

## More Eiffel

More eye-ful to the eye the center point: the radiant plexus; light-rays for lashes. Though on second throat, the inner eye, risible, assuming the clown's smirk, and an interfering leaf-

shaped eye touching the heart-bird (bird wings, then the bird.). Let's enter now, interfere with the original premise: the marble that sits in its socket, dry at last, daydreaming an end to all that bother. The throat's mimicry,

for instance. Then again, confusion, that is to say, competition between dual heart-chakras, vying for mid-eye identity.

2.

There was once speculation the brain would serve as mind's eyeball. A view modified by going back to the throat's drawing board -- wherein the heart's balloon had the advantage of being hip, a sentiment echoed further in the neck feathers and refracted in the mirrored vesicle.

A decision had to be made, of course, by anyone, whether the crow's foot was to be placed back in line above the elbow. If it was any use, speculation was necessary to go beyond the fog-coat of the pericardium. The scarecrow too could not participate in this, the straw vote.

Then the wall of resistance to weakness had to thaw into vortex and out of that reverse who could predict the harvest that leapt free of the target? Certainly not the thundering lords who once ruled the planet. Stones ceased to roll on their slopes; let alone storms remain in position.

3.

The entire person, it was evidenced, has to be taken at its word and in the root position. At that level, the fallen crown could hold onto...only gold coins -- no, wait -- and heaped-up maquettes of an organism that once had fun.

All slippered business now where the eyes are knocked-out knots of boards, the ribs leaves, and the sternum a polka-dotted salmon. As ever, however, the old satirical bell rings inside the hallowed word-symbol, revealing a quick cross-section of the sheer naughtiness of the muscles in the back.

Here the reiterated clown, hi-jacked by the old concept, hog-tied by the old concept, sweats beads. His eyes are tongues. His tongues are rogues. His beanie both high-rise and double-wide.

And so we have one Answer, oddly basin-shaped, and the other the imperfect form of the Middle, useful for adorning the breath.

Hairy songbird emits a feathery syllable. Lightning reaches out to demystify the body.