This Poem Brought to You

by filching finches and tapping lines of inquiry.
by the readily arabesque.
by a red dress with an electric cord.
by that time you saw Jimmy Taylor pouring lead shot into his prize pumpkin.
by large and largess, creaking as it breakdances toward you.
by hollowed-out filing cabinet, carefully down the amortized Amazon.
by its one-armed sound editor, three gaffers and a shitfaced best boy.
by the hitch on the next boxcar and also the sandy hobo.
by Papal bull and Mercury’s diurnal arc.
by the fine folks at Kathy’s Kitchen n’ Grocery, just off exit 112.
by only one cow? Who owns just one cow?
by tripping the light invertebrate.
by the last oil-slick tuxedo in all of Brittany.
by Flash RAM strapped to a pigeon’s ankle.
by Dr. Diddle-a-Demon and his all-nurse band.
by Jesus Christ, it’s a lamprey!
by about this time tomorrow, check local listings.
by a bladder of pig’s blood and an inscrutable merkin.
by and by, and still you can’t pick up the phone.
by the Norman invasion of 1066 Elm Street.
by coddling eggs, fetishes, and too much.
by Radio Ranger vs. the Diabolic Honkytonk Kahuna.
by working breeds and splitting specie.
by recognizing the less fortunate.
by small donations from people just like you.