

WHARF AIR (WARFARE)

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Wharf Air

Fly on the pane,
In tent, on the ceiling of my site.
Raining in the garden of bushes leaving.
I rack the china and see a light coating—
The reason I wash.
Four suns in the white house across the plain.
Cymbal we hear, and drums felt.
March with the wind rushing.
 Terns feather together, ascend more and
 Worship the skies.
 A piercing gull the sky's numb birds hear not,
 Their sad homages, not ascending, be yonder submerged.
To gather a rock's tar and profit from the sale, I will.
Stray gays sing out words, deliberate and free, though wheezing.
The lion becomes a snot.
 A bird unto which I and the sole sinner piece together a partridge.
 The night, weedy sire, wants to be alone to reap hay.

Warfare

Fly on, the pain, intent on the sealing of my sight,
Reining in the guardin' of Bush's leaving Iraq.
The China and sea—a light coating the reason—
Eyewash for sons in the Whitehouse.
 A cross—the plain symbol we here, and Rumsfeld, march with.
 The wonned Russian turns farther to gather a cent more,
 And warship disguise appears single, disguises numbers.
Here, not there, Saddam ages not.
A sending beyond the sub merged together a rock star and prophet.
From the sail eye will stray, gazing outwards.
 To liberate and free, though we sing, the lying becomes us not—
 A burden to itch eye and the soul's inner peace.
 To gather a part Ridge denied, we desire, once,
 To be a loan to repay.