

Poet Constrictor
by: Drew Castalia

A woken, I berth from the seashore and float
on a tangent that cannot be spoken in any language
from Earth or to ken of worth; I drift in my boat, named
Sin King, and listen to the beat of the dol drums at each
slap of the prow and pre tend the scow for leaks, trowel
a mid ship for extra supplies: blanket, stuffed animal, to wel
we go when I spy a bur den from the star board filled with
flaming goes waving to me sure the breeze. I pull in sure to the coast
and cast off spare ring lines to the trees, but scrape my kid knee climbing
a cross. It bleeds down the side, but I get to the end and it drips in the sea.
Finally, I reach the rocks, bare lee to the side of the eye land with bare feet.
They tell me about a pack age with a dress from the 'States and ask me to
deliver it with all the haste I can make. I point to my ship and sever all of the
lines then set sail for the mainland with a tail wind behind.

I reach the country, the city, the house, and ring the doorbell of Mr. Owner US Mouse.
He opens the door and wrinkles his nose, saying,
"So this is the sir vice that my friends had to find,
"I expect you don't know but you're two days behind.
"This post age is rightfully mine!
"The war on tea promised to deliver on time!"

Sure enough: an army of grim aces come in from the sea,
and behind them surf aces, flat as can be.
There's a card in all directions from each come pass point,
to threat in the mouse and I both flesh and joint
with pointy Sea saws and deadly land yards
from their ships. And the charred smell of coughy

fresh on their lips.

"Run!" I ex claim, and dash for the shore,
But Owner US Mouse won't leave his front door.
He's quickly con fined in handcuffs and shook
to pay due tea on the contents of the parcel he took.
"With what?" he asks, for he was poorly he quipped,
"in that case we'll take it from your skin with a whip,"
"take his!" cries the mouse, towards my high ding nook
"he brought me this tea which is worse in my book."

Tariff eyed I spring tragic ally from my spot, speed
in can descent down the coast and try not to get caught
by the card a mum caucus that's hot on my tail—I
slip in my sloop and re lease the gun whale.
A can on shot rings port to men to the ship;
I shed four hundred me tears that give them the slip.

And once again I'm a sail in a north early breeze,
free to explore wherever I please, or want
or decide to haunt with out of the blue adventures
out of the blue of the sea, the blue paint head prow
of a ship or story.

Sonnet:

don't restrict me to this tune for truth,
a single glimpse of tracing trembling she,
reminded of the time she lost her tooth,
and cried but crying found she could not breathe.

In that moment last she had to savour,
her eyes clipped mine in middle wink, she said,
fortune has the sweetest sort of flavour,
for you who hoped so hard to see me dead.

Lured later to bed by toothsome treatise,
she dreamt; she dreamt; she scowled; her death there writ,
Laying lofty from her mortal sweetness,
her skin, it peeled, it cracked, it thawed and split.

Confessed, it slumped away with raptured scream,
To truth, as she to me did see my dream.

Cinquain:

bored but

truly bored but

immensely bored but not

bored by her but waiting for

her but

native america

without fortune made mellow by dusk
or temperance bidden unconscious
leavened up from flowers sucked
from the garlands wrapped around us

combed and paired with feathers
made strong and thought to please
these preened and plumed mementos
are from a land that can't be seen.

All the waiting is made to bear
uncomfortable but sweet
when watching hard the long road there
at last we come to meet

the swinging bough which dead to most
is still attached to tree,
but wind flares up and like a ghost
makes plain for all to see
the toasty house
lived in by mouse
inside the wood asleep.