

*A Charm for Tying a Poem to a Chair and Beating it Until the Meaning Comes Pouring Out*

Churn and turn and tap it;

it will take.

Massage its temples merrily,

it will moan with

pleasure, and perhaps the grouse

will reveal to thee treasure.

Beat it, eat it, carry its corpse

all the way to thy empty door.

Run redundancy and reaction

to the finish-line.

Be blind and barmy below

the trap door,

Peek above thy perifial,

beneath parapet and into fire.

Run home empty

no more.