

KATE P. SCHMITT

Ghazal

AD PARNASSUM

Could Procril® escort you quite athwart the other side,
you ask, as things fall apart on every other side?

I take the “bite” from the thornèd “bitch” as a sign, to
bite one side of the mountain’s heart, then another side.

For “bond issue” read “poison pill.” Johnson & Johnson
will steadily gain, fit by start, on the other side.

Rising to the task, I apply copper to my face,
and herderite, almost a quart, to my other side.

Because hummingbird travels a blue vein, this suggests
a dance with the poisoned dart from the other side.

For “Procril” read “Locrus” the banished Greek king, spilling
type “o” positive à la carte from his other side.

It’s a bit steep—the deity preferring to drop
the plate, pie, and the pie chart over the other side.

Read “thorny” for “thornèd.” Kate stops at the dog-rose spot
and sings a different tune to outsmart the other side.