

I: On Banking

In Sorbonne a pigeon bore
Down, stands down
The gum tree in the Seine channel:
So comely seven traumas!

Rich schnitzel's rinsed in Seine,
Rancid, so leaves to sort.
My dog in Freud finds leads
As he mulches forth.

Rich my dog does neuter wander
Forbes tie in for Yacht
Dan and Ahab rich in Donkeys:
Die than rather make it not.

The Seine ends away in greenness,
Alps briefed to sleep with the Emir
Comb the Emir, Michelle
Four winds define the sloop!

These salty wild assemblies
More analgesic than grand
Tom Kopeck flogging in the hut,
Rich wending ways without a hand

II: The WAGS

The non bitch commands the sun
Efflorescent neon enemy dot.
Inch mixer: her end is Geishas
Digging for the ruby rot.

Fie buffleheads, make lesions,
Lurch and die in knots as dire,
In the still rain herniated,
Likened, comb the lyre!

Midwestern Rich Land Wifely Geishas
It ends Monday night.
Me, Aftershave, Kindliness – launcher
Richer holdings – light.

First die Challenging collagen
Ah! Shine bufflehead bitch,
Are you the Tyne Siren Agency?
Bufflehead! Sing for your itch!

As she ends in Fishnet,
The buses threnody.
“Might find Filbert
Seeding whoever’s here.”

Lax crouch dire as rust bewigged,
Likened here much!
Be bound to honey’s rich dire emollient –
Clean, bedlike, mild!
Like my bed and me