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 slicker 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 Dawnmat.
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 einie issue:
defiuteous bone.
Obscene, sweet, seafeed, dodo love--
a sinrid reeclove--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? OHH?
A trimmer. Fretted newt 'n yogi
unwind the din. "Done, Dr Dither!"
Hefty, drive-inn boffs murder
the mangled male (deoerent 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.