This is the stuff, the bright purple juice
a pawn of the grape
could blither and faint
for swilling and swallowing vowel and consonant,
confounding the mouth with macron, háček, ogonek and umlaut,
curlicue, dot, strait roman numeral, serif and loop;
this is the gist, salty and salty and sweet,
the chewing, the sate —
garamond, blackadder,
pristina, script;
here is
the clambake,
potlatch,
a shinny, a picnic,
a barbecue, blow-
out, stick
a fork
in it slowly,
so slowly let
each perfect
word steep
brown in its paper,
let paper be
pulp, let pulp
be pastiche,
let grist
greet the gullet,
bowel
bless it
solemnly;
there is
room for us,
place,
there is space for
the ages,
we’re all scribbled
on water,
bring, bring
out
the dead.