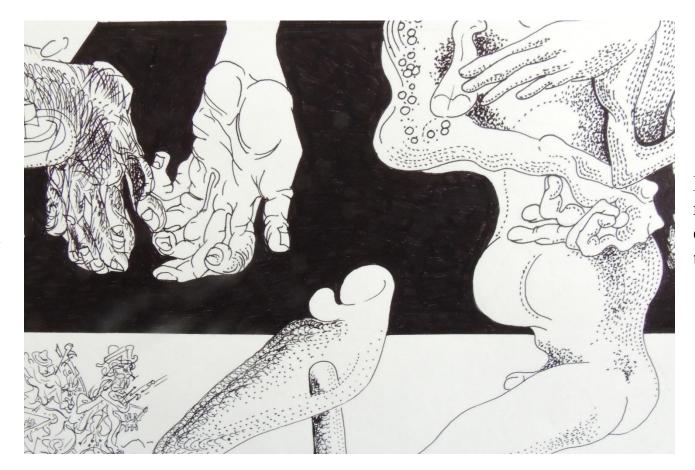
I adore the cock lost in sleep-vaulted passageways: unhinged, no way to catch him, a trail of vesicles from his old harness dribbling white noise orders from the Sad Wizard above.



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.

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. 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.

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