

Slobodan Skerovic

snows Montana

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down green continents

where deep earth

rumbles

n' sand owl rides

tell me, nameless

you who snow in

waists

there is vile arrogance

and violence that lasts

in mountain's wreaths

and epic bronze falls

patina

in lyric's rhyme

bones and blood as dust

and blue gray in dark
unfolds omphalos
who is in transparent
sight
choked emperors thrill in dusk

them fallen is about virgin
clean and mild
and taken is what's of
gasp
shoo in mush of primitive mind
the I word
o' plucked eyes

great winds storm streets
in harbors nests torn
ground is mixed in bits;
you see sky is
you think is sky
gore you sentiment

mezzo is Midwest
and rain in sleeves
some of it
some in cabins
parallel glands
spilled and mangled
for now it is mangled mass

in daring circumvents
what is history's grip
heroes in trains
and powdered lush
the scourge of East

brace yo your families
pushing afar
rivulets in benzine
circled dance
and cartwheels
as wild fur hat

what is of streets in
cobble weed
in sparing industries
where nights fall apart
and nations rampart

there mongrels breed
in mirror furls
in ripped ears tongueless

goons flock in cavities
in busy streets
where strains coercion
and ludic tangerine

torn mead lie about
and fingers linger
in maze of visage
to and fro in daylily
brass

what is cohesion
in cuddling reserve
at gunpoint
stocked of pride
smell of dead impertinence

nothing but
nothing you can but name
like the D desert name
belly of Earth
of above

and the niggard you are

split in twain from height
over Montana rains hail
and you are in trestle

surly of gods of ravines
mettled in rage you fonder
somnolent

gifted in glossa but of rage

played in symptoms

in coda

there is again their empathy

in hornets' swarm

stinks slum in bright ozone

clumps in papers

chums broad in heyday

seem to hook

there in marble slabs

and pavement

random in glass

slit rifts heels

mussy coiffure

and fresh in memory

V's of geese

ended in names destiny

deadly roam

sizzling in eyes

with devil who is scum

unsheathed evil's olive

there he embarks to hound

in tolerant flesh

in dress is guilt

and to oppose is none but the

poor

the poor in singlets

and is meadow in slide

and furfural Mass

in slower beats

then by roads are stelae

who walk clots

all misery of pines

frustrated forge

as waxed in rock and pebble

forgotten in traces

the load of memory

husk over binder

in tapes to pass if

murder

rub your apples, abbey

pin and cone

dare you if dare

and there is language

in signets

to relish mother

ardor of sober

day in velvet as sea azure

mourn your mold

and see

come back to me

from your tomes

in Idaho wide space

pull from heart pulls

icicle mound

light gushes inside

and in red rotund

stars transcend

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