

Oddly Enough the Sun: Capriccio

Andante ad libitum

Oddly enough the sun came down like mayonnaise
In the Dijon mustard pool, briefly extolling
The virtues of Archimedes, who, by any stretch
Of the imagination, was not the Archduke's
Favorite mendicant. Subsuming nothing.
Nothing that frail.

Barely had the moon become aware of the storm,
Than falling stars, ubiquitous to Galileo's theorems,
Postulated a residue of intelligentsia to speculate
On the most extraordinary capitulation—
The birth of an asteroid of immense
Proportions.

One could call this severe, one should.
But would the ever-insurgent operative suppress
That weedy over-spun garden of succulents,
Where comets swarm in poached abundance,
And tintinnabulations bellow
Redundancies?

Hardly a question worth investigating like garlic
In a wild rosemary sauce, heavily spiked
By a foolhardy albatross, ticklishly braised,
Bent on the raucous against the thyme
Of its basil or the Thames flowing turgid
In circular canons.

Hardly an investigation Scotland Yard would pursue,
Blood on the mayonnaise, a bullet in the chutney jar,
An artifact of Copernicus, appendix in bronze,
Secretly stashed in a safe deposit box
Labeled in Latin with engraved Elvish runes
Yawning in disbelief.

The fisher king's wounds, parched and divulged
By nothing revealed in flights of incredulity,
Blocked by stigmata and hemmed in by space,
Congregate. Flocking terns return ten sweetly,
Kundry in the fire of His jealousy, enflamed at the grail,
Feels precious or not.