

Roundabout Way

Languid lang, lingua in southern
governed by block rules.
Prestidigitations safe housing while the clock drools.
Clocked by Time's glock whose
 pace make survival marinate
Clickety-clank. Ratchet. Shank

Humor to life like Deadpool.
No squares. Straight lines pipeline pain
Endorse circles; they come full like round rain.
I veer past framed panes
 enclosed by God lames
 Fairies fly above me and rain wash my shame

Bold and stand strong Q,
Round about even when a line runs throughs,
Grow through what go through,
 Wet & dry, spry, and shy too
 Let roundies gay my merry
 Round they go too.

– Quel Hynson
2022