
Shroud of Turin Bed Sheet Bears Familiar Image
greased in a manner that reflects a pig on a spit
myself, my Sheen
I read your mother a joke:

visit her mother by the southern coast
play with the dog wearing her christmas sweater

How to make a mortise and tenon joint
How to sharpen knives
How do you find clean drinking water
How do spiders make their web
How does a spider eat
How do you live in the desert
How are you doing

How to pass a drug test
How to find the best lo mein
How to build a giant wall
How to win the lottery
How to commute to work
How to rake leaves
How to lose the lottery

Four perfect Plants
greened and yellowed
Four pained Lillies
erect and hoisted
Foul ball at game
Wooden stake carved from bat
Trampled Garden underneath treadless boots
Recumbent teenage fantasy speaks about Azazel
Authentic Evil means no consequences

Consider what it means to imitate terror
Four Perfectly crippled plants,
Equilateral petals slung around a stem neck,
a perfect break, snapped in two

Howling around like some flat footed devil,
rolling and gallivanting like unrisen dough
burning in hell
Now pocketing all of your valuables

To lover's two pups — hair tousled,

feathered and stuck
and perfect grins, too, when I looked up,
scratched on two snouts:

Two lover's two pups — names pronounced
CU-JO and BLIGHT,
eating oats and peanuts, lapping gangrenous wounds
—too, they fight,
in unhealthy amounts.

The two dogs trot past my seat
afraid and gaunt:

they dont smell too good
they are complete

To Adults, to the remaining dog, to fun;
to bowls full
and
marrying young;
A life domestic is as good as a life myopic.

YOU HAVE DUMPED ALL OF YOUR DOPAMINE
FOUND AMIDST THE RAVE
CHEMICALLY NEVER HAPPIER WHEN
OD'D ON MDMA

I have sucked at
hard candy until
it broke in my
mouth
— blood filled
my empty cavity, tooth's
lament/chemical repent,
Jeering vitriol and something
keen
— looking forward
to each day of advent

sugar is a stream
of piss I have drank
and then forgot

Chords played in a minor arpeggiated progression;
taking pills consistently lonesome
the same hands
Supple body
broken on the shards of sugar crash

After all these years,
it was the same hands,
and the violent part of the dog.

one - once in heaven, sit down in a pool of blood
two - with aplomb, drive a ceramic shard into palm

I am hell bart, he who is covered in cum
And All people die by violence or sorcery.

There are many beautiful reasons to dye hair

When
 you
 are
 deserving,

Low
 hanging
 fruit
 makes
 itself
available

Still the meal-mouthed pick pocket
of your personal effects;
I am still the wearer of your cheap wrist watch
 — white glove test finds more filth still

A Thaw;
I cannot recall circadian rhythms
or
much beyond the viridian imagined terrain.
 — Malevolent pride;
I burned flayed chip bags and annihilated rodent marrow
Ammonia-ed whites of jaundiced eyes narrow

the vacant no-doored refrigerator
licorice switches and emptied husks
 and four slashed Good Year Tyres
have half softened into musk yellowed grass and
no more leaves

five months trash smoldering some
feet from a few hollowed stumps

and the grass waves kind.
replacement parent-gifts and dead-parent bouquets
placed there with debt forgiveness

“—Hey,
I got this one political joke” —

I peer
 into the future and
 saw t he
 H eat Death
of you r home

spoiling partial remains of
fruit in the bucket,
I spat twofold;

once for every cop’s fired glock
once for every neighbor around the block

waiting and
 Angel Hair procured from the storm drain, an-ergonomic arrangement with
 Perennials! silken and softly aflame
greened, or
 Panicked, chugging silt
filling up with piss and vinegar

I’ve been enjoying a lot of music
object ontology
butcher and embalm the zoo’s crane
perverse comedy

it is more realistic imagining only one perfect appendage;

hair falling out
perfumed by stale city water
ballooning yurt of pus
 nesting ground for spider love and children
Hacked to bits with a serrated file
soft and chewy taffy
Veined and ripe with Lymphoma
 sweatless,
and holding the most beautiful trophy:

better than scorn in doubles,
better than complete emotional Godness;
 your skeletal and consenting hand,
 two inexpensive watches bejewel the same wrist,

phosphorescent and speculatively realistic

lo, it was The Knifist's timepiece arranged
ticks and tocks
a rhythm, a jest and my hat too tight on my head.
How foul a furlough to encounter and
a stabbing, a slipping, a puncture and
it was movement,

flush with formless staccato, mechanics

diazepam

A wonderful, well articulated experience. Many wounds
drawn in colored pencil

Perfect Fencing helmet
grids Arnau's shredded face
you could think, 'what a jest!' what an opales
cent eyed boy to assail

Mist eyed, gazing upon a most tranquil
sanguine fountain
I knew in my chest,
blood covered churlish and fragile male

there were foibles -
they were all over the place;

extremely articulated
punishment detail

In California Every corrugated gate a No. healthy gum inspections regular, no abscess. with
long witch claws, peeling back some fat lips and like a miner that finds nothing:I. Fear
paradise is devoid of fear — finally a suitable wood grain
strictly pragmatic taste palette. cheers: Not entirely unerotic thoughts about vivisection, pelting
coins in the Urine Arc Fountain my skull felt wet
This is for Lilith, the angel. II. Moon and From above a poreless lot, Fuckt off with black Saint
Laurent gloves were held in hand a dream did rotNot an olympic body, No
III. Dreaming

Devoid of gravity,I fabricated disease at night over a pillowy canyon, caked in dirt and grease.
Laying completely on all things, and in my heart of hearts I saw victory

A virgin phenomenologically,

the heat,
before, told to me like
"like sticking your head in the oven, dry"

Populated with galoshes, beiges,
pinks like when you turn a human inside out
and let it oxidize

*with black and grey script,
the idea "water"*

*burning din, indistinguishable
lit infinite meadow
forests and suburbs and brush pluming smoke
— a sky madeup maybe or a very large boot*

It is important to strictly adhere to a regimen. I have been considering the amount of meat I consume on a weekly basis, in addition to practicing mindfulness, empathy and honesty. Following the teachings of siddhartha, not overzealously. I have reconnected with my father and thoroughly medicated. Taken up causes like infantile genital mutilation and senior citizen rights.

Fun Strip Mall
Barefoot stepped on a pigeon,
feeling feathers between my toes
like a diaphragm it exhaled
when squeezed

and cooed:

Los Angeles

Psycho-schematically chucking stuff into a river;
The nexus of cockroach,
rat
Lining the esophageal hoses of a schyull
terra-forming the perennial garden
of this woman's adolescent.

In the inner ear, a worm
filing through industrial drone
coffee grounds old chunks of polystyrene
oil drippings probably endless miles of cassette tape curling and
pirouetting
silently around untenable fish

The report read
some thousands of feet up
charred and ashed hair
through astigmatism and
a plastic window there
was A
Vast Seizure

A FIELD GUIDE FOR TO THE BIRDS or What exactly is the disease?

first thing well I love orange juice in the morning and
disasterously too crippled to pork another soul. Ha
Find any good sticks? Im a market, I mean I'm in it
so...A) Downtremors,
vacationing B) New England Black Site
C) City Limits

Dewy Eyed and confessional,
demanding of the Maitre'd denigrated Tilikum bisque,
or something sweet to sip,
I stopped outside my former father's work to piss
and tumbled language inside my mouth —
there were matrices of understanding and denial strung within a spiderwebs of logic.

I came upon it, the well poisoning idea, yeah they i mean
There were no lines and no distinctions to be made

apparently imploded like a stomped tent,
there was this —
I enjoyed it

Wow, and supine dawnlight garbled and careening through splintered gaps between leaf sprues
and fell upon a soft and sleeping face. Supine and not waving or fetal but some kind of askew
akimbo arms and legs to catch the breeze of a sour soft bed. More unanimous than armed
militants you lay, ahimsa'd out like some looping jane, unhurting and shy behind velvet lids: your
face stricken with strings of hair and a string of charms around yr neck. You wake, cooing. There
was a radio.

It's true it's true I have coward hands and its true
I would never pretend to know, but; antonymous of knowing is searching and within a
composition notebook-esque field of fifth stage acceptance, speckled with very-similar-tude,
I'm trying to search for geldings and foals in fenced lots but before mutilation. I'm trying to
touch rudimentary grace and beings untethered, not unlike emptied metro buses . It's there I've
found three heaving mutts, snorting and panting like hot pigs, sprinting after the horses as if
their intestines were laden with peace itself.

I've seen it held between sun weathered Madonna-posed arms: an eight year old hardware
store bucket containing grain feed and like an office desk dipping bird, half a dozen nuzzles
peck at its contents. Printed on the bucket's barrel are labels split between health advisories
and jargainy footwork for escaping legalistic blame. No matter: with arm break strength (their
names: Kicking and screaming, Ethics committee, Lilly of the valley, Shadowfax, Isabel and
Everyone) they kick, snort and careen through exploded dirt wisps and I'm thinking of joy,
pants piss joy, aimless gazing and empty-headed joy that's nameless and without an answer to
a hundred inquiries of "what?" but i remember what structural confession feels like and deeply
do i know fear of submission and out-of-control and it sounds like "Nothing".

Among the visions is a field, around which is an oak plank fence. inside the fence is a chestnut
and white-socked yearling and when a yearling is broken you can see it...I see a line trying to
return to a shape, soured fruit sweeten again or anything becoming unburnt.

*green, green and warm with ache does the maniac flay
imperfect but not imaginary attention to detail
wet with knowing become the fields that dry up at midday
yea, it's real—*

solemn and bristle-y
like fruit plucked from the tree
not forever
but sweet enough for me

*Beneath some Pervert's Yod or in the Mare's field,
pierced through your dollop lobes with care,
curled around your neck with your goldenrod trim, maybe,
somewhere in my Heironymous hell brain chemistry it's there.*

There, a yellow green and blistered garden of hills and slopes and rivers and stone; there, a field full of golden calm, you can feel the air above the dirt in the cave of your mouth, shrapneled with rocks that look like not-rocks, pocketed away in the drab river delta, humming in the salted mist,
Yes earthly sweet, Yes we'll walk,
yea let's go seatbeltless and driving, searching, with hands brave and dumb. Backlit with your brilliant and blushing face flush against them, a perfect set of dopamine clementine wreaths hung on screen doors, whisper-cooing concord in Truckland's swampy trestles;
take me to your field, Virginia
drive me to the place you love, Florida