

## **The Vengeful Worker's Soliloquy**

None of us expected to live.  
All of us drowning in our own mucus

we just wanted to have their lives  
in our hands for the first time.

Most of the bastards had left  
gone to their bunkers

or liquified themselves.  
Classic money bullshit

preferring to live as a fragment  
rather than risk confronting

the humanity they'd consumed like sunflower seeds  
couldn't risk us shells coming back to cut their gums.

Those are the fucks I wanted to put between my molars  
and crack open real slow, until my tongue  
could scoop out all the meat.

Bet that shit would've tasted  
like gold flakes on vanilla ice cream.

But you work with what you find  
and we found an S class sinner

some silicon tech tyrant  
living in some little prick McMansion.

We actually wore ski masks when we broke in;  
the comfort of cliches dies hard.

We found him sleeping  
face pale, eyes purple, sick as the rest of us.

We almost stopped then; he looked like a boy waiting  
for his mom to place a damp cloth on his feverish forehead.

But June didn't get to ease her son's fever,  
his brain boiled while June worked to keep their house.  
She came home to her dead child after a 12 hour shift.

So we pulled the piece of shit  
out of bed, tied him to a chair

doused him in gas and spit  
and lit him on fire.

We weren't sure he couldn't pay his way out of hell  
so we guaranteed he burned.

## Trying to Recall the Name of a Skull

everyday you're here amidst the moss-stone  
sunbleached white against green cushions  
I think I saw a painting like that once  
I knew what a painting was once  
I knew who you were once  
I know you had eyes  
green grey blue amber orange apple  
new day new eyes  
fill up those sunken grottos with gems  
you had a gap tooth  
but now you have teeth gaps  
or have you grown teeth to fill your gaps  
I tried to put stones in those teeny holes  
but picking up is tricky  
I tried to pick you up  
but you just got wet  
sweaty bones  
you sweat in the mornings  
unless you're letting someone else try to hold you  
are you two timing me  
I guess you can't cheat since I don't know your name  
is it peter  
piper  
pec  
pepper  
sally  
shelly  
seashore  
I don't think seashore's a name  
but we went there once  
you were scared of the seagulls  
and my parents  
but the seagulls didn't care you drove a 2005 camry  
I didn't either  
we found a swing to sit on and we watched  
the sky get sunkissed like our cheeks  
then you put your head on my lap  
and I played with your hair  
until the seagulls squawked with the stars

## **Two rats battle over the last piece of flesh on my bones.**

They could split it,  
set a table with a red, checkered  
cloth, some candles, a bottle of vino,  
have some smooth accordion  
serenading the background, pretend  
they're Lady and the Tramp;  
I wonder who'd play the Tramp.

One's clawed the other's eye out now,  
and the one with the soupy eye,  
desperate, disoriented,  
has chomped down on its own tail, giving  
the eye clawer time to skitter away, my flesh  
in its mouth, and soupy eye notices none of this,  
just keeps taking bites out of itself,  
whole chunks between its jaws,  
blood on its maw and seeping from its socket  
and rear, gasping out distressed squeaks  
between chews of its own meat  
until it finally collapses,  
its side jumping up and down  
and up and down and up and down,  
then nothing,  
a new pet to keep my carcass company.

I always thought at the end of the world  
us paycheckers would be soupy eye,  
and the investors would be eye clawer,  
but when the end arrived,

they were the two rats,  
and we were the piece of flesh.

**I was around a bonfire when it hit me  
that I'm alive during a possible plague.**

I was drunker than a lush on judgement day  
and another blunt was gettin rolled beside me,  
so skunky scents rose above the smoke,  
and when those scents were lit between my lips,  
    I found myself intrigued by all the burning,  
    the layers of it fractaling,  
    and me inhaling every bit.

We smoked the blunt until it was slight singe,  
and I watched as the fire was doused,  
as the oxygen gulping flames were drowned  
into simmering embers, embering simmers,  
centered amidst sinners,

lightbearers thrust out of heaven,  
tiny stones of lost potential.

## The Dying Worker's Soliloquy

I'm not brittle  
let's get rid of that early

there's just emptiness  
in my ribs

not that i've  
not known  
empty

I had my blank spots,  
under construction,  
what mom used to say,

"We all stay being  
built until the day  
we're not."

I'm not brittle  
there's just no more building.

did I have more plans?  
yes

am I angry I've been robbed?  
yes

but I don't feel tired  
anymore and the soles of my feet  
aren't dry and my shoulders  
are just shoulders now.

I did deserve more than this.

Some part of the world owed me something.

But I was never  
a loan shark, and debts  
are never settled with counting  
fingers

it all just goes to the dirt  
and grows as soft slicing grass