

LONG DIVISION

Words: fugitives of scholarship and dictionaries and Christmas receipts,
necessary for returned purchases.

A severance package for the mush of raw feeling—
emotional turmoil is pulled into thread, full-energized.
The hierarchy re-sorts, ill-shaken out of strictured life.

Phrases pair and freezerburn the mind,
Or crystalize sugar of letters in ink.
We drag them from fireside chat or flaming page—
from underneath the splintered fiberglass
dust coughed by any Franklin or Adolph.

Lines are marks that frighten,
put in place by depraved and hoping creatures,
each with mixed reviews on life.
The thread zig-zags, and words form their
lawless tessellation on the length of living.