears a man's inevitiddle fuse.
"Conquestadolores, I assume. Maiden, I've a handy fender."

iv. Sham
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Main
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Puss
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v
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v. Whee
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Hay!
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Ewe have
Ev
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I see
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F
Weed
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th
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 announcapes desire's cussive deed: ICI!

v. Wheel! Wheel!
Wheel the lithe gem: emmet.
A sonnet, for instance, wheels like a daisy.
Hay! The mime's wine and the meteoric eel (she-hel!) whittle
a flea's knee: "Well now, legs!"
Ewe heel.
Ewe hilt. Ewe helter'skill,
shelfish '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!