No One Nose

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One sunny day,
ready for another trip,
she packed too much
snow in her trunk.
Cold past cool,
she called and said
she didn’t think
she would make it.

Enou. . .

For the longest time
all my pictures were
blurry and obscure.
I couldn’t focus.
Then I mounted a lens
upon my fleshy tripod.

Enou. . .

Sensuous stubs probing,
nudging, bending; sharing sebum.
Watching is no fun.
Learn how to love an
Inuit will manifest.

Enou. . .

Alas, poor hairy pollen catcher,
gleaner of flower and weed,
dutiful servant to rhythm and rote,
for all your tireless work
queer honey’s your result.

Enou. . .

Enou. . .

Enou-ou-ou. . .

ENOUGHALREADY!