

GULLS, GULLS, GULLS

by G.M. Quinte

"The shipyards of the soul do not exist."

The Colussus has always been a colossal waste,
and the riddle of Your Father's Identity confounds
no one but yourself.

What a riddle, what pills!

He was known for documenting the tribal regalia,
while the insects ate parasols that year.

My arms were string, my hands red balloons, my
catafalque floated below, on the hands and shoulders of
the inconsolable.

It was called, in ancient times, a toilet line.
That summer we called it "percolating."

