

## MARJORIE WELISH

### Song of the Three

1.

I really enjoy time's arrow.  
"If you find a new metaphor..."  
he floated a prompt vertigo

under his breath.

2.

Timeless *logic, so of no use.*  
A guide to the merest  
provision, brushstrokes went forth.

Hello, the destroyer.

*...gentle slopes broken by earth-works*  
*with crashing* densities near the surface  
entice us to cut there, silver

then insolvency  
then maxims for warmth.

3.

Then comes temporal plenty  
from *a man who does not want to hear*  
scarcity

notwithstanding the near behemoth  
from which culture emerges

exaggerated.  
But not only this.

And a day attended us  
as we seized the lever,  
the elevator, the grammar of plot

for our redoubt:

to inveigh against  
the literature, *with air on the road*  
handed to do, to obey, not to do, not to obey—

*all with horses.*

Alive to  
mutabilities on horseback  
is the portable diadem

the coiled spring

which is memory.

*O body and soul*

scrivening  
indices to read a checklist  
against which throbs the aperçu

of symptom

trying for a good night's hilarity.  
O why! *Oh why light-bound and bent in!*

And from an eye *they pulled the sphere*  
into a cylinder.