

## The Snowpeople

Ancient braids carved on a tomb: a crown  
Built from statues,  
Stripped with skill that  
Befits a colossus. The portrait altered  
While vultures  
Illustrated opposites.  
Alive in the valley, with feet webbed  
At center for strength,  
Some parked in the nth position  
From the beacon. Once the outcome was ruled,  
Few felt relief. The west fractured to succeed  
King by his effigies. And it was accurate.  
And it was absolute.

This is for the Last

Of events, of questions, of performance  
Heading into June. Lived to the latest.  
Didn't you know all this?

Rearrange the audience. Finish their backs and.  
With rocks. It's all pretty smart.

This is the day the heroes scream  
On the subway. Now you take—  
Stop that train.

Unknown, for sure. The main plan.  
It's got to be perfect,  
Square. Yours might not.  
Never much in your posture.

Once you come across a door  
Half-shut. What do you think of. The only  
Thing. Well, it'll all come back  
In a couple days.

When do you want to go to the kiln

Four boxes of lime, sequestered in the kitchen.  
Cement plus steel plus dioxide—  
Scrap that idea. I don't want your paltry product.  
The trial stops in the clinker. Recycle that stuff.

Aggregate equals powder slag. Want to get  
Locked inside? 8% of the gravel is not easy to emit  
Even when heating silica. Flame floats in air. Leave  
That alone. It's just water unto the bridge.

You reckon the demolition will hitch a snag  
Two quarters the way through. When currents  
Zap it all into paste. There's a lot to scale. The test  
Will take all day. The rest is rubble.

## Defanged Relics

The direst amass on the stupa,  
So far away from the tomb to think

They struck the temple. The rogue talks  
Fears into a naïve tiger,

Starving by rule from the other.  
In its entirety, crisis.

Which is critical when peace  
Submits. Been theirs, before.

On paper, it's clout  
To be seized and coerced.

They shun what fronts coins  
To operate by fiat.

Called at the impasse,  
Rails reject pipes of potency,

Exhorted to empower  
Mountains by the teeth

Of a wing. The vessel,  
Blunted by waves,

Trails the barrel  
Into the green expanse.

## Even Bards Fall for These Lines

You can spend years at peace, and then mar it  
With an unintentional reprint. Reform prizes stress,  
Without regard for your silent wounds. Share  
In the wake outside. Such atmosphere defends  
Your temper. Check the rules for your type.  
Hazards fly to their own muse, via airmail.  
The typo mixed it all over: who's taking the fall  
For the bird who threatened its own.