

CHEETAH

a beautiful outlaw

my folks sold moon-yolk, forks of limp sun
no pow, so sulky bombs, no pow, so surly guns, no jig, so forlorn proms
my mood is missing, my limbs no rooms for birds
your SUV runs on skim milk, syrup, piss, mows down droopy blooms,
mills silky wounds in woods—giddy-up, womb, sing slow-mo vows
for girls, boys, ponds of gold lox, blond minnows, pounds of bling, sing
sorry for killing wings, for killing floors your mop lulls—

spill: life is frigid wound or sloppy diss? Sound off: grim voids, go on,
un-loop Jury of punks, of fools, growl “boo” or lip “no sin found”
look: sub *grin* for *grim*, usurp glib dominions,
prowl pro-prowl soil Fond of food, you pork pigs poof!
poor pigs in your body’s pin sniff, sniff found, pro-
found Lungs unfold grow
You: born proud, pom-poms up

lump sum or dim sum, win now or nil
I is form is us-plug is solo fling is void or ibis
is lol poor film, minus wow, missing swigs of rum, pours of gin, only:
moss woos rock, would woos will, pus woos oozy *fin*
Is grim fins of wood spook us, rob our lord’s mind
boo sumo king of sulk, bow down no wig will un-spy you
so bid sound fill you, bid winks slow your own billowing I