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Measuring

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MEASURING

Well we don't know what it sounds like.
(Sounds like measuring.)

Well we can't echolocate it.
(It measured us.)

Its soft thinker
(Same-sympathy foe)

Adorns us like a hook
(Put light on us.)

Fibrils frill its soft brain
(It shears them off.)

They fly sheer
As silk on a deer.

(I druther go aloft
Wedged in a hawk.)

Fertile for the last Fall
And fallen things the world uncovered in us

Phenols, concentrates, the wilds
Marked at the hinge with a strange

Bridal will, the bridle will touch off the jaw

& the velvet meat go to quivers.

Don't know if

It'll hurt us or (it will.)