

Mike Doughty, Ossining

Put my faith in the price of mud
And my lord shall match the pounds,
Ten thousand days and a night spelunking
Kill my years in the lightning round,
Confound it

Why not
Seek Ossining
These threes and foursomes
Abounded,
Why not
Seek Ossining
This time around?

No, not a maze, but like blazed-out inner star
Disclosed completely in a plain film canister