## Morgan Lucas Schuldt

Thoughts against thoughts in groans grind. And if those thoughts will not well, turning verily to verb as void,

& how meat-leased we are, what then?

Blood it in? Overstand?

O, the beautiful gall of all those gutturals, that empassioned, up-blown voweling on . . .

language could be endlessly adequate if we chose,

(as the body's here-heap breaks & faith feels silly-sturdy & spite recurs), something to love inexpertly,

stalling its so. Stalling it so and so on a sided, reddening this, an oblate, fattened that.

And no. Not as summary. Not as balm or glint or heart-cease grace anymore.

To those done with disbelieving, as something seemlier. That gala-glory-goneness of it alas-alas—somehow-sanct.

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## Homage to Bosch

## Morgan Lucas Schuldt

Hell (or is it a heaven?) synopsized in rabbled roundels?

These sin-scapes umpteenth & teeming. Vasty with ?ous & ?ful & ?y.

So many -moniums mingled, so many nomen of ménage thriving, hims & hers horizon-piled

into assortments of gee, of mayhem,

of skimp among the fell-sides & brimstone.

There the corner-gore havies.

There the smalled motlies & rowdies?

bird-beaked, vowel-dancing.

Nothing, every thing mere. No way to ease among lust?s namesakes.

We, like these two, why-wise, genitaled, pointing beyond this frame, confirming the world

is a meatery? we ourselves, a sealed-in fact.

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