

Melee

Marlene Moxness

It is a macabre mélange.
Split the Merriam-Webster right down the middle
and find a maelstrom.
Meet the madam, maiden, miss, misogynist,
and a melting pot of masochism.
Mmmm . . .

It is Seuss' stolen poetry.
*Many mumbling mice are
making midnight music in the moonlight.
Mighty nice.*

It is mountains, in both shape and sound. It is
meteors and magma and the
millions of miles from the Mariana to the moon,
from me to mine.

It is a molten mirage.
It means everything to me.
There is no remainder in the mathematics of infinity,
except in Rome. Then it's 1000.

Mired, I succumb to magniloquence.