

I

River englossed in river,
unveiling its mimetic
haste, ingesting to release
its impromptu order,

touch enfolded in forage,

braille passage
dispelling its moment's
stall in flow, a scrabbled
illegible trail composing

unageable knowledge.

XXXII

The blindfold alphabet
ripens to hide
its text's explicitness
in wordwhipped
depth's expellable
preface
centripetally
sending its letters'
retinal
promise
to blossom its apex
out the ocular
vortex
of an eye-patched
eye.

XXXIII

Language

blindfolds

its pantomimed speech

telling

the alphabet

silence will see:

dispelling a spell

eternally,

sight

awaits

a

word

away.