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# The Yald-Swevyn Galimaufry of His Lives

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## Three Poems · *James Hawley-Meigs*

### THE YALD-SWEVYN GALIMAUFY OF HIS LIVES

Gloppen fowl fly south, the sky whimpers its  
gyron amaritudinous dirge: bise;  
watchet. An unseen errant compass haiks  
well away, the caduke mensis blithers.  
Tilt-a-whirl leaves whirlpool about, blizzard  
giddily against children's legs, opaque  
screendoors awash in Eurus' grim grippe.  
J. hunkers down for winter's gentle hyp  
pulls riparian cloaks to lackaday  
jaws, spelunks a good, lights spermaceti  
candles for luck. It's half-time now for half  
of nature's world—the weary rest carafe  
in sweaty bars, kitchens, cafes—petit  
pois on hold. Groundhogs wait to leap. Allay!

### MALAY MELEE

*Night!—What? . . . Night already . . .*

*Joseph Conrad, An Outcast of the Islands*

Dugongs breach, spout jets of silver water in the thick  
equatorial night. The Rajang River licks the pearly lips of the sea  
lifts proas lashed to ramshackle jetties—the empty

boats nod & dream. Frugivorous kukangs quick-  
ly flit about the highest reaches of the canopied forest  
foraging for grubs or birds' eggs. Once fed, they rest, pick

fur-burrowed ticks & lice at leisure. Lemures haunt the sky-deep night;  
a yabbi's coyote-like shriek rings through the thickest  
boughs of theetsees, disturbs slumbering orang