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## LES ASSIS

*by Brian Kim Stefans*

after Rimbaud

Pocks  
of old  
leprous  
eyes  
like  
green  
bags

grafted  
fixed to the  
chairs,  
have  
them, and  
the  
epileptic

skins  
weaved,  
sun window's  
snow  
or  
toads  
thriving

seats  
good.  
For  
them. In  
corn. Which  
lights for  
them.

Knee  
pianists

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## CALLALOO

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tambourine,  
a  
seat, of  
love. Waver  
rollings.

But, it  
ohohoh puff  
rage. Pen  
slowly  
scolded  
a  
shipwreck.

They  
their  
beasts. Their  
them. And  
you, of  
eyes. Bald  
again.

Dog  
poisons. Of  
in  
funnels.  
Sweat  
murders, in  
presence.

What  
fists, to  
chins  
up  
tonsils, small  
cuffs. What made them  
get up.

A  
fecund  
their little  
realm, oh  
crowd  
proud. Lower  
a

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C A L L A L O O

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sleep, of

ink

spit. Flies

flight. A

crouched

of

corn

penises.