

Cledonomancy

Foul mate or
Glass-half-whole mate?

Auspice rhymes with *hospice*
Almost—*favor* and *palaver*

More gently akin—
Stay the blade

Study the motions—
Nash before he rationalized

The irrational, rationed
The feed and flight of pigeons

As any flight is a site of fancy
Meaning is fancied faster

In one fell swoop, one fallen
Burned-out booster rocket

o

Fortune favors endurance
Until a knee or the anodyne

Runs out—fancy that
Disheartened heart accepting

A faster resting beat, by chance
Romance is a -mancy, almost—

For an encore, may we pretend
All songs are sonnets

Letters licked by tongue
Opened by thumb

The knife lost
To God, to think

We had time once to
Hand-decorate handles

o

Warm hands or cold
Votive candles? for

Divination
By overheard words—

Whichever come across
Radar says, *OK. Go by.*

A man politely asks me
To ask away, so I ask

If he's ever seriously
Talked to himself—

He says *Of course—*
My face settling into

A happy apercu, he adds
Of course not, why?