

The din of

fa has

a fluster of fins

I ran from

but it hails me

or would with them

if they shared an S.

Dole chops so my wick sobs

that the warmth of its eider can't be

in the quad, on the quad

the horde on the quad

unite - a studiously

reversed 4-wheel-bike pyramid.

The jay asked the zo:

without scrabble would I know

you

are a zo,

himilayan cattle?

I would know you were cattle

maybe mountainous

but I don't where the Himilayas is

not so exactly

not so I could place it

in a tight, red square

by loo.

And the coat I could get from you

in the

how cold? where?

Himilayas

would not be mohair.

Maybe the fins are on the dole,

everything is capital

nothing lower than that case.

Can the chaps who sob be

of assistance?

In several games there was sin
and in only one the blue-flowered plant
with herbal use: borage.

Would the zo chow on borage?

Saying "Ciao!" is a pan-European thing
like chowing for the impatiently eating -
perhaps in a quad in the Himilayas
on zo stew
which than language stew
has more stringent rules
of edibility.

I liked your vexing, a competitor said
only afterwards.

Satyr featured.

One who sates?

No, satyr.

A send-up with some bite?

(The language
is under
done).

No, satyr.

Satyr featured, and featured featured.

Books go soggy, transparent,
the words scrabble,
the scrabble board scrabbles.

But the tiles let
sobs through,
dispel sobs.

Jay
might pick a tile,
the jay left in the hand
long, worth its opposite.

Adze the wick, no wick.

Adze the chow, wet adze.

Adze the satyr, he'll hoof you.

Adze the sob, some do.