

Coded for Destruction

Some say the dawn came onto them
once or twice.

Disco rat womanizer.

Greased back hair severely glistening

Future light off

smartphones dangling chandaliern.

They saw that. Salivated.

They always hungered beastly in that way.

Listened to gods housed in reptilian shacks.

Some say if they saw the blue sky it would
get called a biscuit; blaze it up good.

From meager conception they wondered
caressed giddy by visions of wholly
consuming their world.

Follow that with decadent seconds
maybe thirds if there's cravings.

Even the wild child still drove what they called
Prius.

Even the peace junkie still ate apple tree
placenta.

Scorned skies in domesticated missiles launched
quiet into the very foundations of the
wanderlust gene.

Yes it's true they turned titanium-steel
wiry pulseless worming toothy appendages
into the gaping loins of their planet.

Some think that from DNA destiny was set
every loom sloped under ravenous want
each double helix coded for
destruction.

Their meat casing was nature's deceit; they had
always been deadly machines.

And they broke themselves these ape androids
self-deceived flagellated and burned
with fires that finally relieved that hunger
melting up charring black
seven billion awfully pitiful androids.

What endearing little monsters these
individuals pinpricks on the earth
amassed to devastating consequence.

But maybe all was for the best
because suffering dwindled
after that day.

And maybe now the cosmos can
sleep soundly knowing no apes are
under their beds.

Yes maybe now there are
dreams to be had.

And with any luck they will lie in
irradiated graves looked on by
tourists through transparent
domes murmuring
"What a tragic anomaly and
what violent little things.
Thank the stars we
will never be
human."

Maybe we all are just fleeting heroes

The countless layers in your eyes speak nothing. A sallow laugh. Liars lie, crooks will steal,
religious fools devour zeal.

Still you speak like mescaline on account of the visions sound evokes, colors of every caliber
corralled by my compass.

These flighty swallows for hearts, gushing up esophagi, pecking at lurid tongues do not know
why they fly.

Why does the density of stars in every eye taunt us with promise, purpose, only to ultimately
catalyze collapse?

Maybe we all are just fleeting heroes under the turbulent Van Gogh sky.

Borderline Hero

It is the deadness in its eye, a brain like cauliflower.

It is a scream curdling atmosphere on the edge of agonized orgasm.

Welts on its cheeks, bright red redemption.

It eats fried flagellate and blurs like television static.

There is a rats' nest clouding Jupiter storms in some cruel, counterfeit halo.

Crash the fucking mode, Impulse, the hero is down, there is no end to the

Reach of the unregulated.

Herein all are objects

Drown, hero,

in oceans of

self-righteousness,

eaten by encroaching

ecosystems.

None of it abhors you,

none of it is good.

Gasp, hero, at the

Lovecraftian glory of

the real.

Herein all are objects,

pebbles churned, whittled,

skipped along the surface of
enigmatic waters by
goddish hands
unfathomed.

Sweet nothings breathe
into every Simmish
nape.

Maybe Old Age is a Harlequin

I hope when I am old my etiolated breasts
will bound off taut, pectoral muscle,
the culmination of finally getting
my sore sitting ass together.

I'll run like I never could in my sleepy youth,
steady and swift as my
hermetic relapses come now.

I'll know limber power like an almost Olympian
who wields their mind like a javelin
the kind that loves the sport but can't
quite suffer the sportees

There will be pride nestled in my wrinkles,

the whole of my pruney body cast
in lacy gold foil.

It might floip! shteen! grissss!

alerting passersby to my presence,
a sturdy but weatherworn mast basking
in the never-too-late romance
of the sun.