

Cynthia Huntington

Hart Crane

So rash then reckless run
to rant/ bark
after noon/ noun lost at sea.
Cherroo/ Cherree
all up in my father's business
know you not/ I must be?

Rough trade in live savers/ candy bars. gerund a Gerald
a geryon god. Mark the griffon in flight
through gaseous crepe hung low...

Ack ack the tune. Sing attar of burnt rose/ fire tong star-
starry eyes that penetrate/ detonate/ profligate ankles of rum,
of rum

de dum. My prodigal/
son/ my lovely
disgrace/ you say grace/ you say

ruin my lovely say dear
I'm not going to make it
this time.

