

Kill the Unicorn

I'll stop talking,

I'll cast my unicorn aside,

I'll let your beast arise;

let it slither your thoughts into mine.

I'll stop talking,

I'll tell my unicorn to hide,

I'll get the knife

and cut my stupid unicorn into dice.

I'll stop talking.

I'll unhear my unicorn's cry

I'll unsee the sea of its blood,

I'll twist my core and rip it from my spine.

I stopped talking,

I never really began.

I buried my heart

Next to the unicorn in the garden.

Woman

I want you
under my foot,
pinned by my thumb,
inside my pocket,
like loose coins,
frazzled and dumb.

I keep you
under my gaze,
pinned by my pelvis,
inside your cave,
guarded by shadows
of columns of blood.

I kill you,
under the blanket of night,
punishing your power,
scouring the glass
on which your breath
made a sacrificial smile.

Song of the Elephant

I sniff the air and smell your excited fear
It tastes like a sneer plastered on behind that beard
The color of your hat, your clothes, camouflage
your intention of self-magnification
a compensation
for the Tic Tacs you carry
in your underpants.

You come here with three arms and a spear
looking for my ivory tooth, to add to your atmosphere
filled with skin, skull, and soulless shells of beasts
your slaughtered decoration,
a compensation
for the Tic Tacs you carry
in your underpants.

I see your third arm, the one with the spear
extend into the air, like a giant black finger of a tiny killer
god of no one but yourself, as you point that thing at me
and pull the trigger, bursting with elation,
a compensation
for the Tic Tacs you carry
in your underpants.

My skin is leather to your bullet-filled gear
You release another and another, waiting to hear
my scream fill your ears, an audio injection
for your declaration of elimination,
a compensation
for the Tic Tacs you carry
in your underpants.

Here you come to take that picture to prove
to the world your mighty courageous god-move
The Hades of Fauna, from a great distance
brought ten-thousand pounds to its termination:
a compensation
for the Tic Tacs you carry
in your underpants.