

I find you on the zeppelin *Electrapis*,  
at the end of the bar, sipping a  
mellifera cocktail. bristled feeding tube  
happily extended, dressed to the  
elevens in fanfold crêpe paper, your  
scarves a chirography of plumrose  
verses, wings angled at a festive forty-  
five degrees for maximum torque. the  
braided flagella, blackish-green eyes,  
pollen trails contrailing the room . . .  
testify to your sexual insomnia. and  
you are tight. tight as hawsers below  
us now falsetto with storm, tight as my  
drone eye on a trek down your  
abdominal spiracles going dark with  
river country passing below. you turn  
to me, turn on me, and glass spikelets  
hemming your gown sound off. your  
eyes take me in as I imagine Mistress  
Bradstreet must have appraised her  
river elm, expecting everything and  
nothing beside a dizzy Merrimack of  
poems.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry

# THE ELEVENTH MUSE



*The Eleventh Muse* by John Elkerr  
18" x 21"  
Ink on paper