
EMILY ROSKO

[The world is deceived with ornament]

All for a table to set the chair.
All for the window to survey
the scene. All for the pen from feather
from flight's air. All for the grass, all

for the moon—a face not named,
its too-rough edges hewn. The trade
of looks, one coin to one's coin grew.
All for currency. This line's poor

report. (The committee that met
with approval.) What's to say of what's
rambling, sportive of words: besides,
but not, if then. All for flim-flam,

all wrappings. Disaster-stricken leaves.
What missed doing? What under? What stand?

Title from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*.