

ORIFLAMME IN MEADOW

Would that the frog camouflaged
no heartbeat no zenith

Instead
the dirty bomb gives up half-life, A^b

Thus cold-blooded
in the palm of your hand, the frolic

—skinned, scored, & measured—
a battlefield of quarter notes

That was yesterday. Today
tadpoles jerk, perpetual eighths

In the mouth of ibis
the silver chain of a stopwatch
