

## stump speech

I read that Wordsworth wrote pentameter

to match his tread, the iambs of his feet.

The lofty climes– he climbed them– and the trees

Escaped the chop because he thought it meet.

it is, is it

symmetric thought

the world designed to fit

your walk

to see yourself gaze back from grandeur free-handed landed not laden no thoughts of what's below

of silverfish in shower tray of pigeon egg smashed pearlescent under trash of licey rats in drains world under water no cutbacks to cull your sky-sway you're all right

as long as someone grandless hefts the bags

uphill down the legwork of your leisure

there's some of us wouldn't know such heights

'it's not all swooning over Mont Blanc' there's some of us sweaty

out of step

words not worth shit

grafting like the planes because it's in us

pressing on

like downy rounds of leaf-buds to be here

unremarked except by passers with a tender tending tentative eye

stumping up for

low sublime