

*THIBAUT RAOULT*

*THE NUMBER OF US*

The number of us  
Singing unknowingly  
To everyone  
Has risen,  
Only to dodge  
Your complex question.  
When gods frown,  
We hear vertebrae  
Turning off:  
ARIA CUT OUT FOR YOU.  
You can't just say it's blackforest.

*MILL DEVIL*

We had such fire-engine wobble on Mulberry Street.  
My friends supported me and kept their fountains  
tastefully illuminated. One of the pleasures of  
confrontation? Pitchperfect *gate gate*. Another: field  
shushes itself.

As ash-phase keeps you atlas-oriented, Codazzi  
isolationist: scan a jalapeño, relax. River Eure is  
unforgiving, which is fine—we haven't done anything.  
We prep for Paris. You know there are games there.  
Simplify your shepherd, succulent cutoff! Reconstruct  
sherry.

When I urge a handful of deer: I relegate magnolia mist.  
With a skate park, I fear our children won't starve  
cypress. Assume, for a decade, no one understands you.  
Reach out to vermillion coast, divine majuscule.

Done micro, done macro, on prowl for trickle. Our  
contacts must be. Ça alors. Up until now—I hadn't  
heard a single river.