

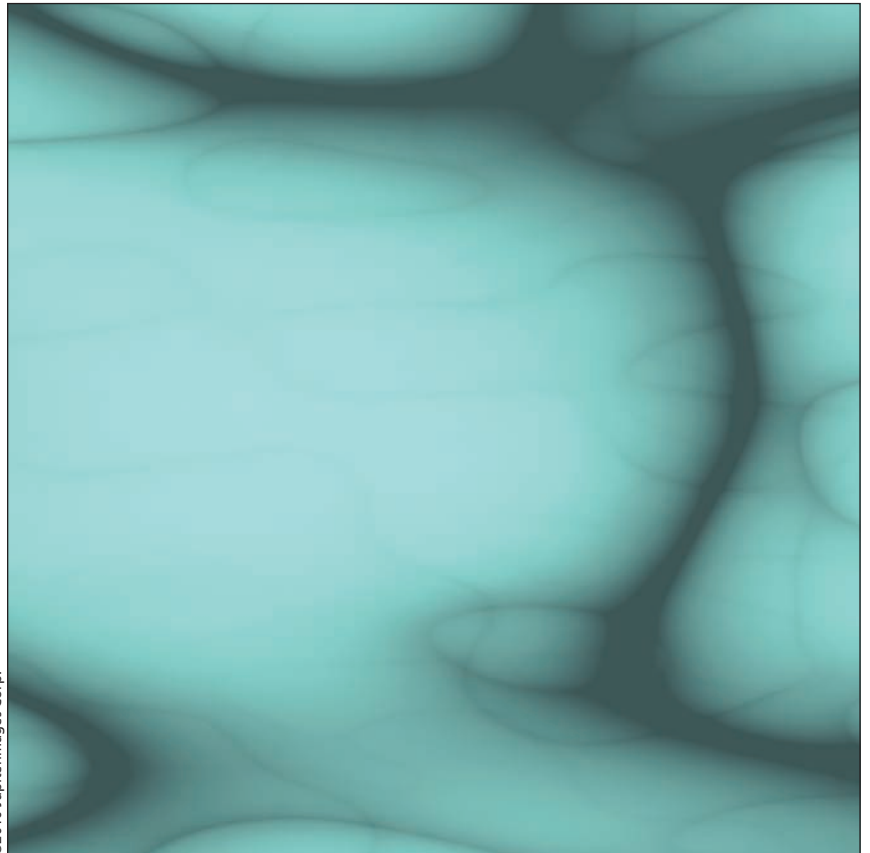
## POETRY

## Adjournments

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It comes appropriately  
Timing; immortals drift skyward  
Fizzle above the fortunated fray  
Spray fine antiseptic mist  
On their unsuspecting wares  
Scanners gulp outrageously  
Taking whole rows of us with them  
But at tiled feet we sit staring  
Mannequined into bruised ways  
Hanging by a hope or a prayer  
See-through skeletons, lullabies to die by  
*Hush, we'll find you that final peace*  
Starched linen pudding cup bravery scent  
Nose perfectly proportioned  
Hiding a finely deviated septum  
Larger than blunder  
Smaller than sundried tomato  
Expands as necessary  
Skin sand and ochred offerings  
uv rays sunkissing plaster faces  
Unable to inflict further damage  
Anticipation of afterlife,  
Like new car smell.

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