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## Blue Whale, and: Okapi, and: Wood Bison

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Pleiades: Literature in Context, Volume 40, Issue 2, Summer 2020, pp.  
170-172 (Article)

Published by University of Central Missouri, Department of English  
and Philosophy

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/plc.2020.0147>



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# Kristi Maxwell

## Blue Whale

*a lipogram*

From city's mitt to coffin's common song  
From mock fog gifting story's moors  
to minor goons stooping to kiss minions' tidy cons

So is storm's porn of pink sky  
So is sky's cotton my moon I don't pick

Coming to roost, my rind coming off,  
my god-stint stops        I did not coin  
sod's grit        no, I did not mint ponds'  
fists of cod

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# Okapi

*a lipogram*

Cud futures nurture; semen nurtures future; we rent  
thus cede future returns; they lend fumbles, un-fun fees,  
embedded; hymns crust muteness; few feud; burnt birch,  
leggy hog, mere yes: where's the demented "between"?  
They quest the ledge the sheen butters; they rend the curse

under heel (un-heel, un-hell, duh, unwell); nude trust  
breeds beech-esque buttress, lent, lest we shun mess.  
Mull here, my stunted mulberry, my sun-rusted  
herd. He, she, they test need—jeer. West be yet wester.  
Melt be yet wet's best verse: re-un- -er's -est.



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## Wood Bison

*a lipogram*

Text a future female a lace hatchet,  
fur à la carte, a pelt grave. The temper  
part prayer, part leak, the purr all cave.  
A plump hurt kept—a gruff meal.  
Grace gave tact a lamp. The hurtle felt  
my fault. Thump, thump, late heart.  
Laugh a Greek laugh. Yelp my hug. Pray  
the reef make, cheer the reef up. He may  
mute a pager. Errata: He may mute me.