

*American Gothic*

Succinct it is, a tincture  
Against plenitude, though the district  
It lies in lies defiled.

Dry it is, a season  
Of monologic continuity, scavenger to  
A hunt of little end.

It is crop and odiferous  
And green beyond the edge  
Of green, boss acrylic clotting

Up the nap of velvet.  
Infrequent it is, a big  
Periphrastic to do around here.

And sexy, like a lapse-  
Smouldering security all out entire.  
Industry eggs on its maxims.

Or blood pools up shiny  
With a long incisor gleam.  
Not at the first appearance

Of the comatose irresolute, but  
Much later, under sun-scorch,  
When it tithes against that

Crucial burning and its helljabber.  
Its orange of the scissor-  
Tail on the electric wire.

Its grease-vermilion dusking up  
The lily pond. Its ruby-  
Print moistening up a candlestick.

It is never easy admitting  
The lost part there, just  
Visible through the pitchfork tines.