

*Oddly Enough the Sun: Capriccio*

*Andante ad libitum*

Oddly enough the sun came down like mayonnaise  
In the Dijon mustard pool, briefly extolling  
The virtues of Archimedes, who, by any stretch  
Of the imagination, was not the Archduke's  
Favorite mendicant. Subsuming nothing.  
Nothing that frail.

Barely had the moon become aware of the storm,  
Than falling stars, ubiquitous to Galileo's theorems,  
Postulated a residue of intelligentsia to speculate  
On the most extraordinary capitulation—  
The birth of an asteroid of immense  
Proportions.

One could call this severe, one should.  
But would the ever-insurgent operative suppress  
That weedy over-spun garden of succulents,  
Where comets swarm in poached abundance,  
And tintinnabulations bellow  
Redundancies?

Hardly a question worth investigating like garlic  
In a wild rosemary sauce, heavily spiked  
By a foolhardy albatross, ticklishly braised,  
Bent on the raucous against the thyme  
Of its basil or the Thames flowing turgid  
In circular canons.

Hardly an investigation Scotland Yard would pursue,  
Blood on the mayonnaise, a bullet in the chutney jar,  
An artifact of Copernicus, appendix in bronze,  
Secretly stashed in a safe deposit box  
Labeled in Latin with engraved Elvish runes  
Yawning in disbelief.

The fisher king's wounds, parched and divulged  
By nothing revealed in flights of incredulity,  
Blocked by stigmata and hemmed in by space,  
Congregate. Flocking terns return ten sweetly,  
Kundry in the fire of His jealousy, enflamed at the grail,  
Feels precious or not.