

THE MAD POETASTER

The sadness unseen, it is little and green,
But it riddles the ether with riddles obscene.
When it swells brittle bells
Toll the saraband service of sadness unseen.

On the plaza I pace, and I ponder once more
The embarrassing odor of rot at the core.
And I feel myself bound for the dustful demesne
Of the cyclical sickness of sadness unseen.

—Which is little and green,
But it crunches its cud with a cunning unclean.
And it hits and it spits
Out a sequence of sequins of sadness unseen.

The seraphim, even, have inwardly sinned,
Circling by ones in the westering wind.
Baptism balks; can I clutch for a screen
From the slithering slopes, from the rapid ravine?

The falling from faith where the scavenger skims,
The doubting of dawn when the daffodil dims—
My heart has lost harbor; I think it must lean
On the silicate scepter of—

Sadness unseen...it is little and green,
But it murmurs to meadows of aquamarine.
Let us whisper let us whisper
The insistent encystment of sadness unseen.