

Brent House

Augur of Quinary

He shall not be found in the pasture
his feet shine as moons in orbit
he shall not ruminate
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 splite & he shall not be found in a genesis of light.
as he walks from ordure to ordure
on blades wet with morning
against boredom

He shall not be found in the pasture
his hands shall not quiver
he shall not touch
as innocent tonguesprehend drupes & dry grass as hunger burns & swallows a piquant fruit
a salvatory of flavor he fares forth of free reigh & 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.
in the branches that surround
with offerings of a tree
a hide of faith

He shall not be found in the pasture
his flesh shall be bright as gold
he shall not emanate
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.
among the upraised arms of herders
a calf revered as our sun
from oath & yoke