

DRESSING UP TO HIDE FROM THE DRONES OF THE LORD

language scarcely comes from light
it comes from singed skin and the recall of Europe
slaughtering natives for god and fun
or the age of gun powder swallowed
to be lit and watch angel wing lungs
expand and burst from the body as a seed dies
for the flowering fruit in the wind
polishing the wood of my porch where i sit
holding thoughts of the end of the world
brought to you by trumpets smuggled in
from the first and last holy lands
from the land of constant snow
from where the sun never sets and never rises
from where the desert sand is secretly an armada of ghost moons
from where the ocean created gods of refugees
from where temples are built in the shape of coiled snakes
wrapping tightly around my neck to squeeze the last
bit of wind of music out of me

the grass looks like white fur
coated in blood of templars
covered in the writing of talismans
warding off the wolf residing in the
center Of the earth sucking air for air
and eating children hung upside down
for entertainment of white men of Jesus

the saxophonist asks why I never summoned her
in my troubles and without her how can i
tell the sun from the dying of the night's stars
I don't have an answer I light incense and hold it
before the mouth of her instrument and treat its direction
as a language of divination I can't speak
like stumbling into drunks in a gas station bathroom at 4 am
who don't remember how to piss straight into the toilet
writing on the wall with their shit
a disrespectful sacrifice that wallows
in the cleaning solutions of the janitor
who remembers and remembers
the light of gun fights
crescendoing in his mind
where friends carried off the mantle
of the new blood moon

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guiding wolves to the angels
who smoke in secret in the tall grass
the sun of god is in the herb
I recall the radiance of such a smell
filling the thin lines of this woman's hand
who held me and grounded me from the spins
of too man vicious nights circling her head

love and light created violence like this by mistake
I know there are many trying to split them up to redistribute them
none shall ever have to go hungry again
or speak for the next 1000 years
I know the words would come naturally
from the crushed earth
desperately clinging
to your feet
smelling like
a monks hard
work

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your pink hair sails
like morning was a crop
your hands were bloody
or its just early
you're sleeping on a pillow
I sleep on the drift of your drool it was soft
on my skin your dreams came out
of you like blue tv light
with the smell of wine cutting through
our roommates smoke downstairs
listing us as traitors
or I was dreaming of an armada
taking me away
telling me of my crimes
a man in chains next to me
recalls mythical women
demi gods battlefields
the names of beloved dogs
magical swords a hermit
a sage a mystic a mistake
a path walked by a turtle
sleeping in the road
his dreams were the pattern on
the shell
they call me a great reveal
an illegal name the kids still read
a farmer walking lonely
in the light of your hair.

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I dream of a chess player who
reads my fortune he wouldn't show me
how it was done his hands smelled of
tea and rice all he said was run baby
run I the shitty wanderer
sober and alone in his hometown
tracing the outline of a blue sun
the outline of a maze I couldn't figure out
all these characters I have never met
giving me hallmark advice telling me
they knew magic they knew sex
like idiot peacocks they the embodiment
of an old wisdom that didn't save the world
they said I was better off doomed
they with their fingers singing on the lip of glass
they were remarkable creatures in my dreams
their skin loose bed sheets in the wind flapping
hiding relics old cups of wine a pistola from a sacred duel coriander and a pigeons feather
they ask me what if Achilles was the messenger a
weak heel on a dangerous road
I didn't know what that meant
they float off in disregard of the rules
they give me a black robe telling me I'll need this
that there is a real spirit watching me like a hunter with his deer
a poet and his moon
like a naked lover stirring in bed alone
the arrow they said will bite down
hard like drops of water
I wake up to an empty house with rapping fingers
impatiently wondering why I am still here

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an albatross wing writing about trust

this place was something for
all the scum and no counts to party
dancing drinking spitting on the sidewalk
music coming out of all the windows
some would set up outside playing cards
hollering uninvited comments at women
passing by like a knife twisting sap from a tree
people loved this town you could see it in
the skeleton of the buildings the dead with
arms crossed over the heart
mexican blankets folded under their heads
it'll get mulched over soon
this place ain't fit for anyone these days
them stray dogs are running like
their ass got slapped by the devil
running under curses written in chalk on doorways
towards the river of a sex worker's skirt
washing up patrons bloating on the shore
It smells like the slit throat of a
traveller listening to the sobs of addicts
calling out for money like the angels was coming
I just want to pass through I just lower my eyes
I don't want to see a goddamn thing

at knife point I get marked a name
and symbol to never stop sharing
I was like the story of Abednego in the furnace
exiled with no one to understand a thing I say

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allegory of the black knight and daylight the statue

the mob pulls down the moon
my dreams tear down the mob
oh we revolve around our plans
to kill each other
the way
we revolt