

Twice

I faked my death, blew my Head off, and left my parts
on Main St.

 St. Anne's Church, painted red and decorated.
Days went by and seasons changed and all my
 friends made money and children.

I read the papers each day from my grave, following
the mundane, waiting, waiting, waiting;
 then it came.

I dug myself out and walked into town,
 a stained Suit.

And just as I expected, prices had gone up and no one
remembered me,

 So I went and bought a 40 oz. and sat against
a statue until night fell and the town center cleared out.

 Walked to my folk's home, but was told they'd
died years ago, the door shut in my face.

 Walked to a motel. No vacancies.

 Headed down to the river over

 rocks

 and

 sticks

 and

 sticks

 and leaves

 and

saw the lights on the lanterns at the front of the
graveyard and walked straight, found my hole, and
went back in.

We all die twice.

Castor Canadensis

A dull light swings above
a rickety chair, crusted blood corroding
splintered wood—a far cry from the
dams of his youth.
Damn, he thinks, but the damage is
Unclear--

What did go down at the
Lodge?

The Heartland

Machetes.
Dead bodies
washed up on the banks and
bloated with water.
Something, but not human;
I don't know and I don't remember.
Civilized and pallid, structured but
Relentless. Pushing,
pushing, always
pushing to
transcend.
But out the foyer window I see
there's Tutsis next door, too.
Tutsis at work and
Tutsis in the drive thru.
I don't tell the wife or little ones;
It would make things uncomfortable--
that here in the heartland
I feel like a Hutu.

I am the Troglodyte

and teacher is the scum of the earth.
Lettin' the kids walk off cliffs like damn lemmings.
But Ted Cruz got his antennae out, and his
mandibles clamp down hard on the necks of the wicked.
Sic 'em boy! Sic! Sic!
Now it got a hair full of wasps. Breeding
in the whole of
 the hole of the
 unholy
and the West did sink under the weight of
caloric sin.
Them Krispy Kreamers. Them Semitic Kramers.
Supersessionist tide PODS that the child did
pick from the great Charter Oak that Jesus
felled with his thunderous roundhouse kick!
KAPOW!

He shot the sheriff but
I shot him
in the back
after tellin' em to run...

Open your eyes Lady
Liberty, knife to your throat in the
dead of the night.

Would you like to make a donation?
No bitch! Just the chicken wire
for the coop.

the coop!
the coup!
the coup!
the coup!
the coup!

That Time My Dead Relatives Sent me a Plane Ticket

Bergheim.

A city in the region of Alsace.

Deutschland.

A synagogue transformed into a
community center.

I'm walking in a human pit trying to
keep my balance like a
tightrope walker at the circus.

They just remind me, don't look
down. Everything is

Magnified.

Now I'm flying on a plane gratis
but I reject the dessert placed before me.
My duodenum is infected. Just like I keep the
Tehillim at my bedside but never
read it—but why? God.

On the *Jews and their Lies* and
Sucking beneath the fat thighs of a Schwein
makes me long to run, and keep running,
like Jeremy Duggan, straight into
traffic on a busy highway in Dusseldorf;
but no one gets it, this sentiment I wish to
express. So I take a gun and shoot myself
over and over again in the head until I cover the
world with my blood, like van Eyke's
Lamb of God.

Then they bury me and make it the fashion
to wear red hats, masks, red
carpet; and I watch from above as Oliver Stone
mud wrestles Helen Thomas in the
red Marrano sangria.

Geh nach Polen!

I'm curling up in the corner now,
Lights out, sunset in Leipzig. Sick,
always the insides. Like Richard Trenton
Chase my parts aren't placed correctly.
So I move them around voluntarily since I can't
find someone, anyone in

Tyskland to help me
make it straight again

Dr. Mengele.

Democracy is cruel like that.

Playing the part of Ned Beatty,
now doing the reverse fifty years later
on an Aryan gal, barely legal,
punk rocker from the former East,
to suckle the kosher pig.