

Sister Psyche Clog

Like in a pit in one's brain
"far deep enough" shrouded
by gunked greasy hairs purity
had festered let out gas caked

ah then it's like you're here
stay awhile for my banana
legs and peanut-flavored crotch
milkshake, child-like in sweetness
stay and salivate with sips of
my funny hormones

alas the stoppage will not stop
buttressed? kind of these
frothing chunks may sweeten

float leap and bleat
like sheep (albeit stained by carcinogens)
frost my nerve sockets

stay then if you're molded
into wants by what's been
misaid I may soften that fungal

lean obstreperous clog
even better than dilettante flies
and their rubbery scrapbooks.

Genesis Poem

First, moonlit salmon buds
are likened to dried ink, and my
auditory cortex, merrily moved, pings.
First, Great Mother's fiery vulva gives way,
and not to wombish recompense, but to roads
that think like drainage basins,
giving way to frizzy, discursive
mesquite, salamanders clinging
to pinkish twigs, buds and bristles,
like pen tips, winking,
and a poison rightly sinks in.
First, crabs! A sink appears,
sink overflowed with them, vermilion
and clapping. Dust, malnourished clouds,
puffed up from wheels of an intoxicated
army cruiser on which sink shakes, tosses
water. First, exponential plunder.
Shaky etchings in sand from squid
zombies. First, the dust clears.
Then, finally, a small, furry,
armor-plated gorilla
with fangs comes to
burrow for feeling,
inlays of spangled fur.

Animal Muse

Fancy, wearing pressed pajamas at the zoo.
She is hard-pressed to sate a cheetah,
Knows the clean, warping strains
Of birds urge for sacrifice, knows
Her clawed up guts will reawaken

Our poorest dreams.
But why, you might ask,
Does she still do this? Apt enough
Was “heart’s coup de grâce.”

Remember, years ago—feels
Like seconds—when animals
Would pass through our old stomping grounds
And our hearts would balloon like alarm clocks?

Well, she, all over the place
Like motion, kiss from the air
(Her single pointed focal)—origins
Constant—is readdressing freshness. In

The mangled jungle
Of the southeastern corner of the peninsula
Of her furry black eardrums,
Beside a dense clump of purple lilacs,
Sit three rotund cherubs
Cracking into some crab
And sipping butter.

Survival of the Feminist

She wore a yellow ribbon and had
A butt for a face. Actually, despite her post-
And-lintel poses, and target audience of deep, black pits
Inside which wispy languages
Too intricate for pitbulls to understand
Were graffitied—her face was peanuts.

Two peanuts to be exact.
And every dog was lookin' for three,
While blind to what a peanut is.

But this was why she trained her pet beaver
With its band of rotten instruments
To string through all the auditoriums
Like ribbons

Of jaundiced water,
And squeeze out the languages of elephants,
Clams, and certain brands of dish soap
However greasy enough
To make any animal feel whole.

Reminds me, Mary, of how
Much we used to like John Ford.
Not his art. His asshole.
I mean, he was an asshole.
But with a delicate vision.

Voices the Threshold

You could
Die or keep sublimating
Or not. What'll it be?

*The newt inside the pinecone is morbid,
Each time she flips a bit of foam creams, Irreversibly.*

*Infatuation for a dying environment or
Continuously resurrecting one,
One that has me for a short time,*

*Best comprehends this little bitch.
Idiot— “Crazy weather out there”
Is the very topic we must murder.*

Sure. It's easy to be dramatic.
Everyone writes in the first person
Like large capacious trees

Glimmering with seeds of Brad-Pitt vanity
And Brad Pitt sucks.
But a newt?

In your garbage can is garbage.
The sink, dishes, all of them crusty.
You shouldn't *at least* do them.

*Here, kitty-kitty, here, let us erect large buildings
Along the fenceline of your death.
The trees, though dancing, are dying.*