

READERSHIP REDEFINED

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I

So far is it
in it seems
placed by tarantula's paws freelanced
Guantanamo readership redefined.
Whence came
southwest
the windiness of her aspect in respective works.
Rather no one watched at his drug,
the body left then right and into the appreciation.
Continue to pour Ponder's
dream-ship
flagship
of superior quality and quasi-pontificated retina scans.
We did God dammit.
Who else would have pulled it off so cleanly?

II

*Frustrated redundancies write lucid
incandescent light fixtures
into reality.
Lungs breathe fabulous amounts
of neurotoxicity.
Forensically rehabilitated fortune cookies
being eaten at dawn.*

And every waking moment
there is one more foggy
dry ice laden toy store
commercial.

As well as
a frostbitten ice cream
parlor attendant.
No one ever
asked it for names.

Left up to us is a gas station.
Nacho cheese machine is plugged
with mold but kids still eat the shit.

Dead carcasses strewn about,
happily the red tail inpatients
frolic among the daffodils.
Or dandelions, or whatever
the fuck they were.

A greyhound bus stops short;
the tourists were becoming impatient.
But they can eat shit too.

Gnarled shoes on that mother fucker.

If this one ain't a pedophile
Santa is coming to town.

An orange tree wouldn't grow here,
but carrots flourish darting
back and forth and
forth and back
back and fourth
dug a hole damn near to
the gas station.

A pile up of bus stops at one place in two days.
Green tattooed carnies hang at the base of it,
kicking red tailed inpatients a dose.

Draught impairs their will to live.

Being professionals they sure know
how to eat and eat
and eat and eat.

III

Infernal jaguar, which watches in the trees for its prey, bite this clock-
work jugular.

Baal, lord of pestilence, yes, the Komodo dragon.
Tear this arrogant and ignorant belly and feast upon the entrails.

Keen eyes, sight from afar you come.
Demonic eagles swoop down and capture these blood thirsty testicles.
Tear off this phallus, this putrid zealot spitting out hungry clones.
Return them to your Eyrie, feast with your hatchlings.

Frenzied and bitter, take these corrupt limbs.
These legs, these arms, shred them ravenous Mephistophelean wolves.
Tear the sinew from the bone and chew to the marrow.
Revel in the masterpiece of dismembered Ego.

Forget that there is life in one place.
It is in all places.
Frantic foragers, without whom life would cease,
they rekindle what is lost by ripping apart what is created.
What is material.
What is tangible.
What is thought.
What is conceived.

Within it exists tones of magnificence,
without it is a counterfeit,
a copy,
a stamp,
a clone.