

## **Untitled poem 12**

Ephestra: Boys and guillotine, come one and ghost. Harrowing grief, sorrowing guilt, and borrowing your copy of the Magna Carta.

Hibiscus: Alas, you beseech mine joyful screechings. Relenting crumbling bubbable Fortune, protest in eclectic march a fortuitous mumble. A grumbling of treaties; and a morose dish of sweets.

Ralph: In queer regard, I fawn toward neglection. Apparently shrieking in bloody direction – once apples fell keenly on Mother's eye, sleeping. So every gail freeing their jugular jail.