

**New Poetry from Tyler Vaughn Hayes: “They even pipe it into the bookstore,” “His first time: flight by ropes,” “The edict,” “Rappel annuel”**



WAX-LADEN DAY / *image by Amalie Flynn*

**They even pipe it into the bookstore**

It's never quite silent, though  
there's no lowing, not from God  
nor his gluttoned blind bovine. Only

the thudding of shuffling ungues  
on stereos hemmed, hidden  
in the high grass–muzak

piercing through, prodding each

tagged ear. Far better this way—  
now they needn't contemplate

the cacophony in BARN 8, the strain  
of strings tucked tight to necks, jammed  
trumpets jutting through guts, and

the flutes flushed fast with blood.  
No, much better this way.  
Bow, hark, try not to think.

**His first time: flight by ropes**  
*(for Corbin Vaughn)*

it's fleeting  
the rebuff  
of a flutter  
fleecing  
the sway  
in his wee  
depleted eyes

exhausted  
the college  
girls of August  
ferry a whole  
life on the neck  
heaving TVs  
sleeping late  
they flit  
from mom  
then return

we can't split  
a pendulum  
a heavy head  
tightened white  
like a fading grip

on the tethers  
just out of reach

give it up already.

### **The edict**

There is, without question,  
a tendency to beg for  
those things we have  
already.

For instance, I once  
commanded God: turn me  
into a poet, else I'll pretend to  
be a walrus.

Bruggghllff!

### **Rappel Annuel**

I  
(for one and once)  
intend to celebrate  
a soothing din  
the cleansing mess  
fresh from the wet  
wax-laden day.  
Hip hip