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I'm So Fuci

Peter Cowlam

What have
Acts of concealment,
Hymns, laws, annals,
Lapidary, inscriptions,
Dictionary definitions,
Songs sung in fragments,
Plucked strings sounding a note,
Another,
Moods not in their normal colours,
This fire zone we're in, its sermon—

What has the prodigal read In the wagers of return—

What now, value of my currency,
Words exchanged,
Instability of language,
Of coinages,
Of the current, always in fluctuation—

What is this table, its stuff Of public personae, Concealers, bases, powders, Blushers—

What are the dead hazards ahead: What all these ghouls that never cast A shadow—

What *are* they—?