

## As Seen On TV

Rectangular God

spinning sensitive scenes

into palatable porridge.

Liquid crystals

multiply pixels

plastered against the wall.

1080 X 720 = higher math

Sleep stealing methedrine colors

shutting down synapses with mainline accuracy.

Flatline.

Flatscreen.

Slackjaw.

Codeine eyes unblinking stare.

Jupiter pupils annihilate irises

in the dark.

All ages welcome!

Available in three dimensions!

No I.D. required!

## TRIGGER HAPPY

I lie dormant  
in the folds of my Creator's imagination  
waiting to explode  
be free of my exoskeleton  
learn to fly.

My time comes  
encased in darkness  
the tunnel of love.  
Excitement, longing,  
a fusillade of freedom awaits.

My existence, an instant  
in the trace of time. Exuberant,  
I span the arc of life - and death.  
Penetration  
ingested by flesh,

no river of blood do I savor.  
I consume no organ  
just an immediate sensual dampness,  
then cold air. My God has failed.  
In His failure lies my predestination.

# CONTRAPUNCTAL KISS

## I. Assignment

Proprietary indifference provides entry.

Your fascination, alluring, distracting  
preposterous madness with prevailing lust.

Bloodstained image of desire, begging  
to touch, to hold, to feel inside.

Returned empty and unreal, crusty and  
dry like farmer's hands.

What to do with this? You skitter away  
and I am left holding  
nothing.

## II. Pawn Shop

Proprietary indifference allows permeation.

In shadow envelope, I wait, kneeling  
behind broken tools and transistors  
until lights cease the florescent hum.

The lock resonates in silence so deep  
Rilke's message vibrates the air.

Hearts and gizzards, souls and other plastic parts  
locked in mahogany trimmed glass cases  
dormant and distorted by belt buckle scratches  
and children's fingerprints.

### III. My Bitch, Oxycodone

Proprietary indifference encourages swallowing.  
Years of accumulated grit grinds into my knees.  
I can get up now. Can I get up now?  
Dank atmosphere, thick enough to see.  
wobbles around me. Beautiful porridge  
spills from my cranium and splatters  
on the spider-shit concrete. Head implodes.  
Searching in darkness for my stolen muse,  
I trigger the alarm. Imminent arrest, or  
escape, or do I just  
break the glass?

### IV. Titanium

Proprietary indifference allows escape.  
Sealed and healed, feeling real,  
with superhuman sass, I kick the superhero's ass.  
Breaking bones. Breaking laws. Breaking free.  
Mean, and oh so unclean, a sheen of sweat,  
sweet smelling and slick.  
Romping and stomping until the  
globe shudders. Eyes burn through the  
steel cartilage of skyscrapers, then  
fall on you.  
I am done.

## Talisman

An ancient land,  
foreign to my footsteps,  
a primitive shaft pierces  
the lungs  
of Jaguar.

Last breath foams forth,  
pink and soft.

Obsidian blade  
severs genitalia,  
pink and soft.

Jaguar rots, emasculated.  
Poached carcass stinks.  
Compost and  
vulture shit  
complete the cycle.

In my nightstand,  
in a teakwood` box  
(wrong wood and country),  
shriveled  
but rigid,

Jaguar's legacy  
pierced by latigo,  
accented  
by wooden beads,  
lies in wait.

I am adorned

(an inferior being)

slipping

into night to

play my drum.

## TEASING

like time on a carnival ride,

the swirling love loop moment

halts, a monument, as love quick beats the heart.

A flash of time for hand held baskets and summer picnic pastorals.

Riff on sexual desires and future progeny,

a boy, a girl or two to lengthen the moment.

Seconds become minutes on the geographical clock

as we piss away the generations - taught to live

by the "wise" elders.

A string theory of blissful continuity

broken only by the inevitable deterioration

of communication,

Another extinction.