

Alex Lemon  
Senso Commune

“Well after all, it’s only a piece of dead tissue.”  
Henry Frankenstein, from *Frankenstein* 1931

Despite claims

To the contrary no one

Was able

To dislodge it properly star light, scalpel

Bright, star

The chorusy

Bites of cortex

Floating wrenched circles

In formaldehyde

And how wildly they dance

Their dragnet

Of windmilled kisses, legless ponies far

Past sleep

The uncomfortable laugh

At falling, thin

Croon of jar or

Elephant, white

Elephant and jar