

# GWAWDODYN HIR

*NOAH ELI GORDON*

Verse chorus verse chorus is not dead!  
Nothing permanent from pencil lead!  
Nothing pertinent! No more crowned heads!  
The first erasers were made of bread.  
You wanted symphonic complexity  
but nothing sticks to the page instead.

You wanted music to be purebred,  
so that every interruption led  
to itself—a caterpillar tread,  
details smeared into a flower bed.  
You wanted symphonic complexity  
but nothing sticks to the page instead.

Verse chorus verse chorus is not dead!  
Erasers were first pieces of bread.  
Get out of bed and get into bed.  
Art history has no golden thread  
and chemistry has no mystery.  
Get out of bed and get into bed.