

A Concrete Blanket Is Watered and Draped
Over The Plane Crash of Your Morning Routine

Quarantine for Southern Youth

I should read the Koran for Quarantine
I'd have to download it
It would be nice to have a small leather bound copy that could fit in my pocket
I should order one for overnight delivery
it ain't gunna happen
like a tuggy from Sharr Leez Ther On,
it ain't gunna happen

I should figure out how long my insurance lasts
after the axe falls
I should figure out how many body scans I can get
before the well dries up and the lasers shut off.
I should work on my shoulders
get em massive
figure out why they crack like rice krispies

I should carry food to my neighbors
healthy foods, not cans of ManWitch
but all my neighbors are having parties
young parties with new guns
I should buy a gun, a guy kinda gun like a shotgun
then I could have a party
I should cut out coffee, switch to matcha, switch the mind setting, get it done MAN

I should eliminate all surfaces
Switch to a frictionless lifestyle
Swipe, release, swipe, release, go frictionless
Go ballistic

I should consider the future handed over to the young
For them a used pickup with a broken a/c, brittle hoses
Balding tires and a rusted chassis
Will they use it well? This hand-me-down future
Make system updates? Regular checkups? Tartar control?

"I dunno Grandpaw54" they type on Monster fuel
"We'll prolly just scrap it.
You see, we don't want your rusted infrastructure.
We don't care what you think, or what you think you think
about us, or about anything. Really.

You see, we go ballistic
first with a crown,
second the color red,
third a starvation diet,
and finally the long sleep.

You see we are the 4 horsemen... ahem, the 4 horsepersons,
and we've been training our stallions while you were trying not to dirty your hands,
thinking cleanliness is close to Godliness.

Don't Die (for a computer voice named Moira)

You saw your face and realized it's a demon.

All this time you goofed and mistook it for an innocent.

You had 7 nostrils for 7 lungs inflated with malice.

Each nostril a mini trunk for a mini elephant-nosed demon.

But maybe if you play your cards right the goofball might land on lucky grace.

It ain't coming from Adonis.

Not the balls bouncing on the manly hunt, hollowed out by pipe rage.

In an instant you hear a sneeze.

It channels anger only the imprisoned or the damned could know, coming from some learned wildlife scholar outfitted in the King's finest Gortex.

What was that particular allergen?

So powerful it released the warrior Shiva, or was it Odin pretending to be a girl?

Did that millisecond when the heart stopped echo in the spirit world?

Was it long enough to quell the berserker in the ski mask?

ZEN KAHUNA

The Zen Kahuna. You must work with him.

His tendon strength is through the roof.

You must follow the Zen Kahuna.

His recipe for life is intoxicating.

His daily tinctures

The Zen Kahuna is the Key. He is the craftsman who makes the pick, that picks the lock, that locks the room, the room you've never been in but have all the keys for, the room you see yourself standing in alone.

If you see yourself in this room standing alone, then you've already picked the lock.

Tactic is Key, the Zen Kahuna makes the Key.

DRAG REDUCING POLYMERS

Take one image, rotate 360 degrees.

A complete body scan. Put it through a system knowing all machines will eventually fail.

The Wrong Ratchet head is less than or equal to Nuclear Armageddon.

Alter the nipple topology from inside the hollow body, invert all the normals.

Cast in glycerine, cast in gelatin, cast in resin, cast in A.B.S.

Work with Drag Reducing Polymers. Turbulence must be suppressed.

D.R.P's will aid suppression.

The technology is being developed for blood and oil. Better flow, means better life.

Drag.

In Drag.

Being in Drag.

Being in Drag Reducing Polymers.

An aortic surge in the ear, the temple, the crease of the chest while lying sideways, and the reclining figure flicks her nails at a future sphinx.

Asking which desert pyramid offers the most receptive data set in the sinking sand?

(Karen) EGGS

Things are a little crunchy
Your eggs are totally scrambled
The ship is being steered in the wrong direction
The boom of the ship sweeps across the ship's hull
The boom eludes your purview
You try to duck
The boom hits your head and scrambles your eggs for days
You see someone, want to have sex with them
It doesn't happen
Not romantic, but the same ballpark
There is a term for this
The world falls apart and catches itself
Buildings turn to scraps of paper in swirling patterns
It's not the apocalypse
It's an afternoon matinee
You forgot because you got your eggs scrambled