

Dull Knives Still Kill

Self-Loathing, as in Chicken

*Hunger is when the Chick-fil-a cows grow wings  
and waffle fries fall into open palms like manna.*

Every day is Sunday when the asphalt shines like bismuth.  
Her eyes are painted polychrome, pride beads dance between her bra cups.  
Her flags court the clouds with her thighs around my neck.  
At night *The L Word* watches us, celebrating the sunset between our tongues.

The first Monday comes when floats flee the streets and crystals refract red.  
Her beads sit on the coffee table and her flags catch dust on the bar.  
There's a ten in my pocket and hatred thrives a block away.

Tuesday, I watch *The L Word* with an empty pocket and full stomach,  
A burning throat and smoke-stained mouth.

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COMMIT ME

The doctors don't like it  
When suicide is a vocal stim.  
The Big Red Button says "COMMIT ME."  
Chicken Scratch fingers twitch.  
Cheers to those in lab coats  
Who try to catch the brass.  
Stringless shoes and doors with locks  
Won't silence the bells.

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### The Newfangled Suffragist

Fuck is the sentiment of a generation.  
Tolerance is the new breathing.  
“Defenestration is illegal”  
In most states.  
*Take me back to Prague.*  
Is it treason if the precedent is set?  
The generation amalgamates  
Into heathenous discontent.  
If your mother crosses herself,  
You’re doing it right.  
The streets broadcast  
Liminal children who used VHS tapes  
For all of two seconds.  
Dubya spoke lullabies  
On wooden chest radios,  
Until we were old enough  
To hear Obama read us bedtime stories  
On fifty-pound box TVs.  
Today we self medicate  
With star-spangled stickers.  
270 is a lot of steps to climb  
When you’ve never seen stairs before.  
Is the exercise worth it if 2016 wants its country back?

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Cherry Menthol Cult

Ferocity bleeds like the rest of us.  
Rust sprouts from angry scalps  
That elasticise for wine-drunk fingers.  
Today she'll drink kool-aid  
From a serrated plastic cup.  
Severed tongues where contempt goes to die.  
Maggot-magnet mouths  
Taste the flesh flies squirm.

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I cut carrots for fun.  
As the board meets the blade,  
In a blissful, stolid tempo,  
Knives of carrots past  
Dance behind my eyes;  
Their slice is so much cleaner.  
Carrots don't part the way they used to.