

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.  
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A light peck cracks the constellation.  
They want our secret without becoming like.  
They want our secret to undo.  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care—  
a pure harpoon dissolves in outer space.  
Bone by bone, we have backed too far  
in divulgence to frost with reticence,  
nor do we look as happy as the indigenous.  
Stars, we trusted you!

Brimming over a secret alone, the end  
of its thought must be lost in a hum.  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care—  
The waves explode but cannot kill a snail  
whose castle is the quiet  
on a nun's navel.