

**Groom (Dunce Maestro)**

another stilled        brainy lady  
                                 grown past me        seams,  
pasty, crack-spackled walls we  
kept, creased  
                                 for her yogurt vats  
                                 & sexless suitors        not much to pin her,  
twinned to me  
never the        lascivious        stepsister        I'd imagined

                                 So she's off        to smother bona fide  
men going        perfectly bald        with shit  
                                 teeth & glistening minds

pending I  
                                 saddled with        sagging nesting- dolls  
with so much        hair  
                                 & sweaty taste  
in flan

I'll cease        to keep  
                                 our condemned castle  
                                 half-lit  
for the likes        of you

I cannot wait  
for my        long-winded  
                                 solo.

whilst flies  
fly's  
                                 fly's flies  
                                 swatting spoonfuls of lives  
for cakey        honey

James Harvey