

# ADORATION OF THE COCK

ii.

I adore the cock and his amphibian moons: rotational, circadian, alluvial, a somber meditation on the times: 6:25, 6:30 and 6:35.

i.

I adore the cock lost in sleep-vaulted passageways: unhinged, no way to catch him, a trail of vesicles from his old harness dribbling white noise orders from the Sad Wizard above.



iii.

I adore the cock and his lines of argument: respond to hyperbole with reservation; employ torsion to express grace; achieve the sublime by embodying the savage.

iv.

I adore the cock, though every morning is the same: his doomed sprint into the wheat fields of the underground, the flutter of gypsy moths, the jolt of a cigar-trumpet crow returning him to my body unscathed.

*Square Hole, Round Peg (detail)*  
by John Elkerr  
30" x 22"  
Ink on paper  
Text by Stephen Eric Berry