The Yald-Swevyn Galimaufry of His Lives

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The Yald-Swevyn Galimaufry 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


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 quickly 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 yabby’s coyote-like shriek rings through the thickest boughs of theetsees, disturbs slumbering orang