

POEMS

Pierre Labib

Professor Ritt

English 241 H - HW

02-14-2019

1. Farewell

Have discharged now from the closed circus

And commenced a letter out of the collected ramblings

The watercolors, the rose vineyards and the peacock plumage

Darling my head turned white, I have my dead, departed in peace

As the cubs gather after a long journey

To find the dwellings of their care taker

Having succumbed to illness last night

To keep a night watch, and the lioness too

In troops of many hundreds, all slumber not till dawn.

(Every time vanishing away, both quickened and the sluggard.

As the lioness nurse their cubs

Kissing each other in greetings

(And what is forever but as green grass

Withering soon) everyone conceived under the sun

The narrative of the dead is never (much) but a single inhalation away

+10/10

1

is there going to be a II then?

—?

✓ nice line

Punc?

Does this line go with the one before it or after? Punc?

Clarify - punc?
plurals?

✓ unclear

es? plural?

unclear

Punc?

✓ nice line!

✓ further?