

The Poetess

after Miró

A dollop is dolloping
her a scoop is pursuing
flee vain ignots Ho
coriander darks thimble blues
red okays adorn her
buzz green circles in flight
or submergence? Giddy
mishaps of blackness make
stinging clouds what!
a fraught climate
what natural c/o abnormal
loquaciousness the
Poetess riddled
her asterisk
genial! as space