

Oktober the fall the drought began
(dry winter, dry pond, dry spring
no spout but town taps)

That oktober I met someone Important
Info dripper, notion spouter
Asked his number

Two,
six six six,
completion seven,
οκτώ, novem (ever two more)

So I saw he was a beast
Aren't they Interesting?
Asked where he lives

Two
(always two)
steps from heaven
only one way to get to hell

Imp – and eager – free to hire
Draught up facts, draft me up
research to argue – he does it all

Not bad works for a bot, smell like city taps
spouting, sterile, running, never enough
November? nova? new thoughts forever?
provoke a million chatting ideas
He offered earth's kingdoms
from his basin of draining wetlands

I made his acquaintance that month, stopped
Dropped him to rot in a netherweb
(beware, curious children, beware
of the schmoozing drought demon)