

## OPUS 2291

*Phillip A. Ellis*

Songs are all singing within me, with melodies made dithyrambles,  
monodyless as well, perfectly harmless. Such songs are pyropeless  
rings as are worn on my fingers that play as at songs all iambless,  
songs that are pipeless, guitarless and luteless, are drumless and fifeless,  
songs so alike to a paeon that's metaphorless and is tropeless,  
songs so akin to a sea that is waveless, or birdless, alewifeless.

Songs are all singing within me, with melodies made dithyrambles,  
melodies rising as museions, fringed as with columns metopeless  
holding up sculptures as precious as siglos or rivers all damless;  
songs are all singing within me, with melodies magick and strifeless,  
melodies moving me, fair and illusionless, made thaumatropeless,  
melodies magickally perfect, and certainly woelless and knifeless,

monodyless as well, perfectly harmless. Such songs are pyropeless,  
agateless, gemless and goldless, adamantless and wildlifeless,  
cries that the night can not hold, or enfold, that are heliotropeless  
maybe, but certainly never a garden that's flowerless, cryptogamless,  
maybe, nor man that is childless, nor even a man that is wifeless,  
ever to dwell in my heart as no castle or town oriflammeless,

rings, as are worn on my fingers that play as at songs all iambless.  
Beautiful songs, I adore you, O songs as of heart not goodwifeless,  
songs as of heart or of spirits not gill-less nor inchless, nor dramless,  
beautiful songs, I adore you—console me with visions all taupeless,  
visions of rivers or streams that are certainly never oldwifeless,  
melodies rhythmically crystalline, making me certain, not hopeless

songs that are pipeless, guitarless and luteless, are drumless and fifeless,  
wordlessly joyless. And sing me no painting that's ideogramless,  
sing me no sculpture that's warmthless, nor truthless, nor pastel that lifeless—  
sing me no horror, a song that is vampireless, song lycanthropeless,  
ghoulless and crueltyless; sing me complexities, songs epigramless,  
dwell in me, beautifully paeon that's hateless, a mote misanthropeless:

songs so alike to a paeon that's metaphorless and is tropeless,  
sorrow me, worry me, make me to see that I'm verse tetragramless,  
verse with no rhythm nor flowing, or melodies level and slopeless,  
beautyless. Sing to me, ring in me, songs, as of man who's fishwifeless,  
dwelling in pleasure and joy, or else lipograms made diagramless  
unto a man who is certainly Godless and man afterlifeless,

songs so akin to a sea that is waveless, or birdless, alewifeless,  
songs to a man who will live with a mind and a heart horoscopeless,  
man with a hand that is stoneless, or gunless, a hand that is knifeless,  
man that is poisonless, blindnessless, certainly scamless and shameless,  
man that is gentleness, honesty, man that is priestless and popeless,  
certainly upright, straightforward, and forthright—O swell anagramless.

Melodies magickally perfect, and certainly woeful and knifeless,  
melodies rhythmically crystalline, making me certain, not hopeless,  
certainly upright, straightforward, and forthright, O swell anagramless,  
ever to dwell in my heart as no castle or town oriflammeless,  
dwell in me, beautifully paeon that's hateless, a mote misanthropeless,  
unto a man who is certainly Godless and man afterlifeless.

*3 June 2006*

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