

Deborah Gottner

Basal Curvature Fundamental Arc of God

In the moist bark's hollow entry, construct
A hideout, earwig; nestle into mulch
Six feet under where a human cannot—
Avoid the telltale light. Burrow, burrow
Into moisture, you basal curvature
Of God, and in burlap bags do hitchhike.
Rest and then rise: let the ebony sky
Fend you from human eyes and tachinid flies.
You who harm none, disgust your enemies
With your acrid yellowish-brown odor.
Dine, O scavenger, on insect remains;
Consume moldy plants and kitchen refuse
We refuse to eat. ~~Ignore tachycardia~~~~Your soft susurrus~~Escape outside; sleep
~~Fear until we welcome you in our homes~~~~Exposes your warmhearted character~~Under
porch lights in the cool summer night.
~~In the moist bark's hollowed entry, construct~~
~~A hide a way, earwig, and burrow into mulch~~
~~Six feet under where a human cannot~~
~~Rest and then rise. Wake and rise as you hitchhike~~
~~Rumbling trucks carrying burlap and brawn.~~
~~Dine, O scavenger, on insect remains~~
~~Avoid then the tachnid fly that hunts you...~~

Version 2:

~~In the acrid odor's yellowish-brown liquid, disgust~~
~~Your enemies, hunters; burrow, burrow~~
~~Into moisture, you basal curvature~~
~~Of God, and in burlap bags do hitchhike.~~
~~All whom the murderers and shriekers killed, remember;~~
~~All whom the tachnid fly, pesticides, fear;~~
~~Fallacy, truth, sleep had mellowed, for you~~
~~Who harm none, never be hurt by others.~~
~~Who harm none, repulsive though you appear.~~ { *Select one of these lines; not both* }
~~Though you have wings, you cannot fly; though you~~
~~Harm none, people squash you with their shoe.~~
~~Dine, O scavenger, to grace us with your presence~~
~~When we are absent. Consume moldy plants;~~
~~Consume kitchen refuse we refuse to eat~~
~~As if accepted with the proud butterfly.~~

Comment [dg1]:
Nuzzle?
Snuggle?
Tunnel?