

EDWARD HINCHMAN

Hold the moment cruelly waking
From its gross plurality,
Pin it with unpassioned eye;
In your doubt and dreariness
(Lost the mask of sleep's unmaking)
Skulks the stammer of a guess.

Daylight on the panes is breaking
Lunar *luisance* with a shy
Quiver of uncurtained sky;
Demoiselles demure undress
Monuments of dawn's forsaking
Passion for *impolitesse*.

Songbirds in their cage are quaking;
Laymen whine a panicked 'why,'
While the preacher primps his sty,
Swollen in his holiness;
Shouts go out among the aching,
Tumid tangents of distress.

Sullied by a faultless faking,
Silent oarsmen sculling by
Gape in gesture at a dry
Sunset basking merciless;
Mortal thirst is never slaking,
Ravished with a false finesse.