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18.

Conceived but not imagined. January
How art may tempt more weather at any rate
Tough minds drink sake, Darling, the suds of the bay
And some cur's leash is all too short to narrate
Some games of coup de dés omit the seven and nines
And often is the fold for affection dreamed
And the very tear from tear like the verb declines
By fancy or by not occurring an aging source brimmed
But the high diurnal hummer galls a hot aubade
Adore the Muse's pose session of hat, hair, brow, and riposte
Adore calls beneath the drag how candor stains this aubade
Then an interna'l airline is a totem for what's criss-crossed
"So long," says the denizen, ran Lethe the more rises and ran
to the sea
"So long" arrives missed, and Lethe rises rife to the sea.

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