

SUPER[IM]POSITION:

9V on My Tongue

Bridge Out ~~Ahead~~

I am weathered
I am the leather gloves left in squalls and oppressive sunshine
By her effect (not altogether unpleasant):
a nine-volt battery pressed to my tongue
the ache after a long riverside run
memories of good days gone
forbidden fruit

An arch, me, maybe
Held together by
These vectors
These forces
Subservient to the wisdom of gravity
Hers, maybe.

What is the cypher, here?
What can I infer from her eerie chartreuse sky?
I pitch and yaw as I squirm to write a line that might
make her catch her breath
backlight my insecurities so as to blow them out of exposure
complete the circuit between my truth and hers

Thunderous beating aloft
(break away)

Thrumming inside of myself (crumble away)

Alight from storming inside
(e r o d e a w a y)

Selfishness apocalypse (a road away)
Selflessness upon her lips...

Poem for the Sublimity of Hotels

These storied storeys
These strata upon strata
Like millefeuille layers of vicissitudinous vellum
Like layers of cyberspace superimposed upon meatspace
Masonry, metal, memory
Misery, mirth, memetics, mimicry
Like Hitchcock sought in Rear Window
Like worlds sought in Flynn's arcade
Endless doors to be opened
Endless corridors to be conquered
Endless art lifelessly hung
Narratives scribbled
Superimposed
Myriad lives limned
Images exposed
Marriages
Trysts
Mergers
Sex
Milestones
Getaways
Homecomings
Family
Birth
Rebirth
Algorithmic periodicity
In their noise emerges a signal
Of song, succor, sagas, sages
Pages to be written
Read
Torn out
What happens in hushed havens remains within them
... or, maybe it doesn't.

The rückenfigur in the lobby / Dwarfed in all dimensions
Each patron a point on a Seurat
This labyrinth / A gestalt we repose within.

Palette Cleanser

=^._.^= ∫ (=^•ω•.^=) = ヤー !

Two cats, side-by-side
One corpulent, one slender
Both repose as loaves
With snaccs shall we appease their
floofiness—lest they weaponize their peets.

Blessed be the chonks
And slonks
The cattos, cades, kitties, and moggies...
Blessed be the cats: perhaps the only true

gods.

I, Warlock

Bruised, bantam, barren,
botched
Beat—but not yet beaten
No slipshod shell having slipped
the antecedent
Concussed and calloused
Fists up, your end between
them
Harm, hail, and harrow:
A hero—and a heathen.

Taunts tipped and tautened
with kerosene and hemlock
Long fuse frayed and burnt
down to the black stock
Knees betray a buckle, but you
best call your bets off:
Ascribe the wide-eyed wary to
the will of this warlock.

Sulphur and saltpeter and
susurrus secrets:

Tick-tock goes the half-life
Of my isotropic reason.

In the welter in which you dither
Hither comes your throne
The willful whorl which sparkles
Hence reduces you to bone.

Disgust

Core disgust tells us:

Keep certain things away from our mouth.

Revulsion creates taboo, and
Together,
Thus have we protected our species from
Infection
Subjugation
Extinction.

Disgust,
So basal
So visceral
So part-and-parcel...
It is a pillar for more complex emotions.

But, consider a counter-intuitive response to a more secondary, socio-moral feeling...
Like odium, maybe—
Like something so offensive we build our identities on its obverse.
Perhaps in rare moments wherein we wish to assert
Absolute domination,
Unequivocal vanquishing,
Ultimate conquering, of a kind...

We eat what we hate.
We salivate for
And chew
And swallow
... that which would make us wretch.

We reject the reflex, and
Peristalsis makes it part of us
Until it is voided
And we see it manifest as the waste we proclaimed
it to be—
Prior to the ritual—
Prior to this most primal subsumption.

In consuming that which we hate, we are its superior.
We drink the blood of our enemies like wine.

Perhaps a desperate arachnophobe may have an arcane recourse to their terrored thoughts:

To CRUNCH away on the exoskeletons of their abuser,
to let the hæmolymph dribble down their chin;
to become them for a moment,
like the sineaters of a more superstitious time.