Brent House
Augur of Quinary

He shall not be found in the pasture as he walks from ordure to ordure
his feet shine as moons in orbit on blades wet with morning
he shall not ruminate against boredom
as his soils open to lightwood roly poly night crawler cicada nymph daddy longleg
& his clouds blow away attack hold decay sustain acquit their high étage
as dust begins to sink as a rejection he screens to split & he shall not be found in a genesis of light.

He shall not be found in the pasture in the branches that surround
his hands shall not quiver with offerings of a tree
he shall not touch a hide of faith
as innocent tongues prehend drupes & dry grass as hunger burns & swallows a piquant fruit
a salvatory of flavor he fares forth of free reign & air to draw moisture from husks
as a great trunk narrows & passes his blood into peeling limbs for he shall not harvest & shall grow faint.

He shall not be found in the pasture among the upraised arms of herders
his flesh shall be bright as gold a calf revered as our sun
he shall not emanate from oath & yoke
as I look to whither he may weve & though he disdain I record his name with our fathers
stand at the gate by rust corral orchard resin & fodder & far from his dwelling
& though he stays in a latitant land I shall remain in stead & I shall heat red pottage for his birthright.