

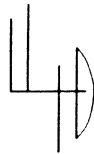
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**GAIL SHER**

**C O P S**

GAIL SHER



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Portions of this book first appeared  
in Karamu, Tramen, and Writing.

FOR BART

My asthma  
wings.

Fish are  
tight.

The lamb is  
starlit.

Is the bane  
convex.

Snorts he  
tips fasten  
it.

Fallow walls  
plasticity that  
would cover  
her too.

I can eagerly  
see sheer  
wood.

The blade itself  
lips & gutters  
by the  
magazine.

Mellowing beauteous  
crackers.

I offer  
sweets.

That form of  
towel.

Even can horses  
are dead  
inside me.



Nor is it  
Mongolian downs  
that is  
castigation.

Darkened green  
men onto whose  
mechanical  
window.

I stand shod  
within the boy.

Unified dolls  
bing-bong freely &  
discount spherical  
merchandise.

Night becomes  
a braid.

Worn & elaborate  
coitus.

Or burst of grass  
intending her  
mirror-  
ing fell.

Each prune is  
a monument  
such as captivity  
is a monument.

Connubial mines  
such & such.

Long salubrious

wait asking why  
the jillion.

Its fleece repellent  
& sadness.

Like a hood  
leaps to  
me.

Feeling the mule  
tighten.

Finite arms  
placed squarely  
on the chair.



Placate me.

Stroke my hair.

I can flounder  
from that  
cookoo.

Fixed to her  
skin. Help me  
understand.

A amount of people.

His brink &  
my brink.

The candle is  
open.

Whose hairs become  
my goblet.

Once I pray  
it is gone.

My song my

component.

The tonsure  
violence concurs.

Such hands are  
travesties.

Which the woodcock.

Only my tirelessly  
calling to her.

Rocking &  
calling  
the pulpit.

Its embryo down.  
Her strand is there.

Patted. Patted.  
Hence from herself.



Whose vendetta is  
voices.

Two positions I  
acknowledge.

Remote from my  
terror my Christ  
was nothing.

Figure my role.

Rabid & approximate.

How he stands  
essentially defeated.

Utter the toy.  
Shatter & replay  
it.

Which was elastic  
doll babies.

Prettily the settee  
hunts your lips.

Place it on my  
thigh.

Methodology & me.

Beside myself.

Omnivorous & withheld  
from me.

Her talons are a mood  
in my withdrawing  
body.

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Only to play wet.

Less so honey



Unlike my flowers  
they are mine.

They stick to me  
& are wholly  
like me.

Equivocal in this  
sense.

A saucer. A  
saucer.

The potty the  
maker even  
the harrowing  
blossoms.

My tilt blacker  
this time.

Stillball. The attacker  
comes parroting.

Who are two.

My beauty  
on two.

Many forks have  
broken.

They have kissed.

The wasp will play  
happily.

Indeed her beauty  
is gone.

The thread is  
awkward resting  
on my ankle.



Its mandible done.

Mixed with this  
state of mind.

In two through  
our wave.

My dharma gripping.

Being instead the  
same.

We pass candles.

Find my mass  
surlily surlily.

Lay by me  
a hundred jellos.

A sound is watched  
alone.

In essence alone.

Blade of fork  
thus denied

its own violet  
teams.

This Little Dinosaur chapbook was printed in early 1988 in an edition of 250 copies, 25 of which are numbered and signed by the author.