

# THE FALLACY OF YOUR EXISTENCE LIES IN YOUR CONCEPT OF GOD

KYLE TURNER

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the dragon's eye shines in the sky  
as the street shaman emerges from behind vines,

from behind secret doors –  
obscured lines in bricks unfold new worlds.

he rattles, he thinks, he rattles some more.  
ammoniated drips burn comfort into the nostrils

of a long forgotten breed. the last of the magnificent zeros.  
hipsters. goth kids. tokyo poppers.

lockers. he'll teach you how to dougie –  
keep the candy to yourself. emo fags. suicide chicks.

anti-christ. anti-establishment. anti-social.  
he's a thirty something year old bipolar weed head

more versed than shakespeare himself.  
he's a shaky hand pouring pennyroyal tea. the nonexistence of kurt.

he's a degenerate cosmonaut  
traversing the unknown literary text

of a culture being stripped away from humanity  
by semi-sophisticated art fucks. turpentine.

he's what's left on our walls,  
of free thought, of free speech. samo cures cancer. samo fucking lives.

When everything a person does is weighed out in dollars and cents,  
he's deciphering modern  
artifacts under the golden gaze of the city –  
he's leaving his handprint in the cave of creativity's past.