A touch of vinegar

Rienzi Crusz
A touch of vinegar

Abstract
Poem
22. See particularly the section beginning in the sixth paragraph of the work, where Swift's proposer computes the economic basis of his project.
23. Section IX of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Rienzi Crusz

A TOUCH OF VINEGAR

A horizon
is dancing towards me.
Scrub-grass wake from their poverty,
clap hands as if lush green, bow-tie audience.
A cow bellows at something
it knows is coming.
The sky stains.
Sun will soon catch spear-points of rain.

Moving,
moving all the time,
my wheels spit out miles like grape-seed.
Behind green holocaust
horizon torched with kerosene.
This other now coming,
coming closer with the sweet eyes
of new promises,
or green lies?