

I and I

idiot little bugger
superfly most high and my my my
i want it
cubing the two b itinerary of bob
i'm your service
at making a trinity of myself my highness
you b who we b like
two b
i wore to the ball
a bib for the infectious feast
not a bust
iconoclast chrysalis on ice
a cry in the nice rastafari
clasping isotope in the low gripe of ides
feeling wild and skyward in the lye
libelously blinding
reeling myopic π
a number nigh my own
eye-hole in the dire circus
three-ringed iteration
binary bicycle in this crystal crisis
no butterfly strike
pedaling toward Isis
the perfect highway of misdirection and mild diarrhea
a unifying eye-lid
we look for