

How the Hangmen Were Hung

Camille Adkison

Among the hills of Tennessee
stands Short Mountain.
In the time before ammo
her onus was exist.

Filled with the soma of my cognates,
she is congested with our mounds.
They were the pons,
connecting us to our mom.

From her we sprouted.
Champagne bubbles she pumped
remain uncaught.

We formed pentagons
and became pathogens.

She spooned honey
into our mouths
and hummed sweet ohms
but the ohs never came.

Filled with macho and pomp,
we silenced her poems.
Our apothegms mislead
gumshoes and toughened
us to false scapegoats.

Our hangouts smothered her sumac.
Our mucus augmented her acne.
Our pageants of megatons
stopped her montages.

We dared Pan
to cope with our shotguns.

Neither the magnates' loudest amps
or the most human moans
can reach her encamped in her coma.