

## The General One

Spin and cross train  
jazzed up  
storms in a teacup  
she abandons the yardsticks  
the usual, customary habitual  
(st)raining of solubles  
attachments and identifiers,  
eye-openers  
coppered and bronzed  
into a human-made structure, small  
yet imposing  
on a pin-up narrator  
a personal hybrid story  
a type of illness, she stated,  
but only when pressured  
otherwise  
she entertained a narrow circus  
of optical effects also known as  
illusions  
she swayed  
hungry for  
vindication  
that in-between republic of  
'just desserts' and  
'chickens (or pigeons) coming home to roost'  
eventually.

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