The Renegade Poets

David Huebert*

The renegade poets still grope villanelles, the villains in villas snort elephant tusk, leave stories unmoored in heave and swell.

Breathe me a ballad in language of smell: tell septic, wax menses, drone library musk, the renegade poets mill groped villanelles.

Wail eerie, cry peerless, and howl infidel, pheromone me the lifespan of a mollusk while stories cross moors in the thunderous swell.

Stir magnets and atoms in brouhaha spell, bring species to knees in the ravenous dusk where vertigo poets still grope villanelles.

The hermits out begging for hand-me-down shells on barnacled streets where forgotten chimps busk, turn stories adrift in a baritone yell.

Expiry-date oceans ascend bunker shelves. The body is story and story is husk. The renegade poets kill groped villanelles as stories lick tongueless through heave and swell.

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