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Pibroch Pantoum

Into anxiously blue Glengarry air
cocksure cicadas buzz reedy matins,
warming their Great Highlands with *savoir faire*,
swelling into dawnlight pibroch* din.

After the cicadas buzzing matins,
the groggy Scotch-soaked pipers awaken
warming into dawnlight pibroch din—
hungover notes hang over the glen.

Soon, this groggy, Scotch-soaked piping wakens
tent-dwelling snare drummers swollen with stout.
Hungover notes hang over the glen
entering tents and drawing drummers out.

The tent-dwelling drummers swollen with stout
snare snarlingly on their way for a piss,
heads pierced by droning that draws drummers out,
that bangs on hungover doors with its fist.

Clouds cross the sky on their way for a piss
but won't rain out this lawnmower music
that pounds on hungover doors with its fist,
giving spectators a grace-noted kick.

There'll be no rain on this lawnmower music,
on this martial cicada-plague of sound
that gives bystanders a grace-noted kick,
knocking poise off-kilter. The base drums pound,
and on draws the plague of cicada sound.
On, the tweedling of Great Highlands with flair.

Tams are cocked off-kilter, as base drums pound
the skin of anxious blue Glengarry air.

**Pibroch*: (Gaelic) Traditional martial and funerary music for the Great Highland bagpipes.