

Kindlingheart

Started at kindling, those little ones sitting next to old logs playing their little stacking games.

Cris-cross marbury moss,

Prim-pram nobodies loss.

If you can read this now you are too close.

Back off please forty millennia if you will just behind that line please with your leash law laminates & the kitschen full of gad jets & Okomos.

It was *that* bad, precisely as bad as *that*, as all *that*.

Have you herd a word I've said?

Not exactly; yet dunted, otterly & throught.

I'm still looking for a Yiddish kite. Something to hang my tail on, to take a flying uno wut for. Give me enough string and I'll prove you all are tied in knots. What we really look for is murshmoos. We expect you to get down on bended bees. Guffawed all right, from the face to outer space, catapulmonary wheefs. Since my wife won that vocabulary game, she's been scrabbling out an existence in the Outernet. Wut kindled my interest wuzz the strike-anywhere-matches. All the heats were close & inflammato-ry. Photo-finches.

Did they already pass the baton? I've read the barns, the oleo report, the low-falutin chronicle, the orphine deadbeat hollers, the opera stars with red shift blues, the formicidal mainiac cribsheet save-it-for-moscow cheesifesto grudge memoir. . .

& I still can't tell them apart.

Nor can they.