

1. The Angels of No-Man's-Land (Written August through October 2016)

From the streets of Aleppo
To the streets of Chicago
Guns and bombs make single moms
And take them too
In urban Sommes

When the guns were blazing
It was amazing
Brothers and sisters
Hand in hand
There to resist
And make their stand

To defy the guns
They would not run
They would not hide
They would not give
So brothers and sisters all could live

God is above
And rockets are too
One blocks the other
But God still gets through

2. Tao of Populist Wisdom (Late November or early December 2017)

Common sense
Is to tell it like it is
As one perceives it
As truthiness

As a lewd dude

Am I right?

One dreams it

There is no proof

Perspectives are objective

Subjective

Relative

Absolute

The women

The races

The men

The world

Gay, straight, and you

It's all simple

Ockham's Razor

Is amazingly clear

To you, right here

Rapists look alike

It's not that your racist

It is godhood

Idolatry

Not humility

Do not tell me

Common sense

3. The Grand Randian Man (August 10's-23rd 2017)

He is God

The man is God

Do you see him

It could be you

He is the master of his fate
You could be too
He has forsaken all other men
And is himself
For himself

The scripture he read
The sacrifices he made
To be free
To be mean
To be a deity among men

When he falls he will be strong
The Valkyries will place him in Elysium
Jerusalem will balk
Who is John Galt?

The life he drinks
Will poison him
Still, he will be strong
Not small
Never small
Compared to God

4. The Poem John 19:30 (July 21st 2017)

Mount Carmel
Her embers still warm
The ruins mighty and profound
The silence is loud
I feel the presence of Christ

I fell sick
Vomited profusely on the hallowed ground

I looked to the blue sky
The day is bright and reality is real
On the precipice of greatness

I looked around the ruined compound
There was nothing except the whole of everything
All meaning in all creation in that setting

I saw God
God saw me

I was alone
I was awake
For the first time in a long time
The painful haze of curse
Was gone from my brain

After a violent battle
A short battle to her end
Her grandeur was humbled
And she was gone
Just human
And dead

5. Soldier Porn (July 16th – 17th 2017, with tweaks later)

In the death of war
Many men want whores
I prefer poetry to gore
So I never join them
But watch in horror

The more the men are terrified
The more girls become objectified
At which I am horrified

The less human they become

Less human become women

Those men don't kiss, hug, or feel anything human

They are not human

They're hungry ghosts

Insatiable mongrels

Drones made by the devil of war

I see the chic black existentialist truth

The brilliance of fire and the eternity of death

The humanity of the inhumanity

The insanity

The sirens shriek from the gas

The feeble men crawl up the trench

To drink their communion

Of the eternal mass

Mindlessly they ooze

Into the field

And breathe their last

Satisfied

With nothing

Above them

Alive and awake

I hear nothing

But see everything

The truth

And with it I leave

6. The Break-Up Poem (July 20th 2017, with tweaks later)

Dear Lear,

Here, near me
There is nothing I have,
Anymore,
Be it all yours

Have I no lust
Except my honor
I, a fallen daughter,
Leave you with my all
Except my soul

Periphery be I
In thy eyes
And so am nothing
The world is nothing
It is the corona in a total eclipse
Not the true sun

And on my lips
Is the whole of creation
The beauty and awe
You never saw
So, my kiss I withdraw
And myself too

The world will rarely see me
It will always see thee
So have it thee
And I shall be for those who seek
I leave

7. The Little Prince (Written ~May 29th 2017)

In his royal bed
Fast asleep

His governess makes him breakfast
He is the conqueror of bread
In his royal bed

The queen kisses him on the head
And tells him sweetly she loves him
He is stuffed and sleepy
He is her baby

In their biodome Versailles
Under the Teletubby sun
As opulent as monarchy
As free as anarchy
As innocent and gentle as can be

Happy Protestant Jesus
Loves us much
And we pray every day
And thank God we're saved

This Tory life
Of toddler light
Is better than death
And better than life

8. Morning Show Sex (July 2nd 2018)

Sex

Sex

Sex

Sex

Wit and wine

Rejuvenate your life

On the wild side

Be an animal

Be a heretic

Yes

Pretend there is no

Mid-life crisis

You're doing this to be free

To be the "me"

They tell you to be

Paltrow

Paltry

Die young

From a preventable disease

That is a sign you are healthy

Uncorrupted

And pure

Are you sure

Your hours are waiting

When you pull that fatal string?

Are you sure this isn't just crazy

And you're flailing to be happy?

Look at me and tell me

Are you old or are you young?

For you're not bold and not a hippie

You're not yogi

You're just dumb

9. Parody of a Deep Poem (The Poopy Poem) (Written July 12th 2018)

Defecation

Elation
Creation from destruction
Of lunch
Such is taboo to touch

Violent end
Struggle and release
Then peace
And rest

It is the cycle of life
The circle of existence
The pretentious words I describe
Are the kind
It deserves

The returning to Earth
Of the dirt
From the girth
To the world
To the whirl
Into the abyss

With this
Magnificent end
It is sent
Like a kiss blown
To a fair maid
In haste,
It swims away

10. Scene of the Human Condition (July 28th 2018)

This city burning tonight
The bright light of heaven

And the dim firelight of hell
Converge on Earth every second
But they are most clear in times of darkness
Where light contrasts most strikingly
Out there, in what looks like hell
Is where angels and devils duel
For the rights of the souls of the citizens of this city
In a chic ballet they play and dance the night away
In their fight, in their game, their competition for men and women
This is where saints are made and plays are written
When the sins of humans are glaring; not hidden
This is the epic poem of the fall of man
And his rise through the grace he's been given

11. The Cult of Amerigo Vespucci (July 29th, 2018)

Like Koresh
Or some deranged guru
He wants you
He is the truth
To the millions

Americans
His religion
Armies and nukes
Songs and movies
All in the name of him

A Renaissance man
With plans for world domination
And immortality
He was a genius
Don't you see?

It's all clear

From sea to shining sea
This cartographer from Italy
He might have been Catholic
But he was his own idolatry

You and me
The ICBMs
This city on a hill
This Jerusalem
All hail el Duce
We are the entranced devotees
The cult of Amerigo Vespucci

12. Staring at a Squirrel (July 30th 2018)

I stared at a squirrel
He stared at me
We connected through time and space
And across species
I wondered, did me
What did the squirrel see?

It saw me
But what did it think?
It feared me
At that, I was dismayed
Unless it had rabies
Then I'm glad it stayed away

The squirrel had babies
Maybe he was a she
I could not see the organs that would tell me
It lived in the city
Alive and free
Happy that humans had planted its tree

Years ago
When natives were here
There were predators
That colonists forced extinct
So, the squirrel, today, has never known the fear of being prey
As it scavenges dumpsters
Eating and playing all day

Hey, you know it's glad
That my ancestors did that
And this squirrel will live in peace
And then our staring contest ceases
And we leave to our home species
To never see each other again

13. Stasis & Entropy (July 15th 2018)

Nothing changes
The world is stasis
As it erodes and falters and ages
No alarm can save it
No pain can make it move

The feeble creatures
Desperate to stay
Afraid to move
To do anything
Nothing happens
And it is content

Therefore time and wear
Do their work
The curse of aging

Takes its toll
Nothing rolls
It is and gets old

Decades of paralysis
The institutions remain
In stasis
Nothing can change them
Again and again and again and again
As they age and brake

The telomeres of society
Cannot rejuvenate
And I am clueless as to how long this can last
Until there is a past
And the stale air
Recycled we breathe
May be new
And this age may be through

14. Irreverent Youth (August 3rd-5th 2017)

Millennia of grandeur
Has been forgotten
Forsaken
All history, now, rubble
All that's left is illegible

The pantheon is gone
Forever
The rivers and trees
Are just rivers and trees
That's what the youth see

In olden times
The wise elders
Would sacrifice virgins
Now, the irreverent youth
With their Jew
Eschew all we knew

They threw the dagger
Into the Clyde
Young swagger
Young pride
Young radicals who believe lies

The dagger is gone
She was so fair
Her paradigm is gone forever
Cultures have risen and fallen
In a history remembered
It will die with us

15. Social Homeostasis (February 28, 2020)

Homeostasis
Stay this desperate
For the heroin
That makes one happy

Anything
Mindless
Monomaniacal and possessed
For societal blessings

Happy
Safe
Warm

Home

There are no honest men

No honest women

Nothing but this

Sweet, sweet, kiss

They will steal

Kill

Maim

And defame all opposition to their addiction

Of the homeostasis

Of the serotonin of the clique

One is in in

And is blameless to all but God if they win

Amen

Amen

Amen

Amen

16. The Harp of the Fairy (April 10th, 2019)

Hello, I am an angel

And I walk through the fallen halls

Of this grand mausoleum of souls, tadpoles, and rock & roll

The ghastly corridors where a war of warriors, glorious, and sure

Was born and died like a cyclical tide

For each generation of four years is a lifetime

A Dickensian dystopia of the rich and the poor.

All are mortal and in this eternal and everlasting kiss

Is epic and the men and women thrive and lisp

The eyes of the sinners feast on their prey

While the spirits of the helpless slowly decay

One day! They say. They'll fly away
Justice will be done
This hallowed ground where slaves were made and laid to rest
Who faded into dust beneath the lust and excess
Then the blue men, they came, and they burned it all down and atonement was made
For the dead in the ground
Maybe this school, will too, come around,
And the helpless and forgotten will not have died in vain.
And that damn field of cotton will rot and decay
For God haunts these halls and the desperate, they pray
One day. One day. One day.

17. The Lumpen of Wando (Written December 14th 2017)

The lumpen and the destitute
Of this school
The retarded and poor
In a war for life and love

Beneath the eyes
Everyone has their demise
We are but mortal
In this moment of Maya
Brief and fleeting

Seeing them in the periphery
Knowing they will die in the machine
They are not human
They are feeble and beasts
In the hungry eyes of the people

Unknown
Unloved
Alone
Who are they?

God's own

They are fodder

They are gone

May they be forever young

May they find love

May justice be done

18. The Honesty Poem (Written December 2016)

Being Cato

Is not seen as kindness

It is honesty

Defiance

And ultimately so

It is the soul of Gandhi

And the spirit of resistance

The resilience of truth

And her unending persistence

She is the mistress of the chaste

The doubter of the greats

Defender of love

In a wasteland of hate

She is a martyr in hell

In hell, she is a belle

And a bell

Like a siren in the Jordan

And the Holy in Gomorra

She is forever young

She is never done

Her soul is the light

When there is no sun
So she goes where there's darkness
And refuses to run
She is love

19. The Keynesian Times (July 20th – 22nd 2017, with tweaks later)

Between chivalry and feminism,
Feudalism and capitalism,
Were the Keynesian times
When rock and jock
Reigned the great white land

The proletarian was king
Fief of his lawn
In the great tradition, he hunted women for meat
Though, he defended his daughter as property
It was not hypocrisy
It was propriety and a test of strength

The religion was America
The pilgrimage was to Asia
To partake the communion of death
And the hymnal was porn
In the great war for greatness

Oil was blood
Blood was cheap
Land was vast and the jungle deep
Life was slow and fast and sweet
Boys were implored to cheat

The proletarian was Thor
Against whom he had made war
Blind to this truth

He worshipped Rand and Death
And himself
He loved hell

Paradise buffet of perfect Valhalla
Eternal rape and alcohol
The devil gets his due
Geckos eat roaches
Their fate approaches

The Gadsden flag of the Serpent
Flew through their lawn
The black dawn
To defend their lust,
Their blood, their cum

Posterity in undeath
In Darwinian competition
Living unto nothing
The victors reject them
And feast on their own forefathers
Who shall forever be slaves

Their greed to be king
Of their fief
Was their end
They bred the death
The Serpent that killed them

20. The Eschatology Poem (Written November 14th-16th 2016)

November Fourth
Nineteen Sixty-Six
She died

I saw her

She died

Such a bittersweet moment

In the continent

The continent's glory

The whores and the greats

Every romantic line

That was ultimately a lie

They offered me wine

I don't drink

I use every neuron to think

This is the end

It's not coming back

Save the pictures in your memory

They're not coming back

The gays

The plays

The days

Of Hays

The code that forbade love

But what fun is love if it is not forbidden

If the liberals win

There is no sin

That being human

As we knew it

In their luddite haze

They joined her fate

I ran away

Dazed and confused

Amazed
In wait
For what would be new
Watching as the nuclear rockets flew
To purge the Earth
As they always do

21. Afternoon Sidewalk Rescue (August 16th -17th 2018)

A worm squirming
Dying in the sun
Stupidly trying to cross a sidewalk
I walked by it to save it
It violently resisted
Yearning to be free
Unwitting of what that means

Struggling
Contorting its body
Trying to stay on the concrete
Failing but fighting valiantly
As I pin the creature to my palm
Cover it with my other hand
Until it's calm

Why does the worm fight me?
Why does it not like me?
I saved it and hydrated it from a stream
And placed it in mud when I was done
Out of love and affection
For that little one
Huh?

Ungrateful, it may be

At least, it's happy and free
Alive because of me
Much smarter than it could ever hope to be
For which reason it will never know
Why it still breathes and eats
I mean, it would have dried of its own accord

The unwise
May not surmise the plan of God
They might not like it
In the end,
They will find
They're alive
Unlike if they hadn't been taken
And remained

22. The Poor Escort (July 11th 2017)

She was limp
Dull and willing
Christian by culture and belief
But God is distant
In the deep factory

Acid queen of the dukes of the cathedrals of steel
No light reaches the lowest crevices of the jungle
A Dickensian playground of eternal children
Comfortable in their oppressed neverland

She knows little of the outside
Only the contours of the dorms and machines
My factory girl, my friend
I tried to rescue her
Fleetinglly

I saw her as the classic stripper silhouette
An eclipse against the orange light of the fires of Plato's Cave
I cried while the prisoners cheered
This is not humanity
This is not poetry
It is an insult to sex

She is a slave
But she will never leave
For to be free is to leave neverland
She fears the light
She likes the safety of the womb
A dark and airless tomb
She is doomed

23. Tasting Starlight (March 4th, 2020)

In the wasteland of sand
Beneath the grand monument
To human might
Where he was poisoned into the eternal night
Where a thousand suns
Proclaimed their light
And not one was right
As Babel rose and fell
Arose Hell
That night
As his mistress shot into the sky with lightning and thunder
The ring!
His king!
And then, like Jericho, she was on the ground
He paid the price for his drug
He got high and now he can't get up
He will die where he got high

The end is nigh

The end is nigh

24. The Alienation of a Nazi (Globalization and the Individual) (March 5th, 2020)

Alone

In a Rome

With no home

And nowhere to go

The world is one

The polis is gone

The Aristotelian town

Is now dilute and a ghost

The little mouse

Was a mighty household

In a town

That is now a suburb

The mouse has lost to Moksha

He is one in a blob

And wants to get out

To be wanted and stout

He has gone mad with lust

The devil tempts his tongue

He is weak and doth succumb

For the promise of love

25. Creepy Love Poem (March 11, 2020)

The perineal fear

Of women

Of all except the hot

A fear of time lost

Let me not be dissuaded

I may be hated

I'll make it

And make thee uncomfortable

Thy fairness is beyond compare

Thy eyes and thy hair

Is light so sweet I glare

Stay there

So rare

Is thy photonic ooze

That flows over me

And suffocates my air

I swear my undying love

I am aware you hate my guts

For I have dared defied my class

Alas, I don't care

Gorgeous

Regina George

Siren of the forlorn

Storied goddess of lore

Whom dresses like a princess

With the morals of warfare

It is a brilliance of the devil

He made you so fair

Every day
Is the last
The streets are silent
And the sky is green
As of the eve of a storm

Dusty is the scene
Clean and obscene
Violent and abandoned
On the eve
Of something

Yet, something never cometh
The chaos and looting
The fear and shooting is here
The riots and hiding is here
Yet, no storm is near

The world is ending
It, though, never ends
We are at peace with war
It is loud in pantomime and silent in sound
We're going down and there is no opponent

It is profound
It is nothing and everything
I am lost and found
There is calmness around
And every second is a machine gun round

It feels like pretend
Like a story's ending
Yet, there is no climax and no conclusion
There is no solution

No tragedy or happy ending, just fading away

27. The Gerontocracy (July 15th 2018)*

The gerontocracy
To be forever young
To be beholden
To the olden
And never ever
Let your youth die

High school forever
Never grow
Never leave
Never see maturity
Never forgive, give, or belittle
Your clique's governance, hatreds, and fads

Never grow up
You're not supposed to grow up
The media screams
Scorn adulthood
Except for the "adult"
Grudges from fifteen last until fifty

Don't you see?
This doesn't work
This is a curse
Not a way to stay young
It's just dumb
Just run

And let it die behind you
When it tries to remind you

Ignore it and press forward
Like you're running from Gomorra
And don't look back
Don't
Don't
Don't

*It's called the gerontocracy because ancient politics rule. The politics of yesteryear. Akin to *The Cranberries* "Zombie". The gerontocracy is the metaphorical zombie of immature politics that time never heals.

13. Hallway Urchin Life (December 23rd-24th 2017)

In the crevices and pathways
Hiding like resistance
The lumpen of the school
Fight the rest of society

The awkward and the poor
In the school every day is a war
Every day is the Somme
The hallways are filled with craters of bombs

Which we climb like children
Hiding from the vigilante mobs
Running like we're free
In the freedom of the bottom

Run and hide
But we are unarmed
We are martyred often
We are cheap to beat
We don't tattle and there is no price

Alone

In solidarity
Life like Thoreau in the street
Authority has never been our friend
Our friends are death and aether

We possess little
Save for ourselves
We are defiantly us
We are gypsies, we are rebels, we are punk
We are nothing
Or just above it

Endless warfare for us
There is no love
There is no kindness or mercy
You see above
Only brutality and austerity
Only blackness and death

12. The Autistic Resistance (written November 22nd 2016 with a modification later)

The Autistic Resistance
The love and fraternity
And sorority of love
Some together
And some not
Resisting for themselves
Resisting for each other

We are disobedience
Our life is a sin
So we have been told
Some will never be old
Some will never be young

A few will win
More than most
Because of their head's weirdness
Others will crash
Others still will subsist in the jungle
Of course, some will become normal
Traitors who feign

We are diverse
We are the same
We are insane
We are insane

33. The Poem of July 1st 1916 (January 2nd 2019)

Eternal day
The light of the cosmos shines upon thy breast
Death
The breath of millions
Gasp at thy mighty brawn
Drawn to a halt and turned to salt

Great learning of the truth
Of the stuff of youth
Fulfilled or wasted
Upon seeing the depth of that scene
Of the eternal and obscene

Turning men to sin or to virtue
The feebleness of humanity
On the cusp of insanity
To resist or give in

To you, my fair villainess

Take your prize, maiden
Mine eyes hath drunk thee
Thou art fine and daft
You and I laugh
For this day will pass
And you take them and not me

Lass, I leave you to lie
To sink in that sea
Thy hearth and home
To feast on thy own
While I roam
Alone
Alive
I survived thee

34. The Fields of Gas (July 15th 2017, with a tweak later)

They were alien
Insect-like creatures
In a poisonous atmosphere
In a labyrinthine jungle of dirt and ash

Many who descended into the jungle didn't emerge human
Some emerged with commotion, others lame, dumb, or ugly
One could not see many feet in front
What one did see was terrifying

I was barely human
I was disfigured and babbling
But saner than most of my compatriots
Desperate to prevent the monsters from crossing the strip

I summoned my reserves of health
And clutched the Maxim Gun in front of a hill of its former pilots

I could not see well through the gas
Only vague figures who I shot at
They weren't human
There was no idea of humanity
Just life and death like a game

Whenever I thought I would die
I would not
After years
There weren't many on the lines who still had their minds
I had mine

They were not human
They were zombies
Creepy and mad
In the grand wasteland of ash

Across the strip they were equally inhuman
With their brainwashed infantry
Of strange beliefs
Dark beliefs

Like Thermopile
Behind my single Maxim Gun
I rode the recoil like sex
And sent as many as I could to hell
As their quantity grew

The sky darkened
The black Valkyries flew like bats over my position
The light was doused in the land
Fascism and BDSM

I reloaded my gun and let out one last yell

Against the minions of hell

Alone with no competent men to defend my outpost

I deserted to save my life or humanity

Bleeding and exhausted, I saw the Nazis take Washington

Hyperventilating and amazed

Confused and dazed

This will be a story to rock the ages

35. Angel of the Flesh (December 17th – 18th 2017)

Mount Meru is Mount Denali

All Maya is nothing

And Elsa, you know

But, dear, I am Ishtar

I am life

Take my hand

Take the poison of your soul

For I assure you it is healthier than Nirvana

I love you

Because love necessitates existence

Which is pain

And is love worth pain?

Baby, just say yes

Unless, there is no happiness outside of death

But we could be happy outside of death

For there is happiness in sadness

Buddhists don't understand that

Pragma endures under duress

It isn't fleeting but is lasting

Based in spirit and is indefinite

That is love

That is a happy ending

That is survival and life

That is Earthly paganism for Buddhists

And is Christianity

So, come down with me to the land of the Tellytubby sun

And let's live happily ever after

36. The Clown Piper (April 16th 2020, edited later)

The clown

Doth rouse

The mouse

So small

The house is grand and tall

The mouse gawks

As it walks through it all

The mighty pillars of man

Sad and mad

It takes a stand

Against the hubris of human man

But it can't

Were sand rocks

And tears streams of the microcosmos where they were kings

The nematodes, rotifers, tardigrades, and their ilk would scream in fear

At the then relatively massive mice but they're not

Sand is sand

The mice stand above nothing worth bragging about

They have nothing of dignity
They want to burn it down so they shan't feel small

They scream to the sky
They want to die
In their weakness
A fair Agean siren appears in their eyes

Their sorrow has made them King Lear
So unimportant do they feel
That at the mighty stars of fate, they jeer
They listen to the piper who poisons their ears

“Tear it down”
The mouslings sing
Be proud and loud and let freedom ring
A cloud of dust rises from the ground

The clown tore down the house
That protected the mouse
But made it feel small
Now the cats will feed but the mice will feel tall

37. Undeath at Molasses Creek (Written November 22nd 2016)

On a bittersweet day
In 2010
When the borders of the realm were
Unknown to the men
Or their harem of nymphs
The rubble of the war had never been cleared
It was a land of pretend
The gangs of the jungleland leech on the rocks here
God is unquestioned

Just quietly ignored

In Gomorra

The spartina cuts

My ankles and feet

Wading through the creek-side beach

To the psilocybin garden

Over the graves

Of the helpless freedmen

Who never saw freedom

God feels near

But his love is weak

I try to see

His Grace here

In ten years, it will be gentrified

And the children will scarcely remember

Those months from May to September

Of that Summer we spent here

In 2010

38. Martyr of a Truth-Teller (April 16th, 2020)

She read and read

And then became dead

In the head

And then the rest

Sandmen from the sky

Staged a coup and now own you

The world was well and went awry

But they haven't blinded you

The gurus online

Spin their lines of the truth

Somehow, for now, it's a limited hangout

The they could silence it at any time

A virus came to her virgin soil

Royalty of a kingdom of death

Invaded to take her breath

Her perfect health

The elders of the reptilians

Could not stand the resistance

They killed this women

For she was wise to their lies

It wasn't Rubella

That's what they want you to think

She was a truth-teller guilty of crime-think

She died free

38. The Line (April 16th 2020)

A fine day

In fair Caroline

To be rich and white

To be the right kind of guy

Above the lowly

The star of the show

The bully

And the night-time warrior

Before thee

Is the prize

The high

The line

Inspiration
Perspiration
Elation
Temporary vacation

A god among men
A god among women
In the sky
And then descend

Raise a glass
To the king
Of the city
My friends

Charleston's finest son
Bow before the sun
It will rise and set
But the demise is not here, yet

39. Romantic of Progress (April 16th, 2020)

Prophet of hope
Angel who cuts the rope
Of our dark fantasies
Of suicide

The philosopher of ideas
Of growing higher
Of becoming lighter
From whom I beg consolation

Hegel
My friend like whisky

In the blackness
My shot of numbness

Progress
Progress
Tell me thou art well
That thy rattles are but flutters and thou shalt wake upon the bell

I weep and plead
Be asleep and arouse
Lead me out like your child
Who fears the beasts of the wild

Thy face so fair
Thy hair
Thy skin
My forlorn heart is broken so please wake again

40. Liberalism's Genetic Death (April 17th, 2020)

Feeble people
Beneath the steeple
Of a grand Cathedral
Of creation

Built for them by idealists
Jerusalem dreamt by an Icarus
If they could forswear their sins
And live

Eden is an eternal tale
Of Babel building and human failing
The perineal tragedy
Of humanity's folly

They lust for kin
And their friends
And forget
Their commandments

Evolution
Made them
Love their own
And hate

Liberalism fell
As if humans could be friends
Its fiery end borne of sin
Was set fate

41. The Xenophobes Turned Refugees (April 17th, 2020)

In Calais and on the waves
The right and the right
Fight for their lives
To deny the other their kindness

If either were home
They would kill and rage
Against the end of the age of greatness
When their folks were great

The end of days
Of the west and the east
Apocalyptic dreams play out in the streets
Of the weak creeping around

The machine gun rounds
Hound the ears

And pound the shacks
And make the strongest men run back

On their principles
They run to see themselves
And find they aren't welcome
At the line to their hopeful abode

Alone and near the Somme
There's nowhere to go
They have reaped what their heart had sewn
Forever shall they moan

Forever
Forever
Forever
They've repaid their loan

42. Charleston Party Parable (April 17th, 2020)

Hazy daze
Days of cray
She lays on a boat
Sinking in slime

Time passes away
Memories fade and the world is wavy
She drinks herself to sleep
And is carried into the deep

The poison so sweet
This beauty of the Charleston scene
Ever weenie
Tiny in the city

The jungle deep
Creeps around her
Slowly but surely
She ekes through the swarthy

One with Moksha
Eternal and the universe
She is a girl
She is an amorphous thing

Fairies sing
Chimes ring
In the land of play and pretty
The dissolution of her identity

Awake, fair maid
Hither to me
Save thyself and be free
Or not and be nothing

43. The Rusalka Troll (Vampire Siren of the Internet) (April 17th, 2020)

Unseen
He is sneaky
Everywhere
The bear

His lair
Is in the air
And he is thy friend
And takes thee in

He agrees with thee
And gives thee drink
He has no soul and doesn't think

He is a troll

He wants your soul

To feast

He reads you and then he feeds you

He knows thy inner holes

He rolls anywhere and anytime

He lies about his name

He is thy bane and the cure to thy pain

The serpentine seductress of the airwaves

When he is done

He has won

He takes thee

And drinks thee

And you thought the devil was mean

He just tries to get you to be

He's sweet as can be

Can't you see?

You liked him

You tried him

He's heroin, now

Dare try to leave

44. The Egyptian Thrill (The Great Disillusionment of Political Youth) (April 18th, 2020)

In the square

Standing in loud prayer

Proud children innocent care

Citizens fair

Grand moment
Nothing can steal it, seemingly
A kiss of intensity
And the thrill of millions

The brilliant march
The young idealists' throbbing hearts
This is where universal love starts
And the fascists cannot halt our love

Above
Running
High and thundering
The drums of the angelic cavalry is coming

Here and there
Lurking around the ground
Is a little sound
Of the curse perineal

Of the real
That will steal
The breath from the blessed
And put to rest the spirits of the best

Hope rises and dies
Every time
Noble humans forget they are but feeble
They crash and cry and their spirits lie in silence

Benign arrogance
The belief they can defy this trend
Only to find in the end
They are not the exception

Again and again
Like sinners who crash
The dreams of the angels, too,
Turn to ash

Martyred at the lash
Defiant to their last
They gasp
And grasp the sad fact

There is no going back
There is no revolution, alas
The world is the world and that will not be surpassed
And there is no end to the past

My fair lass
My fair lass
My fair lass
Sweet grace, alas

45. Mercilessness and Mercy (Written on November 29th 2016)

Angels and hawks
Meet at the talks
The world rests her fate
In these feeble men and women

Some come to love
Some come to hate
Some come to gain
To see what they can take

Tied to the stake
Gaia waits

While the church fights
Wrong, indifferent, and right
Many are going to die tonight

Maybe less, maybe more
May be debt
Or maybe war
Supplied with ample whores

And glut
And gore
For what?
Once more?

46. Embellished Astronomy (April 18th, 2020)

An exoplanet discovered
In a dark tomb
Of a far school
By a dead student

Desperate to escape
Praying to make it
Spying a fantasy
Of a break

His death came yesterday
He is between his old and new awake
The day has been long
He is sane

Yet, the pain is insane
One day, he'll get away
He'll reawaken

And shake this fate

Seeing the screen
He dreams of the dot
And imagines he's there
Happily married to someone hot

On a lot
Farming microbes
For rich bioengineers
Living honestly and Godly living lives of pioneers

Like Lot, he'll run
To that far sun and one day it will be true
He'll defeat the demons of the dark
And make it past the moon

47. Egress of the Innocent: The Alternative Fall of Voluntary Emigration (Dec. 24th 2017)

Uncorrupted
Elected to exile
Beyond the garden
To see the weirdness

Slowly falling
Every inch is a poison
Creeping into the paradigm of lifelessness
Amazing magic nouns and verbs
Occur along this journey

They see an eternity
Of which, there are many
And they see life and death
It is a singularity

All is existence becomes mere

A universe
Within a multiverse
It is awing
And makes one wise
It is existentialist

Nothingness
Maya
What is the difference?
Nothing to one
And it is infinite
It is ultimate

Seeing it is seeing everything
It is amazing
It feels awake
And exciting
Truth
It is here
Do
Become it
Above it
And one with it

48. Game Theory Soul (April 19th 2020)

Men and women
Within sinning, losing, and winning
In Yemen
Their memories before the game are precious
The game of the forever war of the insane

Every day is the same

Competition and counting one's worth

There is no truce, it's win or lose

Clutching a gun and when one's won

There is another one to do

Ayn Rand-like thinking

Humanity sinking

Into the chasm of the depth

It's almost dead

The soul has been bled dry

The want not to die

The fight for life and against life

When are the same is a game that drains the mind

Conditioned by the paradigm of war

To only know gore and survival and with no hope of revival

Sore

Bored

Yours

Forevermore

Warlord

49. The Throne of God (April 21st, 2020)

The days of heat

In the mud of the creek

The males seek and reek

Their things of gore

They play a war for all to see

They mirror humanity

So that we may see what God sees

When we seethe with death

And abuse our breath

In horror we may gaze upon

The febleness of us in them
The fiddler crabs battling for sex
From a dock that represents Heaven

50. The Administrator (April 21st 2020)

Makeup flaking
An authority bureaucrat
At the edge of her seat
Riots are in the streets

She is a robot
She's not hot
She's lacks thought
She can't think

Rodney King's defenders are afoot
And she's confused and uncool
She speaks to them like she's the vice principal of a school
And they scream and burn things

Inhuman thing
Has never seen the poor or their war
And makes everything more horrible
Everything she does makes it burn ever more

She gasps
She is aghast
She doesn't understand they're suffering
Or their suffering

She doesn't know they are her own children
They are something afar as far as she knows
Professionally she tries to read the script
But they are not listening

They're coming for the door
They want a war
She's not the king of this
Just a henchman

Yet, she is the overseer
And they're coming for their freedom
She's seething with fear
And she is King Lear

51. The Bunker at Versailles (April 21st, 2020)

Drinking heavily
Watching the horde
Eyes cracked and wide
Acid on the inside

The door is calm and the air is still
The sense is crawling on her skin
The air is vibrating subtly
Ever more shaking

Breath after breath
Counting every one
Every second is closer to death
The death of one's known

If there is an after it is after a disaster
After they blast her throne
And she's alone and homeless
In a slum apartment

Calmness, now

In the hour last
Gentle and with no sound
Every thought feels profound

There is nobody around
When she dies no one will hear a sound
And when she rises she will be another noun
One with no crown and one that lays on the ground

For now, she waits
She hates it
She holds it dearly
In this state of peace and fear

52. Hypatia's Last Stand (April 21st, 2020)

Two janitors
A Panther and a Nazi
Were across the aisle from me
On a Greyhound bound for Charlotte
On a highway through the forgotten
In May 2018

Talking conspiracies
And theories
They called me elite
For my PoliSci degree
Had brainwashed me
And made me believe lies

I was horrified
The plebs were woke
To my Illuminati conditioning
I reported to my dark lord on the phone
When I was listening to them

I work for CONINTELPRO

No, I was horrified because it was broke
And it couldn't be saved
My words were powerless against the insanity
Something went wrong and it all was depraved
It used to be they had Jesus and now they have Reptilians
And only the hippies did this

I thought to Plato's Cave
The chains are there but the light is not
Yet, they know feebly of the outside
They believe in Foucault-y Marx and I believe in God
Somebody told them the noble lie
And didn't show them the sky

53. Hegelian Eschatology (April 21st, 2020)

The virus
The apocalypse
The dying and the end
And the rising again

Like a wildfire
The land becomes fertile
And trees arise into the sky again
Every one a virgin

From nothing always rising a thing
A king
Shiva unto Brahma
And Jesus on resurrection

This ends with a kiss

A happy ending
And a kingdom
Built upon the ruins

Someone wins this
Kills and conquers
And walks to the top
Of the debris

Who is glorious
In the anarchy
And becomes born again
And shall forever be again

The birth of a new eternity
A paradigm of a new everything
Long live the baby king
The happy ending forever. Amen

54. Lady Justice of the Apocalypse (As She Ponders at Chicxulub) (April 22nd, 2020)

The lady, me, looked at the horizon
An angel descending and a demon breathing

It was unclear
Sweet justice and destruction
Death and resurrection

Forever
Forever would it alter
It was the wafer at the altar
The stuff of always and forever
Consumed by earth

From which is birthed
The afterlife

The greats will fall
The mice will rise
And become the new masters of the world

On the other side of this
Is the kiss between the characters
Of a happy ending
The light burns brightly coming down
That will burn everything except the small but strong

I will serenade it with a song
I cannot stay long
I must be on
And let it do
Adieu

55. Southern Hypocrisy Poem (April 22nd, 2020)

Words mean things
Sometimes
And they mean other things other times
This is known to be true
All the time
Through and through

So, a woman adorned a lie
Donned a habit and a switch
And told the children she was righteous
When she was an unholy bitch
They were all sinners
And she was the means by which

God
Yes, God spoke
She was David Koresh and with power and command

She established her throne and conquered the land
She was a sinner without equal at God's right hand
She had ten kilos of coke and twenty of porn but authority was ordained

By God
Through money
And domination
All the nations kiss his ass
He only loves the upper-class
Brandish it like him and that's gansta Jesus

God rewards the strong
And condemns the weak
He supports the best materially
Hypocrisy is strength
Spartans only cared if you got caught
That is the way of God

Honesty is weakness
So is meekness
Expecting differently of others is sign of power
Which God has infinitely
To be godlike is to be Christlike
God loves hypocrisy

56. The Poetry Poem (Postmodernism and Art) (April 25th, 2020)

Far into the depths
The stars smile nor frown
And Fortuna in her gown
Is not sought or bribed

Has she died?
At the hands of Fukuyama's promised land?

Is there yet nothing fair and only yet hot

I pray not!

Hey, this is a blot

On my heart

Reigns of glory

Of story and of art

Poetry

Poetry

Hath succumb to real reality

Which isn't really real

Reality is insanity

Without truth and without depth

Zombies are bodies without souls

The end of the inner is a living death

Dada and nada

Rawls and Derrida

They killed the soul

The Aristotle and the Rock & Roll

For which I live

That gives kisses power

And makes hours long like an acid trip

The bittersweet poison I'm desperate to sip

Nothingness

Is the horror of war

Including what those zombies crawl to fight

Thick love and her siblings written like this are the only life and spark of light

There was a Christian School
The flaws of the socially poor and awkward
The sins of the socially well
The virgins and the heroes
Of Grace and hell

The minister endlessly lauded the lives of the vandals and gluttons
And chuckled at their vices
In the dark hallways, the virgins bled onto paper
The minister took his paddle and made them bleed more
In an unspoken of war

Falwell anointing Trump
And damning the weak
Every week
Alexander the Sixth was Pope
And the Medici ran the school
There was no hope if you weren't cool

Take a rope
And grab a stool
At seventeen
Asked the adults for mercy
They said you were a welfare queen
And the popular kids agreed

But now you're freed
From the fear and greed
Of the Southern Gothic Jungleland
The angels will take you by the hand
Beyond unfair fair Gaza City
Is the Promised Land

58. The Tomb & The Cave (Written November 2016)

She knelt down and cried
Where her brother died
To whom she was a bride
There, she sang at his bedside

The poppy fields are bittersweet
She said
One day, boy,
We're bound to meet
We'll hug again, at last
In the Kingdom without sin
And then the past will be the past
The day that I meet you again

There only can we last,
No hatred
No class
No guns
No fight
No unending night
Just the light of the sun

I'll repent before my father
When I cross Jordan's water
Glory songs,
I will sing
I will sing
To my King

When Charon's ferry disembarks
When the light shall quell my dark
When I forswear my sinful lusts

When my dear flesh turns to dust

As it must

When all the medals of my life

Turn to rust

To be tested

To be rested

To attest to the best

Of my love

59. Sweet Discourses of Woes (April 26th, 2020)

Blood

My blood

Sigh do I

Lie I cannot

Lying below me

Is a time and a paradigm

Unknown to me

A mind I cannot fathom

Synapses fired desires and aspirations

I have never had and never will

He fought a war for them

For sin morbid he killed

He marched at fourteen at Chattanooga

With an Enfield and no pubes

For the cause of his estate and in the name of a third of the state of Kentucky

The bad third that joined the Confederacy

Here stands me, veteran of Black Lives Matter

And Bernie Sanders

Over him, a member of his religion, and someone alien to everything about him

I forgive him but that barely matters

But I raise a glass

To his sorry ass

I crack a smile and I look at the epitaph

And I laugh

Through time

Every crime

Becomes a punchline

Those of my own have, at last

60. Ode to Queen Bees (April 26th, 2020)

The mighty pyramid

The mound proudly towering

Fear of the grass and the sand

The tardigrades cower at its height

A universe conquered

By an army of ants

Trillions of citizens who prowl

The banshees howl every day

From the creek to the playground

Everyone knows who is king and queen

Mites of all kinds sing her praises

Her days are never known to end

Like Montezuma

She is ignorant of the yet mightier ants

Who wear skirts and pants

In a paradigm above

An apocalypse could fall anytime
Yet, in the minds of the empire
Everything is fine
So long as the mites are crying

The lightning strikes
The fire rises
The pounding of the hearts
And the bright light

The pounding of the forge
The Queen Regina George
The overlord
The roar

Hubris is an illusion
One moment you're Montezuma
And you've never seen a gun
And you believe you are the son of the sun

Then comes something
Horrid and gargantuan
The tributes you submitted with fear join him
And poetic justice has won, my dear, and your godhood is done

61. Psychosomatic Verdun (True Crime Obsession) (April 26th, 2020)

Lurking
Stalking
Preying
Everywhere

She watched The Bundy Tapes and became infatuated with the grimy crimes
This is a land of savage apes and she eats everything she can

Safety is ever less and she has to save herself
Chaffing in everlasting distress searching for more fear to learn

An addiction

She loves the heroin

That heroin makes her feel warm and safe

But the hangovers are painful

The rounds come over the top

Nothing will make it stop

The darling Kaiser sends the barrage

And the boogiemans are so large

When she sleeps

When she does anything

Creeps creep

With guns and knives

Her life is grief

She's going to make this brief

She committed suicide because she couldn't take it anymore

The unending war

Her fear for life

Took that life

Obsessed with death

Death won

62. Nascent Undeath (April 28th, 2020)

Gentle fairy

So fair

Leads me from despair

And kisses me through the air

Land vast
Deep, too
Creeping sweetly
Through and through

Dark realm of refined villainy and where light too gently be
Nothing to fear if you're me
The lark sings brightly
Simultaneously, while the nightingale whispers sweetly

The blue of day and the orange of night
Converge to become the realm to come
Trees tower and mansions litter
Wispy warm of eternal undeath

The temptress
The fairy
Brings me to her lair
She kisses my lips and caresses my hair

The magic, satin, and fantastical there
That I have come to make my here
Peace and war coexist here
Poisonous fairness of the eternal cheerleader

The death of fear
The death of fear
The death of fear
The death of fear

63. The File (April 28th, 2020)

Read
Hands shaking before the land
The words eternal and intense

The world learns of the sins

One by one
Like the rounds of a gun
Demons are slain and their deeds become
Exposed, known, and shown

Jaws drop
Hearts stop
Their religion is rocked
It is a lot

Apoptosis of the skin
That dies
The files on the inside
Have their veil eroded

The grossness and near fiction
Of the diction that is heard
Is absurd
This really happened

Yes, it did
The paradigm shifts
Grace overcomes the crowd
Angels sing loud

The smoke clears from the machine gun rounds
The corpses of the slain are on the ground
Whom the weakest of children may walk around
They are almost nothing now

The demons' lifeless corpses
Are curiosities
For all to see

What used to be obscene

A new world has begun
With the cessation of that gun
Justice has won
What haunted us is done

64. Baby New World (December 26th, 2018)

Above Kiev
An Angel flew
Disguised as a neutrino
Circling unnoticed
Through bellies and babies

The dogs of war were loose
Innocence was in her noose
And the acid queen of seeing was born anew
The law was dead
And people were peeing in the street

Through snow and sleet
Hurled by the mighty Black Sea
The folk saw everything
They saw the eternal and profound
Forgotten at the end of history
The survivors of the hypothermia lost their virginity

The time of great maybes
Was a baby again, destined to grow
The glory of story was their natural state
It was their home
With God and fairies and sex
The celibacy of modernity was dead

Certainty was led to her execution chamber
And doubt gave way to faith
In the streets of Kiev
Men were made saints and greats and women fair maids
The time of late is the time of hate and love
As we are watched upon by our neutrino above
Fair daughter of the God of love
Who wrought our souls and watches us play
Happy night and happy day

65. Staring at Los Alamos (April 28th, 2020)

Eyes wide
Head tilted down
Breathing slowly to the sound
Of a thousand suns

What have I created?
What have I done?
Rising above the land
The power of almighty man

The sand erupts as the earth bows before me
Suddenly I am king of the dirt
Seething poison infests me
It gets me high and also hurts

The desert is the plate
On which I eat whatever it is
She is the mistress with whom I share an eternal kiss
This is it, I'm it

I have deep awareness and profound ignorance
I am curious but I can scarcely know

Scared, I look above to the sky
To see the falling poison snow

I pray God lets me know what to do
This kingship is not my friend
I carry it in my palms with qualms
And dearly want it to end

Others dream of this heroin
Others hate and fear its addiction
I am the latter and my heart beats faster
But I cannot end this

It is my creation
My salvation and my damnation
It is my baby and my murderer
It is my student and my teacher

It is a fire
It is profound
It is my trial to see this through
To keep my soul alive and true

66. Yugoslavian Hate Orgy (The Efficacy of Fear Against Hatred) (April 28th, 2020)

Bubbling Below
Tito
A volcano
Was waiting to blow

He wrestled the cork
At the muzzle
As it rumbled
He ignored its disturbing truth

Arrogantly he saw himself stronger than the human soul
Through the gun and the camp
He steamrolled any deviance
Through the strength of his hands

Fear against hate
In love he lacked faith
“How could Grace defeat death?”
He muttered on his breath

The jackals were waiting
They had not been abated
They were afraid but not in Grace
Then the flood gates were breaking

The feeble flesh had fallen limp
Of the strongest of men of all Yugoslavians
His lesser men couldn't stop it
The walls caved in

Walls of norepinephrine
The children had never known love
They were animals who only knew death
And their hearts were sewn with dread

And death became them
Their souls maimed
The hate erupted again unphased
The devil never defeats his own when he reigns

67. The Europa Mermaid (April 29th, 2020)

Fairly and merrily
Being lazily carried
By the gentle giant

The planet

Tumbling through the water
A little daughter
In all her awesome power
Garbed in flowers and a white dress

She's never seen the sun
Her world is beneath the crust
Everything she has known
Her home and everywhere she can roam

The full range of emotions
Happy, sad, and everything in between
She has perceived within the sea and nothing more
Is it Plato's Cave, is it less, or is it more?

A universe without light
Except within the mind
And there is an eternity
Of infinite learning

When she emerges
She will learn even more
Forged by sea and the ceiling of ice
She sees what humans see but infinitely more

Introspection and pondering
Aimless wondering
Makes one wiser and kinder and a lot less boring
Like the mermaid in this poem on Europa

Like Thoreau alone
One becomes a light shone outward
By being one's own

In a whole world of one's own

68. Princess Fantasy (April 30th, 2020)

In a pink satin dress

My princess

Descends

To the end

To pretend

Elegance and pretension

Death

Death

Light

Light

Day and night

Happy and sad

The first and the last

The fantasy future, present, and past

Fated to marry me

Soothing and scary

Oozing with sparkle

And the fairest of them all

A paradigm of timelessness

Make-believe is true

If you're crazy and rich

All dreams can come true

Without inhibition

A fairy-tale without pain

It's okay to be insane

Let pretty reign

And may the world be gentle and sweet

Forever

Forever

Forever

69. Plato's Cave Poem (May 1st, 2020)

Deep within the cave

Major things cannot be seen

Nothing is gleaned

Things are things because of because

Lust and might

Conquer love and light

The meek lose their fight

And are too weak to stay alive

The swirling whims

Of girls and boys

And the pleasures lower than joy

Are the toys

Their religion is of conditioning

Not of love in their soul

Not surmised from philosophy

Not the Angels' Rock & Roll

It is learned and recited

And it may bet them excited

But it is taught words, not God's words

It is neural, not holy

Having never doubted

Having never thought beyond their abode

The sins of old are kept

They are death

Too feeble to conquer their demons
They are people with steeples that are ghosts

With no spark of life
And no sight

Blind
To their own minds
So they have no control
They will not be saved

In Plato's Cave
In Plato's Cave
In Plato's Cave
In Plato's Cave

70. A Girl Alone at Night (Junk Gory Click-Bait) (May 2nd, 2020)

Above the corpse
Of course,
Are hordes of flies
Eyes of the addicted

Unable to resist
They insist and persist like addicts
The oozing of the gore like the reporting from a war
Is their lord

For bleeding leads
They'll drop to their knees
To please the reaper of death
Deeper into the soulless abyss

Drinking poison sourly sweet
They become the things of horror
They eat from the tears and stolen years of the weak
To feed their ghastly pallets

Drifting into a nightmarish sleep
Where all they do is dream
A zombie subsisting on the screams of lifelessness
A hungry ghost without the spark of life

The light of life dims
The Victorian Gothic hymns of blackness
Drag them into exactly what they drink and eat
They become the husk of nothing from which the trees of mortality reap

The endless lust for blood
Leads to its lacking
It is a Vampire waiting for a snacking
On the other side of the screen

The obscene turns one obscene
Until one is no longer a being of full
But is a being of empty
Be wary and be light

Keep your eyes on love
For that is life
Not on none
Which is the way to die

71. The Piper of Los Alamos (Theme of a Bad-Boy Fetish) (May 3rd, 2020)

Blue music
From the runes of the labyrinth
The Sith within on his lyre

A classic creepy liar

A fire of pink and sweet and azure

The lure

Of the Ubermench

Whom you could be with so come forth

Look into his gaze

Become entranced at the end of days

Ladies and their babes be amazed

For the great hooray for the hero of the day

Raise a glass

To his brass

His confidence and common sense

His scent of power and rape

He is the definition of safe

Not the weak or the nerd

Not the God of meekness

But the god of earth

Blood, iron, and the monsters of Hell

Are the only sure ways to protect the Vestal belles

So date and elect and worship mighty brawn

The midnight sun that makes night-time into dawn

The hallow bullet of assurance

Into the barrel of eternity

To broadcast horror and terror

For all the world to see

Girls choose abusers because warriors feel safe

Yet, their fears reduce them to blood and wounds

Place faith in light and choose the sweeter

If not, your body you may keep but your soul you will lose

72. Synecdoche of War (May 3rd, 2020)

Youthful Houthis
And their enemies
Both stand
Pawns of “the man”

Animated faces curse and worse
Toward the sons of mothers
Their brothers they put in a hearse
On the orders of the Saudis or Iran

A synecdoche of humanity
Of the poor raging in war toward one another
For sides that don't send their sons to die
And deputize yet poorer men far away to be the henchmen for their sins

In Yemen,
With little water
The women, sons, and daughters dry and lie lifeless
Because of the disputed rights of the highest

A land of sand with callouses and want in their hands
With hunger and an ever younger life expectancy
With no plans to arise, bags in their eyes, and no way to climb
Out of the timeline where it is true

Despite that
The sociopathic lie and recruit
The poorest of the poor to shoot other poor
For the distant and far away's game of war

Two superpowers

Alike in dignity
Could fight directly but don't
Like in all of time the highest don't go

They kill the extras
Whom nobody cares for
Like Aktion T4
Like in all wars

73. Neurophobia (Media Fantasies of a World Without Us) (May 4th, 2020)

Neuroperfection
There is no detection of defection in our fantasies
On the screen is an Aryan world
Of merriness and fun
A Valhalla of light and sun

Cliques and intrigue
Mystique and sex
Without seeing the lowest and degenerates
A T4 of the eyes
The dreams of their demise

A world of no sacrifice
A lie we wish could be true
A soothing masturbation to a world that be not
For God hath given the world to sin
And cripples are the demons

Cast them
Anything
Nothing on TV or in film or anywhere
Keep them at bay
Far away

Make Gregor Samsa die
Please, we are trying to survive after a hard day
Have mercy on us and give them the showers
Or, if not, the next best thing
Let me see a world where that happened

74. The Forest is Burning (Armageddon begins December 17th, 2010) (May 5th, 2020)

Jumping and dancing
Tard happy
Laughs from the stands
Everyone understands
This is a small town's grand coliseum

The jocks walk through Elysium
Creeping behind is an enraged Jerusalem
They ignore Him and sing the hymns of the conquest of Gaul
Boiling beneath them is a lava of Plinian scale
Whistling through the cracks in the shale

In Mayberry
The merry hierarchy of Archie Bunker and the docile women
The hippies are few except the hippie Jew
Who will turn their Potemkin village into Yemen
Their sins are immense behind their veil of pretence

Simple lives and boyish sins
Jesus understands and doesn't condemn
He'd rather have them than the hippies of love
Or the comedians that burn their hypocrisy or expose their use of drugs
Our town of heritage, happiness, and traditionist chauvinism

The tards aren't happy, you motherfuckers!
The nerds don't see y'all as demigods
This town is going down

For the weak and the brown
Will light the streets on fire

This paradigm of frozen time
So sweet, I'm told
Because it feels old
Will be cold and blind and its survivors crying
When the rockets of hell begin to fly

The small town Southern Belle is beginning to die
Like a Vampire at the dawning light
Fighting for her life, she will slip into death
Whispering a pagan prayer to the Wiccan goddess Aradia on her last breath
And then she will die

Fair Tunisia
Now, alight
The slaves are beginning to fight
This may end tragically or not
But both sides will fight, survive one will not

75. The Holy Sling (The Order of the Clyde) (May 5th, 2020)

The Norse witch
E.L. James Bitch
Darling of *The Daily Stormer*
Her eyes on mine

My sword and her wand
My God and her pantheon
The Ubermench stands like the Colossus of Rhodes
She is fair as an angel yet looks like a roach

I uttered defiantly

“This island is, has been, and shall forever be free!”

She screeched harrowingly

I rammed her and she rammed me

Clutched in an eternal embrace

Blood on our bodies

Hours and hours of struggle

She was magic and I was just a muggle

Yet, miracles are stronger than spells

Like Grace is stronger than Hell

An honest good-boy cowboy against a yuppie sophisticate

This is it

This muggle knight

Fighting honestly

Turned back the night

And wrought daylight

Toward the end of the fighting

Her eyes became wide with fright

And confusion

And light broke through the sky

This Household of Hamilton

Her crest and her pride

Her faith and her light

Her mighty kindness and truth and eternal youth

The Viking queen fell

Cast into Hell

The bloody blade raised in triumph

Over the lying thing

Grace and grit

Bring it
Light and love and freedom
Will not cower, motherfucker!

We will stand
We will be the last
And fight until we win
And the last kingdom will bring sunlight again

76. Robert Moses' Promised Land (May 7th, 2020)

Welcome to the grand
American dreamland
Fiefdoms of manly man
Where the stout proudly stand

Invictus and space
A richer Levittown
Their bitches
Their crowns

In their realms of hegemony
In their court of the HOA
They keep everything pretty and they keep the poor away
The kings of America

Kings are lonely
Their yards are their cells
They scream for more love
Ah, they have birthed their own Hell

Their wish for loneliness
To keep to their own
To owe no debts of love to siblings
To have a fence and a big home

Their lust for having no one
To be patriarch or the occasional matriarch
Of the few below them and owing no affection to anyone
Ends them

Drives them insane
The sweet poison becomes seething pain
They become deranged
They rage

They erupt with terror
And wage the end of days
Through suicide and homicide
And, failing that, beg to the mage for a highway out

Their kingdoms of freedom
Are their cages of serfdom
They need a way to be free
Yet, vindictive and with no means to be they curse the innocent to misery

Nationalism is a community
A sense of unity without the sacrifices of love
That they seek despite the genocide it wreaks
Yet, it shan't feed them and they will ever be weaker

Vampires drying
Trying to find
Losing their minds
They lash out one last time and then they die

77. The Retardation of Man (May 13, 2020)

Warm acid

Placidly still
In a still
Waiting to be artillery

The dogs of war
And the hawks of hell
Scream like stereotypes in a horror film
Mentally, before the rain of tomorrow

Hollow souls
And hallow bullets
Are dumb monsters waiting to go over the top
The ladies of the sea shall reap and shop

Husks of humans
Slaves of the black eternal
Hungry ghosts with nothing maternal
Thump... Thump... Thump...

Seething and foaming
Hordes of garish warriors
Brows low and spears high
The show of a thousand suns lights the sky

A brilliant choreography
A master calligraphy
Until the Mandala of the scene is lost to history
Its deepest truth forever a mystery

The light of the fire
And the dimness of her minions
Is a contrast so vast
It defies understanding

The showmanship of death

Takes the breath away
Armies of the undead
Are the dancers in an immense ballet

Listening and seeing
It beneath one
Is scary and profound
One is lost and found

The retardation of man
The lobotomy of the soul
He drinks sex and drugs and has no quality rock & roll
His edge is dulled and his wit is cold

Yet, in mosaic I see the fable old
Of Babel and Abel and the stable
The players unable to see
He doesn't see

He goes over to the road to Bataan
The road of old
The road for the old
That has been foretold and where you are forever old

78. Lost Cause Poem (The Universal Archetype of Nostalgia) (May 13th, 2020)

The genocide of a fantasy
Is a crime
Yonder want for another time
Bittersweet chimes of when times were fine

Ever faded
Fate is yet starker
Of late, the world is darker
No longer sweet anymore

Glorious wars
When girls were not whores
Except when they were with men
And everyone bent to the Lord

Then the acid Calvinist Puritans
Burned the rum, sodomy, and the lash
The fair world of vice and feigned virtue
Was nothing but ash

Garibaldi took Rome
And the Vestals and the whores went home
And there was nothing to do but moan
For our wholesome, Southern, mores

Our Mayberry!
Our Tortuga!
Farewell, my friend!
You deserve to be avenged!

The fantasyland of pretend
The blended memories of a misremembered age
That modernity is taking away
The age of the greats

79. A Confederacy of Dunces (May 15th, 2020)

Begging for sips
On his knees
Pleading for mercy
Infantile and ever senile

The rille of bile

On the road of the green mile
Burning the sharp into a lobotomy
Dumb after deafening screams

Again and again
The whip breaks him
He seethes with tears
Over his lost years to fear

Mumbling and stumbling
Around the bright toys and stereotypical childhood joys
No longer the edgy boy he used to be
No longer vivacious and free
The overseers of society have made him bend
They have brought his shining innocence to its end
As they do with many eccentrics guilty of no sins
In the bosom of Denali at Stampede Trail

He never went to prison
Yet, he always went to jail
The rounds came over the top again and again
The hounds found him hiding and brought him in

Withered from the unending fight
He slipped into a goodbye
Unable to die
He got fried and zombified

Like the saints of ancient times
And the heroes of nursery rhymes
He will rise and open his eyes
When the truth crushed to earth rises again

Thy assets
Shall serve thee well, my belle
Thy telomeres are yet long
Thy bet is with the devil
Thy debt shall be yet called
Enjoy, maiden, these fleeting nights of feasts and mead and balls

What thou can't see
Is blind to thee
Deniability is the song
When pastures turn to wastelands
And Versailles
To The Somme

Kindly
Thou seems
Thy face of dreams
Polite and blameless
Thou art
Far from the PR that would thy fears endart

A veil of white
Of the moon's false light
Hides a blackened and rotten heart
That shall ever hear the bats
And never the lark

And thou wilt see
The inverted scenes
Of the 23rd Psalm
When the daylight in the night
Turns out to be a nuclear bomb
And the upright Pharisees
Turn out to be wrong

The power of Bikini Atoll
Is tiny compared to God
You are not a superpower
You have an hour and are the queen of a parking lot
Thy charm is weak and nothing lasting hast thou wrought

Thy collagen shall rot
And thy soul shall seep through
Ever threadbare thy skin
It will be the end of you
Your pretending will fail
And you won't make bail
And the devil shall take
His due

81. Fukuyama's Babel (June 13th, 2020)

A race of gods
Unbound by the laws
Of fable
Stronger than the road

The spirits around them rhyme
The sights are surreal
They deny that any of it is real
The skies and earth dance neatly keeping time

Beating nature's syntax
Through pure facts
Hubris is their poison
They will cower at her might

Fearless positivist philosophy
Nothing can instill fear

Everything seen is all that is here
Eeriness arises and the night envelops the sky

Finally, the spirits climb into their abodes
Into their homes
The men fight and almost die
Until Godly fairies nobly fight through the night bring forth light

The men are alright, now, and safe
They were wrong but that's okay
Forever, though, will they remember
Their days as gods and how they got gone

82. The Palms of Bombay (Middle-Class & Sober in Charleston) (July 9th, 2020)

The flowers of a thousand years
Flow through me
As the tea gropes my throat
As I pen my testament

Nourished in body and mind
The gramophone cries as the sun rises
A battery of guns smashed the native runts,
Whenever they arose against the rose

Poor at home, I am Rome to the Gauls here
The jungles and the waterfalls grovel in fear
The coolies shovel the rubble of their homes
For them life is fast and for me life is slow

Ten years before, this was a forest floor
The temple to the local gods still stands
The land's ghosts are at large and whisper in their slow death
And awaken me in gasping breath

Gentrified and collegiate
I am a lighthouse and an eyestalk
I am a lackey of John Galt and I am Jonas Salk
I have never loved a woman and have no incentive to stalk

I am too gentle and rational to sink to such depths
Such death
I am the angel among the dark
I am the lark that slays the night

In my bright, baroque, house
I am a mouse among mites
Among the reeds and diseases of the colony
I am free and they are coolies at the end of a gun

Among the rich partiers and poor projects
Of this city,
Bombay,
The City of Grace

83. The Ballad Social Eschatology (July 10th, 2020)

The city alight with flame
Of the heroes and heroines
Reduced to zero
And therein forgiven for their sins

Atonement and purgatory
Are cyclical story
Of glory fleeting
Screaming of the mortality of unholy things like vanity

Symmetry becomes insanity
The world of lore is forlorn

For a new morn
And birth anew arises from the ashes of mourning

Disparate bricks fallen reconfigure
New figures are born
Not yet forlorn by the telomeres of slow dying
Their pride is unfazed

Amazingly again, they are burned
As men and women never learn
As each new revelation from the metaphorical Lord turns the icons into idols
And the war goes on with every new theology of the metaphorical Bible

84. Rapper Trump Fantasy (July 11, 2020)

The rappers' dream
The American dream
To fight to the top to be mean
To deck gold like a tacky king

Pickers beneath them
Where they once were
The oppressed becoming the oppressor
Is the song heard from the gutter

Rhymes of conquest
Of lies and sex
And hexes cast by masters of the earth
And a girth

“Won't Get Fooled Again”
Is the song of the perineal temptation
Of the poor waging a war to be rich
And then making their ex-soldiers' their bitch

Soldiers who sing the songs
The fantasies of domination
Who long to own the metaphorical gun
In the day they have misery and in their daydreams they have fun

Forever the sun rises and sets
And they always forget
They seldom win their sins
They just get dead without a life prior

85. The Poem of Metaphorical Youth (July 11th, 2020)

Fairies sparkle in the night
Drinking light and peeing lightning
Neon lines of brightness streak across the sky
An age is born from the night

Built is a new world
Of boys and girls
Joys and wonders unknown before
In the paradigm the lines of light drew

It's like that hippie Jew
Or when the sky first was blue
Everything was uncanny draped in the new hue
The ruse of the youth who overthrew the old

Bold they are
They made new stars that outshone all before
This is a war
Of newfangled flappers against Victorian whores

The brilliance of metaphorical collagen
Glowed like a maiden intensely fair
The burning radiance of freshness

All the world would glare
Is there burning the phony
And defending the true
The revolutionary love of every age
Metaphorical youth

86. Cocaine Thoughts: The Adults of Mount Pleasant, SC (July 19, 2020)

Raisins are lazy
Their days are long
They say things without realizing the truth of their song
They hog and believe they are generous

They hiss at the poor
They piss on their labor
And raise their sticks and whip them into terror
While they pretend to care

Drying in the sun
Souls old who prey on souls young
They roll and roll and roll
Until their rolling is done

They believe themselves full
When they are drying
They are gluttons of air without surmising
There is nothing there

They are less
They are more
They are the gentle generals
Of a private-fought war

They yell they expect more

They have given none
They are forgiven
But they will die in the sun

87. The Sucklings of Mother Beelzebub (Sirens of the Orange Orc) (July 20th, 2020)

Contorting
Horror
The scene is gothic
The creature is mad with loss

Sweet morphine caresses it
It spits stupidly, no longer pleased by his addiction
It sees its reflection
It is so far away from the daylight

Unable to fight
His dark knight
The orc of the dying
Roars above his cowering possession

He, here, is not a man, anymore
He is a pet
He is a slave
A beast of burden for an idol depraved

His muscles bound by reins
His eyes unable to turn away
His silent cries for freedom
From a cage of his own device

There is no rising for the thing once man
His eyes water for the earth again
Thirsting for the human
To be a creature of light

The orange orc
The behemoth
The eyesore
The lion of the gore

The lord of him
His master
His father
His end

Whisp
Speak sweetly on the lips
As the helpless minion fails to resist
The eternal opposite of bliss

88. Master of Universes: The Grand Illusionist (July 20th, 2020)

Serpentine Venom
The rhythm of the night
The piper of fright
The stalker of feigned light

The godfather of death
Who stabs your back and takes your breath
The horror monster of human relations
Eternal gremlin, invisible to men and women

The darkest arts of human affairs
The lairs of prayers to Rand and Levay
To make what is night appear as day
Slender Man is Billy Graham Nancy Grace says

The phantom of the opera
The mastermind of the gawk

The lure
Lee Atwater

Illusionist turning heroes into pedophiles
And raising vampires into the sky
The occultist spelbinder
The demigod of the lie

Bleeding leads
Fear and lust
Rust souls
With sex, drugs, and rock & roll

Master of universes
Leading mobs to lynch the innocent
And Buffalo soldiers off to war
Making war look like peace

And of it all
You will be sure
You are right and they are wrong
Hypnotized by the piper's song

89. Cyclical Adulthoods (The Poem of Generations) (July 21, 2020)

Little people around the ashes of a steeple
The towering universe that fell in the night
Its bells alien and its lore unknown
It was once Tenotechlan and Rome

From river to river
And sea to sea
It tied the people into a family
And now the jungle has its feast

A paradigm and canon
Of times and cliched lines
Of nursery rhymes
And magic

Exploded that night
A Hippocampus erased
A metaphorical war that razed an entire race
Like Alexandria and Baghdad each becoming ash and sand

The romances and nostalgia
Reduce to Nirvana
To be reincarnated with no memory
Just the inheritor of past lives

The children scour the ruins
And play pretend again
To reify their playground
And birth an adulthood again

90. From Verdun to Versailles (July 22, 2020)

Roaming through the wood
The groans radiate and shake the leaves
Side to side, he almost died
He stumbles toward his firelight
He will get there by tonight

Drunk with fears and tears
Young and old in his years
He barely won a war
His wounds still freshly sore
The critters shiver at the eyesore in the wood

Hordes of these men
Ghostly figures made by ghastly sin
Shuffle through the wilderness
Soft zombies with lifeless faces
Yearning for worldliness

They were never children
Those memories erased in combat
Born were they of fire and death
Animals of the dump they are
Neither the grace of God nor the symmetry of the stars

They're coming home to be born again
To be made human by their wife's kiss
To be a child and to be human
To live outside of death
To take anew their first breath

91. Jerry Falwell's Coke Party (July 24, 2020)

Violence and lust
Terrorize and lure
The gluttons who want quietude and yelp for war
Who feign decency and want Jinnah and its houris
The middle-Americans of every religion

Cowering over the weak and hunting the meek
To seek a lie that they are right
That they may stand tall before God
They know they will not
Still, they can pretend

Grandstanding over the hipsters and the rappers
Long ago they did the same to flappers

Defending the heritage of gentlemen in the ghetto looking for malnourished preteens to buy

They are trying to build a facade where they are what they are not

Their crusade is a farce

The metaphorical lard

Of the decrepit fallen

Ugly except in their photoshopped publications

Living vicariously through their avatars

Worshipping the idolatrous stars

92. Decade of War (July 24, 2020)

Raised in a razing

Knowing only war

The poor children

Sleep past shells

Bells screech red

Hell bleeding out

Seething without

Light or sound or

Nothing, there is

No way out, but

But to fight dark

To burn light out

Every vice is out

Sunlight sees its

Truth now and it

Lies dying there

Everything's veil

"Potemkin" tales

Muffled wails of

Rape and death

Breathe burning
Breaths of acids
To feel a new air
And awake anew

This is a war now
We are a burning
The world is alight
Metonymic youth

93. Acid Trip to Jinnah (July 25, 2020)

Angels above
Moles below
The vultures in between
Say "Hello"

The lord of more
Comes to thy door
She is a maiden of virtue
The virtues of a whore and warfare

She pours stevia and cyanide
Into thy gullet
And clasps thy hands
And runs thee off, so fair

The sparkle of city lights
The marvel of dopamine highs
A carnival of pretty lies
A paradigm made of the mind's eye

Houris and rivers of blood and wine
This is the life of white lines and gentle sighs
Everything is the right size
The Valkyries shine to all sides

Power and wonder
Pounds like thunder
Takes thee under
To a place to lie

To die
To contemplate thy time
The slip into the wine
And blackout in the seeming high

94. Whovian Social Resurrection (July 25, 2020)

Like the oil of a menorah
The fires rage on
Ages turn and burn and the fairies whistle songs
Squealing on thistles as the folks march on

Like a train in the old west
Howling industrial progress
To the whites and reds fighting an asinine war
They hear the sounds of the rounds of the empire

The maxim guns trumpet
For the Dalits and the slaves
Whatever joys and sorrows come
It will never be the same

The flames burn and birth
From the metaphorical hydrochloric acid
A new Earth is regurgitated

Former haters embrace and new foes are created

But the sins are gone
And the virtues may be remade
The land is virgin once more
Let us make pure amour

95. The Taiga Burning (July 27, 2020)

Through the pagan wild
Child me freely wandered to see
The magnificence of the mountains and the trees
Creeks urchins and eccentric people saw me
Goths and jocks and the tribes of the rocks

From sea to sea
Silence and sorcery
Draped the great topography
Unseen by the eyes of society
The masked truths of people could be

Magic and madness
The romance of danger
The throbs of adventure
The world before the manger
Lore was true underneath the endless blue sky

Gropes, chokes, and the dark lives of folks
Went veiled and few went to jail
Things of horror and sorrow were native to the vast Taiga
For beyond the reach of Rome
What is home is home, they said

Civilization encroached like a swarm of angelic roaches
Or locusts

Eating the gangrene
Turning the green to stone
Bringing the heathens under Justinian's Rome

Sunlight shall reach every home
The streets are hourly combed
There is no alone anymore
The phone is wiretapped and the streets are safe
The world is a compound of warfare and grace

96. The Boulder (Political Inertia Poem) (Aug 7, 2020, edited later)

The boulder of the manor lord
A reward for a war victory years before
Stoutly defies the orders of its keepers
Sleeping in obtrusive nuisance

Roars and patience are wasted
It stays there
The law of the manor is old
And the lord is too moldy to know anything

Staring at his morsels of porridge
Senile and nursed by his dutiful son
His concerns are the rising and setting of the sun
His peasants and that boulder are long atrophied from the ruins of his wit

The folk glare at it
It was once rare and curious
Now a facet of life with no novelty to redeem it
Watching the locals live and die

In the road and blocking a spring
Long ago, the elders say
People would drink from below its lobe

Without a brain yet an eternal foe

Forcing the villagers to circumvent a mountain and go much farther
To fetch their water from an overused fountain
And the folk there don't always understand why they must ration
They're all thirsty and losing patience and yet their patience seems everlasting

Once, one bravely tried to roll it,
The constabulary, those brainless slaves of the state,
Enforced the statute of the likewise brainless lord
And put that boy to the wheel

There is no use in asking
As the rock towers like a hill
The suffering of five generations
Cannot end the endless still

One day the law will change
And the old spring will cry anew
When a revolt gives way or the lord is new
For now, the boulder commands its brainless rule

97. Moral Yin & Yang (August 9th, 2020)

Haitian luck
From darkness to light
Tearing down the devil
Winning all despite

The odds and the gods
And Justice was wrought
No good deed goes unpunished
No one freed gets it easy

At the door of Plato's Cave
The big man was aghast
He begged the stars for the romantic past back
He vowed revenge and got half

Stalking his abused ex
He cast a hex
And gave blood to Odin
And became blessed

The world and its masters
Grew wary
Of the light
Might would be right and then to all a good night

The feebleness of men in both sides
As each's visions of life
Withered and died
The light took her dark bride

Yin and yang
Sang and rang bells
The eternal balance of the forces meant all was well
Well, if this was art and not a living hell

The slaves were not free
And the masters lacked slaves
Black and white did succumb to fate
That is the eternal grey

98. Dopamine Time Dilation (August 19th, 2020)

Upon the throne
Of ten thousand follicle mites

Knights and dames
Immortal fame
Rains of sepia gold from the sun and a reign of the fun of power

A fleeting hour
Like LSD lasts for so long
The seductive song
A mountain high
A valley low

Dopamine and a burning pleasure
Beyond measure
Hexes and the perplexing condition of control
Holding a staff
Having a staff

What looks for a moment an eternity of warped perception
Is shockingly transient and it comes landing
The mites in the skin are the kingdom's extent
The men and women forget it
Beyond their horizon
Is the sun's or God's and they shall be Icarus if they run toward it

99. Turtleneck Poem (Charleston, 1979) (August 19, 2020)

The turtleneck
On the neck of my city
White and pretty
In 1979
At night

The spring of art
How great thou art
Roses and farts

Abs and lard
We'd come far

The plantation bloodlines were dying
The mystique was rising
A ghost town whose day was dawning
The princess was yawning in her tower penthouse
The swamp was burning and the prairie was stunningly gorgeous
The nobles and whores and the civil war was over

Looking like Nancy Drew
Listening to The Who
Lead Belly was gone
The sweet smell of a recently finished forest fire
A Pinto named Ralph killed a streetcar named desire

What was left was a land of babies and death
A magical time of smallness before the world came
And after the reign of the wretches ended
The girl in the turtleneck tread through the ghetto
Over the ghostly death of the ethereal meadow

100. The Perestroika Poem (July 19th-20th 2017)

The light of
1964
The beginning of the end of the war
Perestroika of the South
The day the freedom came
When the roads were paved

I was a lad of sixteen
With the mission teachers
Prep and clean

Penetrating through the jungle

Bringing forth her death

Learning and money

Evolution and feminism

We gentrified them

We burned the paddle

They learned our ways

God is dead

Kant is risen

The tattoos are gone

It had to be done

We burned their gods

Like Livingstone before

Centuries of tradition and lore

Burned to ash and crushed to rubble

It is a distant memory

When we murdered the goddess

We saw her last

Her beauty and horror

Her unconquered virginity

We built London from her ash

Charleston calling!

Charleston calling!

Your dialect is ours

Burn the crossed-stars

Perestroika!

Perestroika!

Welcome to the empire!

101. Prince of Rockville (September 24th-25th 2017)

Come love

Leave

This world of vice and death

These frat boys are adults

I'll never be

I can take you anywhere

But not there

Never hit latency

Much less puberty

Stay four forevermore

I've got the key to the wardrobe

And a fiefdom on the other side, my lady

You can be a muggle or a princess

Come or stay

But I'm leaving today

I pray you join me

To escape into the endless taiga

A paradigm of timelessness

And everlasting innocence

And magic

An embellished existence

Which cannot exist outside

With angels and demons

But nothing muggle or secular

All white, black, and green

It is the true world

The world of adults is an illusion
Thy puerile mind might think otherwise
It seems mature and sophisticated
It is anything but

I'm a good boy
Stay a good girl
Let's be a royal couple of light
Come to the taiga with me
Never return to your world
Burn it behind you
Never look back

102. Non-Metaphorical Environmental Poem (August 19, 2020)

Eyes open
As the land rumbles
The memories tumble
Alarms fire in succession
Running so fast pants rip

A mudslide roars
The carbon kills
Time stands still
Again and again
The lashes keep on

Fast and thrashing
Trash surfs it
The fungi shall suck on its tit
This is it
Our karmic punishment

Subtly lying in wait
It eats as we patiently wait

At some point, somebody would do something
Yet, nothing
And the dust cloud rises as the stampede of mud rolls on

More injured each time
We believe our survival is assured
We haven't died, yet
What is death, though?
Merely a lack of breath?

Misery is death
It sucks our life like a vampire
We are told by the carbon lobby every hurricane
The waterboarding is worth the jobs
I think not

103. Angels or Aliens? (August 19, 2020)

Born on Ceres
Delicate and sleeping
Unknown to the world and of the world knows not
A daughter or a son
Not a drop of exposure

Offspring of a rare earth metal miner
Has only known a dim sun and a light land
Cannot fight and can barely stand
Yet, stands tall in their little world
An enclave, a cave, a nave of a cathedral

Drinking meltwater
Eating biofilms farmed on Europa
The seaweed of the hipsters of the distant peoples
Who live under the steeples of an immense God
Under a dome of eternity

Looking strange
Being strange
They are amazing to us and we are amazing to them
We want different things
And are ruled by different kings

Airy and airless
Careful and careless
They are brittle and gentle
They would die on Earth
Too thinly soft for our metaphorical sin

Are they angels of lightness?
Or are they merely alien
Peaceful or merely weak?
We will not know anytime soon
The belter children

104. Ribbons of the South (August 19, 2020)

A road into the abyss
I was seventeen
Between the ghosts of the Old South
A ribbon forever forward and back
Tribes on the side of the road

Tom Joad rode like this
Clouds of dust in the distance
The sounds war with the silence
And win
My exploration had to end

From cortisol to the politics of Drayton and Ashley Hall
All happened like a silent film in episodes

And then one would run into the nothingness
Into the forest where like a maroon runaway one was free
The eternally unknown and vast world

Meditative and contemplative
The world was wide
Lost in agnosticism
The mind and the body wandered alike
Wanderlust was my alcohol

The pollution paved the dirt grey
And the poor suburbs made their way outward
There was no getting away
There was no haze of days of maze
There was only tats and gays every which way

Sound vanquished silence
My side of the war was the sound and I kind of like this
Yet, also not
I am lost in the world but tracked by GPS
Not truly lost and therefore truly found

I will run away again
Into another abyss
Like McCandless before me
To a world unseen
You'll all see

105. The Hipster Sunrise (August 20, 2020)

Swiftness and deftness
Left us, the socialists,
With an inheritance
We had never had
With which we were clueless

Power is alien
To the always powerless
We tasted it
It was strange
The world was wavy

We killed our enemies
And survived the duels
We'd graduated from a life school
And came to rule
We were cool

We felt the poison and the medicine
The joy and the high
The world was a curse and a toy
Winning
Brimming with different things

A class of badasses
We didn't know how long this would last
We worked fast
Surely, it would be fleeting
We were not waiting

The future was unknown
We'd never had a throne
We'd never rocked like Rome
Corrupted or honest
God, time, and fate shall write that

We fear us
This year is
Weird
The alien is ever near

We shall persevere

106. Politics & Virginit (August 20, 2020)

Cold and virginal

Wise and rising

From the tundra

And the bourgeois poor

An orphan knowing no family or friends

The burning cold is his kin

The wilderness is his kiss

There is no difference between misery and bliss

A war-torn

Warlike

Fighter

A righteous indignant

Impossible

Unrelenting

From a world of want

And perpetual opinion

No warmth or relaxation

Icy Caucasian skin

Violent disposition

Screaming one's position

Everything is religion

Morality is saturating

Everlasting youth

Is the result

Fasting
Practicing swordplay
Following the way
Every day I pray in prayer

Political life
Breathing politics
It becomes the only thing
The only thing that matters is who is king

The genitals wither and die
The game becomes life
My life
And I like it that way

Life for God
For the poor and the war against the war
Is an opioid drug
It is every form of love

107. The Hunky Dark Prince (August 21st, 2020)

The spotlight of providence
High upon the mount
The oozing gawkers stalk it about
Mesmerized

A god of hope or desire
It is unknown to most which has dawned the fire
It has been rumored, Yahweh, the real god, says this one is a liar
That doesn't matter, Yahweh is also rumored to be busy and far away

Like the midnight sun of a nuclear explosion that assured
Safety from Stalin, hippies, and the unpatriotic unseemly
The midnight light had everything, it was a light that was philosophized as good

By the wise warlocks of the woods who sold cunning potions

The onlookers danced in unison

They become one

The charlatans had won

They could stage a Jonestown or Waco or the Tea Party Patriots

Strongmen are wanted for their safety

If they are abusive husbands, the children are safe

The metrosexual nerds are creeps

So say the daydreaming girls of the cubicles

Their bruises, those girls and some boys, increase in number

The nerds, rejected and ostracized for nothing, walk away to let them be raped

Liberalism, that hero, dies a martyr at the hand of Diocletian

And the jock, Odin, regains his throne

The dancers around the mount

Are too many to count

They are trapped in a trance

And will never get out

108. Armies of the Night (August 21, 2020)

The article of mass

The Boson Higgs

Curses the figs like Jesus and commands the universe

The power of the mighty quark

Horses and torches

Morsels of roaches

Strike in the night

With a Mongol-like stampede

Nomads disparate
Coalesce and move
A force of glacial-like oozing
From iotas so small

The horror of a zombie horde
The knights with their swords arise
And fight with valor to kill the sour marauders
But the knights cower and run

Only the sun can vanquish the night
As it rises, the abyssal black cloud disintegrates
The townsfolk are amazed and rejoice
The morsels are dead

The unkempt scary
Are nary returning
So long as the sun keeps burning
And the world doesn't turn

109. Downtown Empire (August 21, 2020)

The empire of the trees
The pleasing of the birds and squirrels
The upscale world of creatures
Jaded by murder

It was a daily thing in their lives
The streets were trashed and they lapped it up
Living larger than their wild counterparts
Yet, that failed to soften their hearts

Gangs of savages
Animals of the trash cans
Surround little mice and insects

And bring them to their deaths

Urbane, they are
Sophisticates in hourly sight of fine arts
Irreverently fart when they please
They are the kings of these streets

They look at you
And you look at them
The squirrels and birds of Gotham
Don't cross them if you have six feet

Unbound by human law
Their guns are their jaws
And they eat live prey in the sight of their children
They are the worst but the best of all murderers

They are the ultimate CEOs and mobsters
They are monsters to dine with
They are friends to die with
They are the chicest scene of the gentle obscene

110. Regina Scarlet's Last Memory (The Queen's Alzheimer's) (August 21, 2020)

Rains of sunbeams
Gleam down on a town
Cursed by the worst of the occult
Republican debutantes snorting cocaine and practicing witchcraft
In the deepest crevices of the Old South

Looking semi-sentient and possessed
Looking malnourished in a vintage prairie dress
A Southern Belle is a shell of her former self
She'd made a Faustian Bargain
And she was minion slave of a yuppie demon

The ruins of her stomping grounds
Where she was queen bee twenty years ago
Are ghostly and the abode of hipsters who know nothing of her reign
She traded life for senile insanity for a cheerleader-status
Her eternity for a single week

Her saga is coming out
It is ugly and terrifying
Unseemly and strange
There was a great state and an immense empress
Forgotten now except by the few victims who come back for closure

Its last vestiges evaporating in the sun
From the Santee to the Edisto
A universe has been but fully undone
The Kingdom of the future has come
The pagan moon is setting

The losing gambler stares into the breaking dawn
Memories of her soul are almost gone
But not yet
She tries not to forget
Tries and then the last of her soul dies

Melancholy and a single tear
For her yesteryear
Her dominance and instilling fear
Do not mourn the loss, my dying dear
Remember your strongness

The sex, drugs, family values, and blatant hypocrisy
Were glory days unsurpassed that I never had
Wither into nothingness glad
You were good at being bad

Just bad at signing contracts

Farewell, lass

Let the past be grand for both of us

My martyrdom and your crown

I'm glad we were enemies

I blow you a kiss and I will miss you

111. Seduction by Valkyries (August 21, 2020)

The floral wars

The glorious lore

Lacking whores, gore, and horrors

The romance and dance of the Satanic trance

That men fancy

Valorous hours of embellishment

To the sound of church bells

Euphemizing pure hell

As almost Heaven

Painting death as if it were life

Coping with adultery by imagining her as your wife

Pleasantly living in sin

Everyone gives in to the grand pretending

Every tragedy is a glamorized happy ending

There is nothing wrong with society

The Matrix capsules of the pages of chivalrous dramas

Of sticking steel in peasants

And calling it noble

Endlessly deniable

No one is then liable

The ugly truth
Of sending youth to kill and die
Is drunk as a lie
The lie that angels are Valkyries
And paintings are realistic

They glimpse the photographs and beg for the paintings back
Slowly, they return home, at last
To where their fantasies aren't monstrous
They end where they begin
Telling stories of righteous sin

112. The Fate of Stars (July 15th 2017)

The stars
The gentle stars
Happy pagans
In Elysium

Lost in their endless haze
Their days of nothingness
Some try to escape to something
Some do and some fail

An Etonian prison
Of Gomorra
Of being adored and more
Of slavery to Gaia

The religion of the masses
Too poor to have any other hope
Except a fleeting and distant American Dream
Of me

Some fight the demons
Others succumb to them
The power of godhood
Over devotees and the weak
And over oneself

My existence is before me
The whole world in a moment
I see the tree of life
Give me communion
Give me life

113. The Vanguard Poem (July 20th 2017, with tweaks later)

Hitler came before Odin
In Berlin, in the end
And pleaded for the Americans and British
Anyone but Stalin
The Gospels, not the Torah!
He cried

There is no light
In the twilight of the Reich
It was either life or not
The liberals would give him life
The vanguard won't

Odin abandoned him
The Americans gave him to Stalin
He threw a virgin on an altar
His own daughter
The fires of the stake
Are brighter

As they come nearer

And grow warmer
The blood he gave
Was in vain

No mercy, anymore
The war is war
Not a step to more
Humanity
Beyond the veil
Is hell

It's through
It's doom,
Truth,
Who?

114. The Road to Champaign (Set in the May 1917 Mutinies) (July-August 2017)

The wars of old
Haunt these roads
With the ghosts of many
Tadpoles and toads

A maiden may find one
To whom all will bow
How does she choose?
He will live
They will lose

Clouds of gas
Cleansed the men of sin and flesh
They had sex with death
And slept with a former celebrity
Desperate to restore her name

She was the acid queen of lobotomy

The men received her sacrament

And kept eating it

Until they were dead

I walked down the road through ruins

To the City of Champagne

Blackness and char everywhere one could see

Profound truth was written in the obscene

Rotting young men clutching guns

I had deserted

I deserved this

I learned this amazing bliss

A holy kiss

Of peace among war

Before me

Was an inheritance

Grand and tall

The city skyline

Immense expense

I accepted it

With reluctance

And was reborn

115. Lore of My Street (Summer of 1877) (August 22, 2020)

Bukra Mother

Summer of 1877

Gaslight pollution obscuring the stars

Mopping the frat party of Mars

Literates and bohemian critters

Peer and creep around her novelty
She wants to be safe and happy
With grace and her family and her pride to be free

Like Colonel Kurtz, she rules a nook in the jungle
For a nostalgia that is doomed to crumble
She'll ignore the rumbles of the metaphorical cavalry
And relish her tiny toy kingdom until they come

Her on Huger Street
Using the less fortunate neighbors
She calls the N-word
For her worse chores but she feels no remorse

Her husband died so they wouldn't be free
Fifteen years before and she lauds her little money over them
She has almost nothing except pride and bullying
Queen of the block and pauper of the city

The prettiest girl of a leper colony
She is mean and lean and all the things in relativity
A faux crown is fun except when it is sad
When it is used to be bad

Her imagined world crashed when she ran out of cash
The buppies told her off and even surpassed her
The city's aristocrats abandoned her and their Black butlers saw her as a rat
Her life burned into ash

Her shouts demanding respect
Were the wailings of madness
She had been something more before the war
Now, she was a wretch who resembled a whore

She cried to the universe and the God who had forsaken her

Why a woman like her was cursed?

She was light and poor

The right kind of poor

She could not raise a puddle

And say it was an ocean

Her emotions drowned her

She went on and became another man's wife and carried on with her life

Her old husband finally died in her heart

There was no lost cause to defend

There would be no vindication for his sacrifice

She took a metaphorical knife to his memory

Her pride was broken

Her life wasn't stout anymore

She said that she was the last deluded holdout

The last devout of the Civil War

The toy kingdom of Huger

Rose and fell

This street knows that well

A mighty city made that jealous woman very unwell

Oh well!

Raise a glass to her!

Crack a smile and a snarky joke!

Hallelujah to my city and my street!

116. Contemplations on Huger Street (August 22, 2020)

Weirdos in the bushes

Lifetimes whole

Souls around me

Narrated by tragic rock and roll

The magic of life can be found there

Listening to Taylor Swift

Sipping black tea

I think to down Huger Street from me

Where the unfairness is unbearable

I stare into the overpass out my window

There is a sea of thousands of miles

My mind flies above

Meditating and escaping

Reaching the highest echelons

Becoming an eon of a person

Returning to this abode every morning

Where Christ is burning every minute

It is impossible to not see it

The Nazis and the Klan actively seek it

Yet, it takes less to be it

I drink it

I think about it

I write poetry about it

I am moving it

If ever slightly

A world of profound universes

All on this strip of asphalt

The truly mean and sweet place to reside

Huger Street, where empires rise and die

Come down sometime, won't you?

117. Princess of Kraken Mare (August 22, 2020)

Sweet poison

Take me down
Come in thy gown
Into a gentle sleep

Elegant and refined
Erudite and cultured
She was a vulture
She was a vampire and an Episcopal priestess

With all of the Catholic gold and opulence
Yet none of the inconvenient homophobia and misogyny
Icons and magic and angels above
A sparkly fairy-tale of love and kissing

Vindictive toward atheists
She spread malicious gossip about every one she could find
She was intent on a life of beauty
Nothing grey or mundane

Her palace adorned with iconography
Her body as chiseled as a yuppie
She commanded everywhere she went
And demanded everyone observe Lent

She was a villain, no doubt
Yet, one with tastes very loudly stated
She took my hand
Her grace was quite grand

Across from me
At a coffee shop overlooking the hydrocarbon sea
She whispered that I was naïve
And she wanted me that way

Her henchmen slit the throats of fifty cops

She bought Gucci and the like from a hundred shops
She wanted a world with everything nice and nothing kinky
No laws and no fears as the bribed rainbows shone from the sky

Yes, she sprayed methane fountains
Quite dearly paid for and obviously also a metaphor
Where the rainbows were every day
Above the classical statues and hedgerow mazes

She was a Banana Republic debutante
Daughter of a coup general
She loved me dearly
She kept me and the years went by

Eternally my friend
She bailed me out of every scandal
We danced to Bach and Handel
She acted as my guardian angel

I am a good prince in the domain of a deranged princess
Who only wears pretty dresses
Her Gautama Prince except who she successfully never allows to see outside
Forever cursed to philosophize and never touch the world

Endless everything
Except freedom
Accept fate
And run with it

118. Silent Time Island of the Mind (August 22, 2020)

Daring Dawning
Bookworm yawning
She was an urban Secular Jew
The year is 1992

The world was filled with freshness and dew

Juice flushing coffee
As sunlight rushes the dank streets
She rises in a river of poetry
Spoken like jazz from her CDs
Silence and eternity

An enclave between the small town and the internet future
In a time and place where one may be unknown
Everyone beneath the B-list is a ghost
Guns, drugs, and crack give a hunter-gatherer chic
To the rainforest of streets

Meditation among strangers and strangeness
True peace to attain nirvana
The white noise of life is gone and not soon to come
There is no family and there is no love
The ideal abode for intellectual wanderlust

She believes she can make eudemonia in a year or two
Fulfill the deep and fundamental human quests
Fukuyama's lull between the future and the past
Eudemonia shall never come to pass
She is in the eye of a storm soon to pass

The maturity of this species
Is illusory
It is a sweet feeling yet must surely be fleeting
Juice is too sugary and bitter must balance sweet
Philosophizing in an apartment suite will be rocked

Islands are transient
Seas rise and set
And hurricanes make land wet

Open thy eyes on the parapet
Tranquility is never let by fate

The trumpets of the old empires
The hormones of ancient desires
Shall turn any tower into a trench
And any fun into Verdun
Poetry is made, my darling one, by fugitives on the run

The mind's wanderlust must
Taste the existential
The Hobbesian wars of flesh
All have lessons to learn
When the silence and veils of blindness burn

When time comes alive again
In a time of nobility, virtue, darkness, and sin
When the barbarians sack Rome, my fair Hypatia,
And the flood waters rush in
When the end of history comes to an end

Like they're saying in L.A.

Burn

Burn

Burn

Burn motherfucker burn!

119. The Ballad of the Fruit Farmers (The Making of Haters from Babies) (August 23, 2020)

In flashbacks on the calm beach of my maturity
In the dimmer reaches of my mind
Scenes of fire, desire, monsters, and liars
Erupt for a while and fester so dire
My dear, it's taxing

Let me take you back
To the deep drawl of my first aromatic memories
Where laws and fairies were variable
Scary and nary mundane
They are stories to drink to and I tell them to you today

The knights of the night
Ghosts in flight
My childhood's frights
Flashes of light would briefly appear
And vanish

In the pagan wood and vastness
Strange and odd gods and nomads
Were common throughout the ethereal cartography
The crevices fractal and infinite
Yet, there were patterns in the human geography

I was a lad of thirteen
The queen of the ghouls
Tread in red and stalked schools like a pedophile
Undead and scarlet in more ways than one
Behind her was her strict father with a shotgun

She asked to be left alone
She took innocents to her home
And danced erotically for them
Taking them to Elysium
They returned burned by worldly acid

They went down one by one
Until a monolith emerged and became
What Oppenheimer described as the mighty one
The midnight sun and a medieval knight losing his virginity to a gun

I saw it through the trees in the night as Golgotha lit the sky

The helpless babies sucked the tit of the queen
They were zombies who bowed to her ostensible grace
Their minds were erased
Their souls bought for cheap
Their childhood magic put forever to sleep

An army of creeps
Who are nothing more
Than semi-sentient drones
Sent to fight an evil sophisticate's war
Paid for in beer and whores

Forevermore
We were on different roads
I walked a thousand miles to freedom
And like Andy Dufrene
Kissed the sand by the sea by the place with no memory

Their souls, their memory, was waning
I was remaking everything they took from me
Reborn into a life without the scars of that town and that time
Reincarnated like Jean Valjean
Still, sometimes, I see the light of that bomb but I move on

120. Trolls, Tribes, Truth, and Lies (August 25, 2020)

Whispers from the rubble
Bubble through the Marianas Trench
To the surface war in the trenches
Spooks and hoots come from the gnarly and unhuman creatures
Of the reaches of the deep

The monster we see across the strip of fire and death
With his Maxim Guns and nationalism
Feeds from the bloodsucking minions of the world below the Twilight Zone
Tribes alone and interconnected
In the Dantean Gehenna of the liquid tundra

Angels of the sun and stalkers of the hydrothermal vents
Arising from light or chemicals
From white air or red magma
The alive and the undead
Meet in the sky above the earth and the earth beneath the sky

Conspiracies and tabloids scream for execution
The sober cry for mercy and reason
One screams treason and the other dares the gallows
Cato will die for righteousness and Alex Jones will lie for something else
It is on lies that honest men rise, die, and rise again

To be defeated by hell and then to conquer that very sin
To slay the slaveholder of Plato's Cave
To bring forth the light of day and briefly win
Yet, however, brief, irreversible
Always incomplete but still inches are taken

This is the story of women and men
Of minions in deep caves and their masters all depraved
And lies and disingenuousness from the moment of metaphorical Genesis
To the end
It is amazing, bloody, terrifying, but we, the angels, always win

121. The Collapse of the Pillars (August 26, 2020)

Scribbles on the pavement
Ripple across the internet

From a basement
Alone and with amazement
It commits a holocaust

Lost in the waves of fast days
A haze of smog erupts from the farts of dogs
Hiccups from an army of zombies
In unison
Eerily haunt the night

Wanting and fraught
With the confusing machines humankind wrought
They fell into a hell of terror
And were saved by a charlatan
They felt safe again

He made the world small
He was the magician who defied the grand hall
He spoke truth to power
And made cower the scoundrels
He was the bountiful man of the land

From a complex science
To a simple truth
Fears become understandable
And small

John Rawls and McDonald's replace the grand halls of the Western Canon

The villages secede at their charlatan's call
The peasants declare their freedom
They declare "You have no right to dictate us!
Or tell us how to raise our children!"
The scientists aghast watch the peasants return to the past

Brave new world

Afraid of *Brave New World*
The children, the boys and girls
Build their pretend societies
Eschewing the intellectual Jews, as they say

Dying in droves
Corpses by the roads
I see the pillars of giants
Lying like the fallen Colossus of Rhodes
The bitter mothers with pitchforks in their abodes

They raise the flag of freedom
They spit at their imagined oppressors
Foucault masturbates to their dying children
This is the end of the end of history
History was a virus and became a literal and metaphorical plague

Days of rage
The sane watch in terror
There, let by God
It is unfair to all
The fall of the pillars

122. Black Paltrow Poem (August 27, 2020)

Ghetto mother
Her eyes full of fright
Her day full of night
The world has been conquered by the Knights
So say the forbidden wise

Farrakhan and the god of Jones
Explode
And make explosions everywhere
The world of the mundane becomes a storybook of juice

Of earthquakes and outlaws on the loose

Glued to the untrue true crime
His hand reaches through the screen
And sucks her life through the LEDs
Mesmerized and enthralled
She becomes a thrall to a Viking master

Monsters and stalkers
Fear is an opioid
The world slips and the ship sails away
Ahoy, fair island of cray!
Bring me hither to thy bosom to forever stay

Dazzle and orgies
Dark lords and deep fjords
Mountains of poop and gnarly spooks
Owl hoots and garbage chutes
Shootouts by the town square

Flares are better than cold
Young minds quickly turn old
The serpent of deceit turns white and grey matter to mold
A zombie has been made from the ghetto mother
Now, unable to muster political power to rise

Within the confines of the People's Temple
Where the world is simple and daddy is thy nipple
Bedtime lore of a war at the border
Is tantamount to Alex Jones
And we all know how that story goes and there will be no swift intervention

In her awakening
She was wasted
Eternally made into a thing a slave to amazement

Chained to her own basement
She will never be free and she will never break it

The very freedom
For which she thought for
Which her grandfather fought for
She cannot be there for and therefore
Is a rotting zombie for a bourgeois overlord forevermore

123. The Saga of Dualistic Mass (August 28, 2020)

Axions vulture
Lightning strikes with immense thunder
The engines of the chic black expanse fire
And the hum and rumble of power rise into the sky
Like the midnight sun of a nuclear bomb
But dumber

Dementors in flight
Ruffle the breeze in the night
Too high to see
They are like a sea of slight things in the sky
Pretty to the unwise

Rapturing easy maidens and men of sinful inclination
They promise vacation when no one is around
Yet, their sound to the mind's eye is like ten thousand machine gun rounds
Rousing into demigods all who be proud
Into a whirlwind of meow

Unseen to all and seen to all
Clean to the authorities and obscene to the angels
Mean to the weak and sweet to the well
They are the tuxedoed doormen of Gehenna

The lords of all men

Weakly interacting massive particles

The dark mass of horror

That punish good deeds and terrorize their doers

The discrete ruse of dangling maybes to adult babies

Those who choose and lose and win

See the fire of fire and not of the sun

The thrill of firing a gun

The dementors whisper to everyone

Tasting the love of acidic cum

The poison of the soul

Masters of galaxies

Yet, not of the multiverse

They own the town but not the land

They are the eternal bad

They are dark matter

124. The Sequel to Hope (August 30, 2020)

The fickle joy of fate

Gate to the meadows of Cackanye

The birthday party of the naive

Announces herself with whirls of pastel maids at Mayday

The world was ever gay

A stout, noble, lad was I

Whose eyes witnessed 2008

The magic of Iowan villagers

The hipster eccentrics beneath them

All would join in Joyous Jerusalem

Fortuna dabbles in Schadenfreude

She is annoying like that
She giggles like Regina George
And gorges on the metaphorical fat
She is an impossible brat

Glistening dew
Was pervasive through the late night
It tickled our eyes with predictions of dawn
Alas, the light was false
Overcast was the day

Not black
Not white
Yet, the eternal way
The melancholy and the gay
The everlasting grey

125. Ode to William Buckley (On the GOP's Return Home after Trump)

(August 30, 2020)

Crusted wonk of the Elysian Era
The American Rembrandt
The self-deluded Immanuel Kant
The oafish clown in a Tuxedo
As eloquent as Romeo
And with the same end of a week

Arguing tirelessly against the weak
A giant of speaking
As he lost history
He reincarnated again and again
Purging his face of sin

Political death is no match for crafted breath

The breadth of a mighty river
The shameless feigned morals of an unrepentant sinner
He stood like a pillar
Drooled over by those who mourn the MAGA hooligans

Everyone pretended he was serious
He did too
He was a fifth-grade class president
As were all of his groupies
Yuppies in ties spilling “I didn’t do it”-maturity lies
Wise enough to outwit the unwise

He was the best you had!
There is no back to return to!
Let it burn behind you!
Let your past and madness cross the Jordan in either direction
And we shall ensure your political resurrection

126. Curse of the Angels (August 31, 2020)

Demons in legions
Sweep across the sky
As the plebs lie
And the volcanic gasses of earth rise
Awing and tall, entrancing and dancing

The awoken adorned in roses
Warn the laying rows of folks
The folks turn their heads weary
Cranky, they turn them back
Pleasantly in REM

We, the standing, see the beast feast
Their human prey complacently waving

We are powerless as the sepia flowers
Spend their final hours floundering in stasis
It is a horrific amazement

Old memories of the old world
Of a small town of boys and girls
Gone now
All that was human blew away
And the survivors are busy and far away

Praying and slaying
The minions and the hedgerows of the maze
Until we see Beelzebub's haze
And raise our stake above its chest
And put the fire to rest

We are cursed to be awake and also blessed
We are drained of life and nearly dead
Yet, our flame of life is all that's left
Between the plebs and everlasting death
Our blazed trail is an ocean of red

We are the angels
No one understands us
We are the unpopular and loathed
Guardians of love
We stand up against the cries supporting the beast
We are the sweetness in the blistering heat

Join us in eternity
See the light
Endure the pain to inherit the right
Let wrath smite the ghastly Norse
And lead the world into amour

127. Parties of the Damned (September 5, 2020)

The fireworks show
Of the low countries
Ignoring the dykes about to burst
The thirst of the land
The triumph of mankind

That man is blind
His hubris making him miss the alarm lights
As the gears of nightmarish fear turn
And the beginning of the end begins to burn
The creaks of failing fail to get further than the eardrums

Hums buzz and omens fly
Amsterdam is dry yet
Benvolio is running to Romeo
But he hasn't gotten there yet
The fairest of times is being let

It is a sunset
A beautiful death
A sweet last breath
No one turns away from the piper's lead
As the countryside's crevices begin to bleed

As the gales wail at Dover's Strait
The line goes from early enough to too late
The silly Dutch have signed a contract with fate
The end is amazing and just plain wavy
A Biblical end for a bunch of babies

The living swim to the shore
And then go on to pretend

Their sins didn't lead to the gore
They keep on partying
Tempting fate once more

128. Pantheon of Demigods (September 6, 2020)

Demigods
Of the parking lots
Skating and mating
And hating their fellow tribes

Bribes made in wives
Lives made and destroyed
As rage and lust and the ravages of rust
Play as Fortuna's minions

Cliques rise and fall
Lore and mythic lies do likewise
Shamen get high
And women are playthings for the kings

The way of ways
Of fair days
A teenage wasteland of 1999
Watching Columbine on AOL

Gentle knights and the softest belles
Tread upon the serpents of Hell
And submit to them, as well
White kids in a suburban cell

A world between times
Between the rise of sex and its demise
When "hot girls" were a respectable way to describe fair maids
There is a chic and retro romance to all of that

Carefree days and careless men
A world to be blazed for shameless sin
When the feminists and hipsters gentrify their town
There is a romance, too, to how it all went down

Empires dominate and wither
Barbarian nomads emerge and fade
Boethius wrote of the wheel
And I watch the players play

Day and night
Darkness and light
Spar and take turns
For all the world is birth and burn

129. Creepy Platonic Poem (To The Regina George of my History Class) (September 9, 2020)

Ionic columns flank the cave
She sees a hunchback and is afraid
He has spent his years upside down
And the first face he sees is a frown

Elysium loves no cretins
Shrieks of terror erupt
The vestal virgins are implored
And from afar is King David's Lord

He lends his hand
She cries for the UDC
The Grand Imperial Knights of the unday
Please gods make me feel okay

The fires of 1967

Concentric circles of unheaven*
In undead salvation rescue the maidens
Suburbia save her soul

Elvis made gold from coal
Blues into rock & roll
A poodle from a mole
An armistice from a foxhole

Horror and martyrs for valor
Bring me my First Bull Run
Let me stay in Apollo's sun
Fend off the Hun

Come Verdun
Come Verdun
Come Verdun
Come Verdun

*unheaven is the dimension of Hell, arguably the primary one, where one lives materially well as the soul dies. Where one pretends it is Heaven and where it is superficially nice. In this particular example, it alludes to white flight in concentric circles around an urban core. They want a veil of morality in a pleasant suburban community while ultimately building their family values Mayberry on both overt social sins and vice-ridden hypocrisies. This is one of the few times I spell out what was meant to be analysed.

130. The Mighty Grey Sky (Crisis of the 3rd Century) (September 12, 2020)

Yonder ponders me
As the morning doth come
The sun beneath the rim
It was cracking and the paradigm was about to begin

Four Thirty AM
For some, this is when
The counting begins

Diocletian had wrestled and did rend it

It, the empire fleeting and ill
Gaul and Palmyra had balked at it
Armenia was lighting the torch of the morn
From which was heard the burning future horn

Roars of stomachs
Rumbled in the dark
Fearful hearts beg for a hastened lark
Eyes glued east for the safety to start

Mars and his horror
Stalked every nook
The acid sand of Stalingrad was plastered across the land
The birds and fairies had gone raving mad

Only a tyrant, it was said could keep the night peaceful
It is a lie all strongmen sell
To tell you only a felon can stop a war criminal
And the lesser evil still leads you to hell

All will fall
Little will rise
The wisest man from Hippo
Carefully did write

All will die in the night
Place no faith in the race ending tonight
He won the crisis of the century
It was a playground rumble and he won the fight

Comes a light as the sky is now grey
That will burn the earth into a brilliant day
Steadfast forever, come what may

Many kings have claimed they have the power to stay

All have given way

Gold is shiny flesh

Photons don't decay

One is false light and the other is the day

131. Biotech Gods (The Streets of New Santiago) (September 13, 2020)

Yuppies with purse puppies

Navigate the penitente

A master race of arrogance and NPD

Movies and TV and shares

Glared at them

Cocaine floating Elysium

The streets of New Santiago

The white labs of Hellenistic stone

The iridescent creatures that built this new Rome

The perennial throne of all silly men

The black boils of the deep

Where the creeper creatures seep

The feast of the tractor beam aliens

Who invaded to be made immortal

Lords of their kind

Fermented infrared algae of the fair European tropics

Make a nasty night of white flashes and violent highs

In the midst of their roller-coaster ride

They became alive and they die at the same time

They zombify

The tycoons of Europa

Like all pioneers who had found virgin oil

Boiled in the endlessness
They had surrendered to the deep siren's kiss
Conquistadors freezing in their awe

The valley girls in an eternal mall
Always get lost in their dazzled walk
They forget their lives
They stomp forever staring and mute
Ever pale ghosts in ever worn shoes

132. Dear Pestilence (September 23, 2020)

My love of ages
Forlorn and despised
From which the Decameron rose
Poison rose
Holes in rows

Misunderstood woman
Like witches made to burn
Thy life is sweet and replete with kind murder
The spoiled lads and lasses forgot the lashes
They cry loudly as they turn to ash

History forgotten shall revive
And as the zombies arise again
The lies of pseudoscience cower before the roar
Of Gaia mighty
And are stuck down by lightning

The metaphorical and literal Jews of modern science
Brought mother nature to her knees
Sayeth the seers of the reeds
“We need return to the Earth with humility

And not dominate her”

Democracy is new

Chemicals are, too

The simple folk blame the sophisticate few

The literal and metaphorical Jews

And metaphorical Egypt shall be plagued anew

Frogs and blood and tsunamis come

And January 27 breaks dawn while the weak run free

And the sun makes the bloody lawn bright red

All of the Illuminati Resistance cells are dead alongside their victims

Measles planted her sword and placed a crown on her own head

Fine queen of the undead

Titania of a winter realm

Plato’s feeble captain at the helm of what was The Carpathia

America

And beyond

133. Choosie Susie (September 27, 2020)

Society, in her finest metaphorical corset,

Sought a (chuckle) dashing lad of sountness

Proud and loud and soft and meek

Dominant and weak

She poured through the magazines week after week

Forlorn and distraught

She ideated a fate

She would date a philosophical concept

She poured again, this time through textbooks

For her Platonist ideal

The power of the pen

She wrote her revenge against a world that had denied her

By making alive an incorporeal (cough) gentlemen

Of perfectness and perfection

Like Jesus except a bad boy

He went from a dream of a girl to a dream of a world

She demanded he be real and that she had a right to feel

Raptured by a dark prince, safe and slightly afraid of a beautiful man

Like utopian socialists, she, possessed, rioted for his existence

Ten thousand women gathered at Trafalgar Square to masturbate to a mere idea

Empires fell and legislatures burned

Civilization went down as the girls wouldn't learn

Love from want and lust from storge

They kept getting hurt but were incapable of grasping

Pavlov's lessons of the past

Hungry ghosts forever

The is no end in sight

Their eyes are filled with hunger

The sky is filled with night

This is the future and there is no dawning light

Porn is everywhere

All is hot and nothing is fair

Dr. Frankenfurter makes toys of boys

And the girls have all fun and have no memory of joy

The dildos conquered the candelabras and Isabella lost Alhambra

The quest for death

When nothing is rare

A billion flickers of light

And not a single one doth dare

Everything is unfair

134. The Reification of Poetry (September 27, 2020)

Burning excrement from the Oort cloud
The sight of cocaine snorting in the sky
Rises the peasants and princes alike
It makes the townsfolk lively
And the dirt roads razed with metaphorical fire

Psychosomatic yet true
Stampedes and bleeding like a Mongol Horde
It may as well be the second coming of the Lord
The land roars and revolutions ensue
Can anything not be more true?

Magic begins as fiction and becomes flesh
By virtue of people's wrecks for lives
In the mess they see order and in order to survive
They write poetry
And the poetry is true

The human condition is a fiction that arose from ether
On the plains of Africa
It went from zero to one
Nothing to eternity
In a handful of babies

The madness of rabies
The realm of mystery and maybes
Pantheons of sex and virginity
Our species is imaginary and a mere fairy tale dream
Of innocent and terrified and orgasmic screams

Like a corporate sole
The soul is borne of no

Yet, lives a full existence
Myth stays not fake
Fate, lore, and more all our story make

135. The Death of a 1990's Classical Maestro (October 14, 2020)

Rivers of serpents
Coil through trees
Seething as the eerie eels of the countryside
Spooky and frightening

Lightning hits
One, two, three
Fires ignite and dogs hide in fright
Where are the noble knights of our lives?

Clouds tower high like Babel
And like Babel they fall
And through all of the gore and war I see
Of the collapsed empire of Rawls

It was said long ago the future would have concerts of grandness for all
Knowledge would be awesome every day
Tea and chess and gentleness and the band *Yes*
Yes!

History slept
Captain Piccard was left
Plays, Gays, Debates, and Amazingness
Hubris is always unwise, my friend

These trees were once buildings and serpents once streets
The jungle retook this nook after everything became senile
And after a while everything became mean

I am screaming

This city was the imperial seat

London or Rome or Peking

Clean and shining

It died one night and never returned like all greatness, it burned

Democracy and science

We stood on the shoulders of giants

Centuries behind us and blazing ahead

Now, ahead is dead and the giants fell like the Colossus of Rhodes

Roads of highways of thought

Slipped into rot as humans attempted godhood

To become parking lots and metaphorical malls

The questions of men and women had not been truly resolved

Fukuyama

Sagan

The future

The future was amazing

We had slain the monsters of darkness and feebleness

They revisited us and this time they came to win

They became the strippers that drew men and women to sin

Sweetly gave us the sweet poison with which we ended like Eden again

Dancing and prancing

Fancily rousing and arousing

Dull acid through the witchcraft of the motel

Made a cigarette butt hell from a once stout man

He felt the light of fire be brilliant

And in the brilliance became dumb

The young skin and youngness of the slut whore

He was reduced to another drunk soldier who fucked her like the millions in the war

The future of chrome sank into a deep despair
Mold and rust and the corrosive fires of the worst human lusts
Of rage and hatred aged it and the maid of our age was a waning high of cocaine
She was no longer fair

Groaning anemically as he weakly went down, the giant did
The fair reaping angel in her white gown
Gently unveiled his funeral shroud
And led him into eternity, quietly, and softly forever

Giants die and rise
The wise know they are but mortals
And surmise from a more ethereal truth
And that dies not and is the stuff of eternal youth

136. National Mistress Poem (October 27, 2020)

Eyes closed and in formal clothes
Her hands clutching a voluminous rose
Crisp and young laying between the columns of mighty Rome
Her home and her abode
Her altar at which she goes

Gentle and little whilst intense and gargantuan
An angel guarded by an electric fence which the boys try to scale
Most will fail but the few who glimpse see the immense sense of it
A religion of one defended by guns
A national myth of romance and a deified sun

She was sweet in life but in death she is loud
She says more from her crypt than her lips ever could
She says what her masters ventriloquize and takes on another life
The metaphorical wife of the nation's god

She's really fucking hot

Her ghost is meant to be stalked
To draw men into killing and dying at her altar
Trapped by her beauty and enslaved to her grace
The power of a still and lifeless face
She is the mistress and the master of humanity's races

Hate and love
Mix and swirl above her
Burning lust and rusting souls
Gothic opera and rock & roll
The warmth of a friendly embrace of a fair maid whose body is deathly cold

Lie with her
Live with her
Die with her
Rise with her
Join her in sweet undeath

137. Line of Wildfire (October 25, 2020)

Poisoned by nostalgia sweet and stinging
Stout and proud beneath the ever grey and pale clouds
Loudly belching the anthems serenading their approaching vampires of doom
Their Jerusalem is being encased in the embrace of an earthen womb

The faith of the old deities is made undead
Before the warriors of gold who bow their heads
Still young but whose eyes see the encroaching mold
And whose rose is crying but in death shall remain bold

The act of dying is violent and silent
It roars with emotion and whispers like sweet foreplay
It cuddles like the night and burns bright like the day

It is a grand march through a magnificent arch

Trumpets herald the entrance
Of great men into a mere trance
From reality into romance
It is tragic and magic and ecstatic and fantastic

It is the nightingale and the lark
As men become legend
Yet, become disbelieved in
Jupiter and Odin become art yet are dead still

Dressed in their best
Ghosts in the finest attire
Poetry of the dead in their transition to metaphor
Forever white with an imperial laurel on their head

As the ancient generals wished for immortality
The fickle fates chuckled and gave them their reward
Behind the gates of an Elysium where they are stone
Frozen like Pompeii lies the might of Rome

Tears and breaths of power
Are let and drawn in this sacred hour
As the sanguine life is devoured
And from the ashes shall arise a flower

A flower from the compost of muscle, heart, and brain
Nursed by the gentle rain and swaying softly
A testament to the once mighty reign that yells to the stars
Away, my love! Away!

138. City of the Damned: Homage to Shackleton (December 6, 2020)

The rolling hills of the asphalt grey

Jerusalems beacon from the virgin soil
Tempting boys with her charm and fairness
Like drooling dogs, they toil and toil

They build their wives from wires and polymers
The fire of their burning desires to be the conquerors of Mount Doom
The heroes of men and women
All but children whom prey for their seeds to bloom

Kowloon Walled City is a canvass for the mind
Create whatever world you see fit, be it greedy or be it kind
The moon is for the daring, for the caring, for the very fair, for the maligned
Hippies and yuppies shall compete for the prize

Shackleton City is the Wild West
A Vegas for the best of the worst
For runaways and fugitives and outcasts
It is an asylum for the damned and a land where visionaries make their stand

The eccentrics and the broken thieves
Living by what they believe
The veterans of the vigilantes
Reading the Lazarus Poem and leaving for their messiah

I arrived here in my youth
To find my own and the universal truth
I am couth and uncouth
For the dreamers and the condemned, I live

Hallelujah! For the refugees!
Hallelujah! For the criminals!
Hallelujah! For the runaways!
Hallelujah! For the city of the damned!

Riding her ATV
In the sea of whiteish grey
No one around
No sound to dissuade my meditations or hers
This is the new Earth

The endless pines and prairies of my childhood
Died in my adolescence
I kissed them goodbye and swore to see them again
Here I am born again
In my New Jerusalem

Fears of rape and murder
Trashy suburban sprawl
The dirt had died and become fried
Between formaldehyde and a shopping mall
Nothing was sweet, bittersweet, or romantic at all

I wanted nothing more but to see her again
My innocence and my silence
Where the screaming faded to sleeping
And fairies slew the alarms of fear
Where I could fall into the arms of a dear friend without hesitation

The open regolith without monsters or ghouls
Nothing but how God built it
And no one's a loser and no one is cool
On the kissing abyss of Sinus Roris
Silence roars and dust wisps

The fair maiden riding her stallion
Through a world unknown
We have built new Jerusalem
We have conquered Rome

We are home

Along with our emotions
And nothing to raise our hairs
Writing poetry under the eternal and infinite black
Sinking and slipping into the fair
Nebulous expanse of the new and unpolluted

In the fair bay of dew
The lair of the rueful
The abode of the truth
To be alone with one another
In a state of eternal youth

140. Humans at The Sepulcher (January 31, 2021)

Two holy men
Brimming with sin from their eyes
Who shame women for their hemlines
Boil with anger

Not far from the manger
Treading closer to danger
Their fists rise
They spit and throw fits

Over a ladder
A rotting shard of wood
The idolatry at which children's blood is spilled
And for whom the nationalities' idols have their gullets filled

Monks throw hits
Blood splats
Nations' fires rises into the sky
The arena of retarded frat guys having a fight

Have they forgotten?
I believe they did
Do they believe God truly wants one guy to win?
After one falls and the other barely stands

Those around sigh
They are hypocrites
They curse a pilgrim for her hemline
As I'd expect at this putrid cesspit

Long beards defend a dead tradition
The living God is an abstraction
The nation feels more alive
The lines of mortal sin are drawn and fought for

By holy men.
By holy men.
By holy men.
By holy men.

141. Supplicants of the Borg (February 6, 2021)

Red, blue, green
Mosaics eternal pour pseudo-maternal affection
Through the screens
Sirens of the deep piping seductive tunes to induce sleep

The runes surround the altar of the TV and the devices
You and eternity meet there, so innocent seems such a mundane vice
Myopia infects thee and thou art bound to stare
Thy soul seeps through the screen and into the devil's lair

There, there, now
The couch is a mighty altar

Upon which the goddess's feast lies
The soul through the eyes into the wires dies

Arises a zombie
Nay...
A vampire
Beneath the spell of a hellish bitch

Suckling of the borg
The Zuckerberg
The learned and the ignorant
Become the devotes of the great goat

No life
No light
Just fire and char
And an altar slab for its gullet

In the forests of Mississippi
I saw the ghosts of the laptop and the TV long before they were there
I never thought I would see them again
Alas, the undead have arisen anew

Inhumanity is a body without a soul
It is hardcore pornography and not whole
It is forged by those born in Plato's cave
And not the cathedral of the multiverse, the grandest nave

That altar of undeath is the cave
The screen and the screams is the shadowy wall
The world of no dreams and nothing but meanness
The mother of the obscene and all that is unclean

142. Jesus in the Regolith (March 29, 2021)

Silence of the eternal desert
The metaphor of good and evil
White and black
Divided by the horizon

In the nothingness like Nirvana
I hear the folk singers ring old Gospel songs
In the everlasting monochrome
Light and dark

Heart-throbbing fable
I'm miles from this horse's stable
Alone with the cosmos
Within me and out to forever

This rock is the ark
On which another chance will be tried
We were sold promises of a new life
It was our responsibility to make it not a lie

I see the free will before me
On my stallion, my electric ATV
On this lunar expanse
His canvass of life where death or righteousness can be written

The kittens we faced long ago and we didn't get ran
This Josephus Tribe makes their stand
We face the same choices in a different land
I see Jesus in the lunar sand

The devil in the sky
And blinding light on the ground
I can get lost or get found
This is it, the physical metaphor of the profound

143. Platonic Days (March 21, 2021)

Like a Cossack on the infinite steppe
The Aral to his back and a saber at his side
As free as a pirate on the ocean of grasses
Anywhere the wind blows he goes

A Nestorian nomad among the Tengrist islands
Alone under a dead sky
His home is the horse and the arrow
There is no drama and nothing wet

Innocent as a child
Exploring into the wild
Miles and miles of awe and wonder
Pure virginity

Glistening eyes
And baby cheeks
And a mischveious streak
Lost completely for innumerable weeks

The penises are mean but the land is kind
He's abandoned the carnal for the grand cathedral
Of Thoreau and Muir
An extra in the epic of creation like Ben Hur

A McCandless-like toddler
A light in the darkness of the crime
The effigy burning of exes and salacious abuses of true crime
An ageless and timeless abode of rhymes

Nothing but virginity
Nothing but virginity
Nothing but virginity

Nothing but virginity

144. The First Day of Eternity (March 21, 2021)

This day

Rays of sun break over the horizon

Metaphorical and chic

The false Polish men have proclaimed their brilliance

Gleiwitz

A Banshee's kiss

Like a siren in the distance

Drawing her victims close

Roses descend

The satin dress has been tailored

Our darling princess is ready to enter the nave

And be given to her saviour

Red alert lights strobe in screaming

In a scene so fair as to be dreaming

A wedding of life veils a soul of black

Tonight, both sides will lie and never go back

Hearts throb in romance and fear

The bride and the groom elect to ignore the danger

To succumb to the poison of the glory of war

That night the angels shall abscond and the valkyries blonde arrive

The death of the truth and the birth of the lie

The first hour of their lives anew

The ruined countryside of char and rubble

Is unseen and pleasantly ignored in their bubble

They close their eyes and follow their ears
The oars and roars of the gremlins beat like a drum
On their first-class grand staircase
For their kingdom to come

145. Colors of Death (April 4, 2021)

Black
Grey
Brown
And red

Are the flag of the city of the dead
Which has no wars
No acute pain
Only the subtle and sublime to drive one insane

Up and down the town
Are pretty ladies
All strut like queens
Preppie darlings in a land obscene

The culture is U of V in 1924
And the cityscape is Vienna
It's a party like 476 in Ravenna
Everyone is pretending

They bribe henchmen to abate the end they sense
They hear psychosomatic bangs on the door
Nightmares of the yet unfought war
That yet erodes their poor psyches

They banter and converse
Their eyes sinking as their universe's blood drains pale
The colors become less rich

As their lives of success live on a loan and they've already failed

More and more black favors must be made to placate the creditors

To procrastinate fate

For now, it's surprisingly late

And despite the facade of normalcy, everyone is insane

146. No Ocean Can End Our Love (Yenisei's Sonnet to Her Paramour)* (April 5, 2021)

In the canyons of Butte and Baikal

Are morphic fields

Ever vague

And never clear

They are yet here

An uncanny kinship

Felt through the miles and the awhiles

Ever jaded and modern, no changes abate the raw truth

A time and place of a land long gone

Sings its song

From before Christ and Mohamed

And which all believed to be dead

Was discovered in this abyssal realm

It was here all along

The Mongols and the Tsars recorded it

No one bothered to check

A blood unbroken by the storms of time

I am yours and you are mine

Let us live and die together

Burning in pink, I see a neon light of radical infatuation

Like Abraham waiting for his child

I thought not we would meet again
At last, I heard the faint sound on the wind
And I thought it was thine voice

Rejoiced, did I
And galloped to see
And millennia dissolved
To reunite you and me

You and me
Forever and ever
And ever and ever
And ever and ever

Sweet poison of burning lust and devotion
Is not eroded by an ocean
Our wedding will be as eternal as death and as light as life
In infinite black and infinite white

*Yenisei refers to an ethnic group in Siberia with the only known trans-Beringian cultural link extant and one of the very few pre-Columbian Old-New World Cultural Links. Possibly only joined by the introduction of sweet potatoes to Polynesian agriculture and a few loanwords exchanged between the Polynesians and Native South Americans. Yet, the Yenisei link is significantly more impressive given the Polynesian link was made in the Second Millennium AD, less than a thousand years ago, while the Yenisei link is over ten thousand years old, at least. The Norse presence and contacts with the Native Americans was too brief and fleeting to have made any lasting impact and the Japanese ships known to be carried by currents and winds to the Pacific Northwest likewise made no impression. The Yenisei link is mostly linguistic and confirmed not to be coincidental through genetic studies.

147. Ghosts of Z (April 5, 2021)

Dusty streets of the new age
Crackheads walk emotionless
The Zuckerberg Borg Droids feast upon souls

A choir of angels ripping chords and playing rock & roll

The soldier with the lance

The sky turns yellow

And I see the blood red fields of Flanders and France

The throbbing percussion of Verdun from the kisses of the darling guns

Forges the theme music to the grand play

Of a night that is day and a day that is night

Oh, come hither gentle night

Of an overcast sky

Where life and death

Are one

And the sun is the moon and the moon is the sun

Forever old and forever young

There is no sex and there is no vice

Everyone is silent and no one is nice

Except in fear of reprisals by the dictator kings of Twitter

The world is shit

Zoomers

Slaves

It is sanitized but, oh, so depraved

The mute but insane

Love is dead

Replaced by fear and hate

SROs are at the gate

The Chicxulub meteor is descending

Welcome the Cenozoic

Love!

Love!

Love has another chance!

148. Maroon Folk Poem (April 21, 2021)

Abodes of roses and Moses
The swamps reek to death and life
Hiding amongst the reeds is a desperate man or woman with a knife
Just across the Berkley County line

It's a long way north
And a long way south
There is no open freedom
Here is the only way out

Maroons ruffle the flora striking fear to all who hear
Boats swerving through with guns and their pilots' eyes scream
Looking for shapes in the night to abate their fright
And not finding any, most times, but sometimes, maybe

Paradigms of fire and fog
Clog the eyes in the surreal life of the hiding
And arises scenes of wonder and fear in the jungles
In the strange islands of the swamp down here

A universe in a bubble
In the rubble of a war
Lovers and fighters, the hunters and hunted, resign every night
To sink into their homeland's lore in their own forests and steppes

In the sun and in the trees
Having fun in the breeze or living on one's knees
Being sleezy or being true
The catchers and their prey full of pain and rue

A world veiled to the sun

A planet to itself
A curious little one
The thrill of life on the run

To the unlucky of the white who seek them
Something goes bump in the night
Ghouls of darkness
This is hard for everyone

At both ends of the gun
Is a world to its own
To the proud folks of this stout free island
This is their only country and their home

149. The Plague of Justinian (April 22, 2021)

Whirls of worms
Make a tornado
As scary as a snake
They are a kingdom vast and great

Slime and grime
Toil and trouble
Sand turns to mud
And the ground starts to bubble

The Earth trembles before the might
There is no wrong and there is no right
Kiss her feet and admit she is the only light
Thou, mortal, shan't fight the worms

Weaklings, it was said they were
Never would they conquer the Earth
Such silly men join her girth
As she slurps them by the score

The strongest of men vowed to fight the scourge
Yet, the jock was but a nerd to the new Regina George
Hail the triumph of thy overlords, the worms grow in their power
One day, the silly worms, will see this was their Babel tower

Boethius's wheel
Hubris always comes to heel
The now always feels forever steadfast
When such things are not real

150. A Single Day as a Lion (July 18, 2021)

Juliet arose from her gentle sleep
As her Romeo lie there waiting
She whispered to fate
That she wasn't too late

Fortuna and her minions
Stared down this haughty lass
Fortuna smugly spouted
"Thou hast no chance

Boethius's wheel cannot be cheated
The world and the stars and Aphrodite and Mars
Make no quarter for justice, my dear
Versailles and Verdun are my fickleness depending on thy year"

The icon in the church crypt
The cross bound to Juliet's neck
Juliet said "Thou art pagan and astrology is, as well
I am a daughter of Heaven and thou art a servant of Hell"

The black angels rock the church from afar
Fortuna saw the walls bleed with blood

The Fifty-Fourth was coming and Juliet smiled at the sound of the drums
Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven

Juliet and her paramour
The Partigiani resisting El Duce
Hatred and death
The children of slaves hath come to save this fair city

At Appomattox Courthouse
The stars bend to men
Destiny from birth is signed away with a pen
“Fortuna, my friend, thou art conquered, then”

Romeo arose and Juliet and him saw the walls cave in
The resistance outlasted the blasted tyrant
A single day as a lion is all El Duce was given
They prayed over his grave and made their escape and all was forgiven

- In the Second World War, most of the Black American troops were sent to the Italian Campaign and thus likely participated in the liberation of Verona. The fifty-fourth refers to the most famous Black troops of the American Civil War, the 54th Massachusets. The title, “A Single Day as a Lion” refers to a Mussolini quote

151. My Darling Prince (July 19, 2021)

My love hath rescued me
From the frothy sea of doom
As the children toil at the jennies
For pennies

The sun rose and set those days
Over the North Sea shore
From my enclave of slavery
On the eve of 1848

I'd met him before
A man of peace and of war
Who'd fought the gremlins of the triangle trade
He was made for all women but was in love with me

"The Liberator" was he known by
The chattel treated like cattle
Heard the rattle of his rig
Their spirits rose, as the sounds drew close, and all danced to a jig

Their captors came to fret the tremble
My prince gave to their feet
He was so deft a sailor that
With a sloop he could sink a fleet

One day he arrived at my attic bedroom
And verified me for all to see
He terrified the devil
He was a man who reveled in light

Like all those slave ship captains
No villain would win this fight
So all was well as he took my hand
We married and were free

That light should conquer darkness
And God shall win the seas
And then that year the millions saw
And they wished to follow me

I proclaimed to all
That all should rise and fight
For all things that are good and the angels shall rend
For sin may frighten the servants of God but virtue always wins

- This poem is based on my adaptation of Cinderella which modifies the pop culture version, the Disney version, not the original Perrault version. The setting and everything in the Disney version is Dickensian. While the Disney canon, I believe, states 1780, it's obviously many decades later than that all in genre, style, and physical characteristics like fashion and aesthetics. So, I set it in the context of the Revolutions of 1848 where the prince's family are colonial viceroys of a territory roughly analogous to Trinidad in size and location. They gain the throne as constitutional monarchs when the absolute monarch is overthrown. Frisia (their country) is basically a puppet state of Britain and the prince is an Etonian and served as a captain in the Royal Navy commanding anti-slave trade operations, gaining him the mononym "The Liberator".

152. The Death Scene from "Faustian Fifteen" (July 24, 2021)

The girl

The little girl

Adventuress in her Sunday dress

Who threw dirt clods as projectiles

She had not been to the old nook in the woods for a while

Miles off of the road

Her childhood abode

Where the cliques and posses of kids roamed

She was old, now

Her memories bittersweet

She had sold her soul for gold

And that is who she's here to meet

Where her innocence was lost

For her vampire heart-throb

For her popularity

For money

Scenes of play and bright sunny days

Surround her

Tears abound on her cheeks

She sees what she's become

She looks up to see her lord
The Faustian salesman come for the devil's due
All the memories around her
Become filtered in dark red hues

This is the end
The house always wins
The prince shall slay the demon
The mouse becomes a man and the chariots thunder

The girl became Regina of her world and now it's done
They're marching on her plantation house
And she's fondling a gun
Scarlet won't be picking turnips at the rising of the sun

She ended where she started
Her queendom is a corpse
Her whip and her fan are looted by the fifty-fourth
The castle of her childhood where she made her kingdom of death

Is no more
Her metaphorical whoredom could buy her no more time
So she became the villain in a Dickensian nursery rhyme
Forever she has died

On her last breath was a cry
Her regretful tears trying to return
Yet she can never go back
And forever shall she burn

153. The Last Stand of Thurmond's Bunny (July 24, 2021)

The swirling dervishes of mighty Grenada

Choreographed in a hypnotic dance
The majestic trumpets of the Golden Age blast their last
And Boabdil screeches his last

His harem queen in her lace nightgown awakens
The curtains of her bed are shaking
Sweetly rising until she feels the floor
Her heart nearly rips with racing

This hermit world of splendor
The peninsular so small
Bounded by the mountains and the seas so wide and tall
Has died

This empire of high school
Is sinking beneath the tide
The mighty is now tiny
The world has arrived

They bought their gold on credit
Their knights shan't stop their creditors
They form a line at the frontier
For their last stand and roar their last

Their eyes peer beyond the border
The hordes rock the earth
The harem queen stands stoutly as her men vanish
Vanish from the Earth

Like Captain Smith on the Titanic
She stands as the waters rise
Terrified of whatever is on the other side
She takes a deep breath, stares at the breaking windows, and then she dies

Her minion men and decedent sin made their final stand

The prestige of Roman gluttony with its triumphs and whores
Won on the backs of slaves, orgies, wine, and wars
Was unveiled to reveal its gore and then burned to ash and was no more

Isabella tread upon the concubine's spine and planted the flag of Castile
The survivors from the conquered cried that this was real
Isabella's sword was raised to the sun and the fair queen's back to the silent guns
Power shouted itself from the silence

The absence of violence was a violence
It was the conquest of an entire world
Now sleeping in death beneath a vivacious bride
Death was dead and life was alive

154. Frat Party in Ravenna (July 25, 2021)

Garum and cyanide
Rose petals and wine
The line on the horizon's girth grows
She drinks her poison of sweetness
She kisses the world with her last merlot

The playboy mansion and her pimp king
Sing songs of money and hoes
She sucks their every erection
While Alexandria's burning and the cathedrals of learning
Scream for their help

Also and lo
No
The senators never cared for them
What use have they of Hypatia
The babes on the hillsides cry for life
Jerusalem is creeping a barrage

And the playboy king prays it is a mirage
It's not and he has no where to go
His most learned gone like from a Stalinist purge
Killed by the neglect of his most base of urges

The playboy king has lost his army of men
He has only an army of nymphs
And a cadre of imbecile fellow pimps
The sky is yellow and red
Soon they will all be dead

The sun will set
The sea will rise
The bright lighting of eschatology
Burning their eyes
From the ashes of Alexandria a new world will arise

They're staying high until its over
As the Angles and Saxons are storming the cliffs of Dover
They shall die in Ravenna when they hear their year has come
Holding back their tears to die with pride when it comes
With their cyanide and garum in their wine and their roses and alone and naked when it is over

155. The Day After Damnation (July 25, 2021)

Awakening in undeath
Bog water in her lungs
She has become the thing
The showgirl whore of unfair Babylon's king
Performing before the Satanic Althing

She's paying back her loan
Forever is she done
She looks over yonder
In the futile hope of seeing the sun

She'll never be forever young

The thunder of saluting guns
To herald the coming of El Duce
His majesty with his harem
She will join him in this ceremony
He drops his toga and raises his staff

The cackles of the gremlins and minions yet laugh
She steps back and gasps in fear
She looks to run but there are guards with guns
She's not going anywhere, she's remaining here
For years and years and years forevermore

A plaything for gross soldiers in a war-zone
Naked and alone
Degrading herself at the motel thrones
Of disgusting men acting out their fantasies of sin
To which she is enslaved

The orange firelight of Plato's Cave
There is no escape
She's staying down
Laying on the ground at the behest of her renters to exploit
She got the world of boys and toys she wanted for in life

She is the consort of the devil and nobody's beloved wife
She drinks her communion of his blowing
She kneels in submission to his girth
If she's listens very hard, the truth will come to her, at last
When all are one and one is all

She is the queen of the worms
The creatures of the dirt
And only in that sense has she inherited the Earth

With her crown of plastic and fish-net regalia

She's dead forever and ever and ever

156. The New Road to Mandalay (July 26, 2021)

Lying with my paramour

Desperate veterans from a war

A boy and a girl in each other's arms

Kissing to forget the harm of the horror

Beneath the gentle pale sky

The geysers explode beneath ice

Carbon dioxide makes a fireworks show

Every night and every day

To celebrate God's creation and the creatures as they play

Under a gentle pale sky on the road to Mandalay

I had a criminal record on Earth but here I have a blank slate

Here I cheated the stars and the cruel cards of fate

Mineral mining for the silicon darlings

In the wild west on the polar frontier of Mars

No strobing lights or mean looks for my my species of branded man

A free state of manumissioned slaves

I died millions of miles away

I set sail as a flight risk of my bail

Fucked the jail and was saved by the waves of space

Landed in fair Ares as do forlorn boys and maidens who get away

I rose a glass to those who wanted my ass

I sat down at the cathedral of Saint Jerome

And I prayed

I laughed at my scars from Earth on Mars

I'm the prince of the wasteland on the road to Mandalay

The turbines turn from the geysers
And make the towns all around alight
Sublimation engines sing like a teapot
Rusted clunks that barely work
Their thumps keep us alive

They rattle and rattle but never die
The manumissioned chattel hear their creaking
They know in such a poor place they are free
The slaves of the Earth find their place on this star
On the polar frontier of that fairest of planets, Mars

With my cuddling wife
With my new, free, life
Born again
Free of sin
Providence from the Lord that I should begin again

157. Nightmare of Forever (July 26, 2021)

The cheer captain of old
Reflects on her old realm
The gold and the glitter
The vodka and the sin
She was raped by a guy on cocaine

One would believe
It would not be thought of fondly
Yet for a deposed queen all her reign was glorious
She was victorious
Even in rape

Rage boiled in her veins
Pain and regret
She struggled in the setting sun

Her boyfriend died as a drug dealer long ago

Nothing is left

She paces through old Flanders fields

Where the Valkyries heralded the athletes

Marching one by one to the beat of the drum

Over the top and into the kingdom to come

To the rock & roll percussion of a Maxim-like gun

Glory one moment and then it was done

And all human sin and virtue became one

Her mightiest was fallen and slept softly in the crater

The last thing that he said was that he'd be back for her later

She waited and waited but later was never

She awoke in her bed

To the screaming dream in her head

An omen shrieked like death and its words brightly bled

They said one word over and over

“Forever! Forever! Forever!”

158. The Sanitation Brigade (July 26, 2021)

John Locke

My darling Icarus

Return to bed and rest thy head

Think not of the day to come

Come back and hold me dear

You think too much

You fight too strong

Let me anoint thee

And sing thee song

Everything is right even though everything is wrong

Thou art strong and bold
And I longed for thee
I groveled to God to make thee mine
He granted it me and now I hath thee
My epitome and my prize

Let the birds and bees fight
Try not to make them chaste
As Robespierre shall cite thee
When he lashes out in rage
To make his Apollonian utopia

Rose McGowan and her army of maids
Every scandal uncovered and every sinner laid to waste
Cato is a wildfire and the Medici are dead
There is no gentle darkness in which to have sex
The searchlights and surveillance cameras bathe every nook in light

Tread not into the sun
Thou shalt burn before it's done
In thy quest for life, death shall come
Take the oil to thy head like Christ said
Next to me rest thy sleepy head

159. Le Pen of America Street (July 28, 2021)

America Street
From Aleppo the children came
The sky became red
And death was her name

The poor souls
Were tadpoles
Who had escaped Plato's Cave
Sought refuge in the cathedral

In that cathedral's nave
The nebulous apparition
Who bore the name of death
Spoke like a mean girl and said "like" on every breath

It looked like a woman but smelled like a man
It carried an AR-15 and hummed Taylor Swift's "Fifteen"
The thing was insane
An edifice of sweet poison but a soul of H.P. Lovecraft

Witchcraft

Her token outfit was an Ashley Hall uniform
She tread between submitted minions
Who announced her arrival with horns

She met the refugees and she cast them to death
The refugees clutched their crucifix and subdued their own breath
Who shall win and who shall lose
Will the witch burn or will the condemned hang

The witch will laugh until the noose is cut
For the angels always keep their own
The gunshots that night in the mean girl's arranged bloody rite
All missed their targets and the crime was seen

To all who saw it
It proved the witch was obscene
The refugee walked away as the sky became blue
Dropped a mic on the ground as the angels around her flew

160. The Rise and Fall of Suburban Cocaine People (July 29, 2021)

White suburbia is the pretense of fun
Yet beneath the pastel veil is a whole lot of death

Its expanse is Verdun, its schools are S21, and it is the whip and the gun

It is the black realm of the Tommy and the Hun

The Khmer Rouge and the Mulan Rouge

The Xanax and the booze

The bitches are easy if you're a bro

It looks like a Faustian frat party from below

The girls and boys sacrifice the losers to the gods of the bog

To drink their blood as steroids and live furiously

Cornered as the victim of their pagan rites

Bloodlust in their faces and there was no mercy or grace

The queen bee of the UDC smiled at me with a rope

"Hope" she said "Is for those who believe in light"

Her flanking knights took me to Yggdrasil for my special night

She kissed me on the forehead and said "A thousand times good night"

I had dared eloped with a platonic paramour

A girl above me who could never love me

For which crime I was given to the tree

And the serpents of the socialites slurped the blood from my wounds

I wobbled away without sanity or composure

I gathered my faculties and vowed atonement

I took my sword and I rode back with Birnam Wood

I said "Motherfuckers! I'm not dead, yet. I'm Andy Duphrene, not fucking Juliet

Even she was revived by Taylor Swift

But Taylor's the anthem for the hot

I'm the Springsteen of the not

I am the wretched of the Earth so ask me what hath God wrought?"

The answer is not what they wanted

They cowered in fear and then they got it

They lost what they had flaunted

And they faded into the air

The hot gave way to the fair

The cocaine gave way to the wine

The frat bros were gone and replaced by gentle royalty

And it was a happily ever after time

161. The Dickinson of the UDC (July 31, 2021)

The authoress dreamt at her desk

She flew through the stars and the air

Through rivers and meadows and mountains so fair

Until she plucked the plump plumb from the garden

The garden of the mind

A true Dickinson or Frost

Although, may I say, a Faust

For as tasty and lovely as her delights

They come at the dearest of costs

Her poetry is a human sacrifice to her ignoble gods

Stories of knights and men of the deep wood

Armies of white who shielded the good from those who would

Defile and deflower the innocent in their soft hours

She wrote sweet romances of love and chivalry

Oh, rapture the maidens sweet narrator!

This narrator was an agent of terror

She commanded legions of blinded gremlins

Who killed at her whims and commands

She was the shewolf who reigned all the land

With the small pen she held in her graceful hand

Her cozy study of valor and gold

Where words were sweet as the tea
And the authoress was as sweet as could be
Until and unless she killed thee
With her poison syringe, her pen

In the dark tradition of Atwater and Rove
She spoke in subtle lies and in secret codes
She is the highwayman who stalks every backwater road
Of the psychologies of everyone who doesn't know who she is
If you know, she shall murder you after giving you a kiss

She is the high sorceress of the UDC
Glory and thunder and the light of a nuclear bomb
Emit from her metaphorical tower from her metaphoric penthouse
She speaks in serpentine tongues from Gleiwitz to her children
From there to the bunker, she will make her valiant and black stand

To draw her line in the sand
Until her poison returns
And she is led to the depths of the Earth
She shall say it was worth it
For for one shining moment, she conquered the Earth

She became a god with a pen
She rose armies and oceans
And took the souls of women and men
She had made it and was the it
She cries when it dies and yet never, ever, ever, regrets it

162. Dean of Petrograd: The College of Charleston (July 31, 2021)

Drinking Merlot
Sinking into comfort
Playing the gramophone

In the moribund capitol

Burnt images of glory

Dead peasants of cholera

She is seeing visions of war

Her metaphorical eyes are blinded by the inferno outside

There is no help or hope

The sweet call of the friendly rope

Slips into her palm

Nary shall they catch her alive

Freedom shan't be long

The Banshees sing and the church bells ring

Like the Minarets of Baghdad before the Mongol horde

As the Abbasid's staged their Alamo with far more valor than sulking with merlot

The triumph of this unfair fair college

Shall die with its malnourished adjuncts, students, and janitors

She is the figurehead and the head they desire

A Pinto named Ralph killed A Streetcar Named Desire

In this ghostly city in 1979

But one can still hear the cheers of the freedmen

Of February 17, 1865

The federal troops always arrive

The bright fireball above her personal Dresden

Turning night to day

She is dizzy and done

She walks into the nighttime sun

The revolutionaries rapture her unto the great below

As she slips into a coma on her last sip of Merlot

Poisoned with barbiturates, she falls asleep and never awakens

Come little child into the distance

Think not of the kids playing French Resistance

Come sin and death

Come everlasting un-breath

There is nothing left

This college is burning

The books are burning

The students aren't learning

And the world keeps churning with violence

Like it always does

My love, my sweetest belle

Hegel, Hegel's cyclical tide

From the ashes of death new life shall arise

163. Lone Survivor Poem (July 31, 2021)

Melatonin and Aderall

Fair Aleppo, don't you fall

Again and again

The ring of the screeches of human sin

Echoed throughout the sky

Toddlers and teenagers lie strewn in one another's arms

Against the fading sound of low-battery alarms

A thousand rounds of went down like sex

But the zombie never fell

The monster cast a hex and I stared blankly at the spell

Concrete on this hallowed morn

The minarets bled their gasping whimpers that used to be horns

There is no more life in this war

Only Babylon and her queen whore
And the stale bread they serve as their feasts

Day and night, my body must be sparked and turned off
Noah's Ark to the other side
Am I the only seed of life
To grow this world again?
Should I stay in Aleppo and survive until the end?

Sunrise and sunset
Alive but just
I have no feeling or lust
Except to survive another hour
Yet, I am told I shall birth Aleppo's first new flower

A dark day, I see the breaking down
I know not how to react to the sun
I've forgotten life without a gun
I'll lie in a field and cry and sigh
And then I'll walk back to the city

I'll walk to the city and rebuild from my memory
As it forgets those who died around me
It will be my baby
It'll be my cathedral
It will be a little triumph of good over evil

A little poppy over the old Somme
So that what was lost shan't all be gone
Then the devil will not win
Life won't be undone by sin
And the soul of the city shall live again

The trellises of her garden
The locks of her hair
Everything about her compound
Was delicate, sweet, and fair

She spoke haikus
In the prettiest pink
Her majestic palace shall never sink
She is the queen of the rueful

The air
The light
The brightness and noise
A wonderful life for girls and boys

There is yet something wrong
Yet wherefore should we woe?
If thou hast an eternal daylight
Why would's't thou deign to go?

She said to me
The world is dead to me
And all its pains are done
She'll raise a thousand legions to protect me from discomfort

“Lo, thou shalt not feel one modicum of despair
Let the metaphorical muscles rot
As thou hast minions here
Sleep upon their toils and limp in my protection

I am the pimp
Have all my girls
I am the godfather of the mob
And shall make the world thy playground

From sea to shining sea
Thy wish is Toby's command
Thou art my little prince
I am the queen of all the land"

165. Duel for the Soul of the Left (August 6, 2021)

A cadre of crows
Circle above the well
Where the disabled baby was dumped
The avant-garde artists made it a shrine
They chanted in low tones all around the site

Abounding darkness and unceasing light
The wispy guru uttered
They cackled and shrieked and made Nazi salutes
Hissing about the baby's forlorn mother
They had killed the bourgeois morals for their own

Between femicide and inducing suicide
They walked the streets of Paris in their finery
Raping whores and drinking wine
Snorting lines of cocaine
Trying to be and make the world insane

They lived in a dark, 1990s, nightmarish fantasy
Of creepy darkness and black death
Oh, they would not survive Occupy or Donald Trump
Their grand last stand was, I believe, in 2015
After that, they died

Like the vampires they longed to be
As their postmodernism went from the dungeons to the air
Their skin burned they and fried in the sun

The baby was brought to life and risen from the well
As the artsy sociopaths went to Hell

The baby became a prince
And slew the beasts the dark artsy had released
Until the world was rid of the postmodernist scourge
It ended with the deposing of a feeble Regina George
Far from Bohemia, in the Deep South

The deep left was conquered by light
By a valiant knight
Who vanquished the night
With fair maids and rich religion
He ascended to the throne of the left

166. Victorian Happy Ending (August 6, 2021)

Estella Havisham drinking a chai tea
Took pity on Pip
On her fifth sip
She accepted his proposal
She took his hand and walked with him

Beyond the thin veil of the Saracen
Was their shining Jerusalem
They tread slowly beneath an aurora
To their marital bed
Where they drank from the chalice of Golgotha

Angels and their trumpets
Led them to the summit
Of that eternal hill
Where the universe became one and time stood still
Pip, who had fought the valiant windmills, finally killed one

He became Estella's hero
In their psychosomatic world
Of a strong boy and a soft maiden
Who built their mansion upon that shining hill
Where the universe was one and time stood still

The pretend kingdom of fairy-tale
Resting upon the foundation of God's storge
That killed Regina George and made everything more gorgeous
A happy ending dedicated to the Lord
John Brown's Taylor Swift sword

A Victorian happy ending
Of light and joy
A picturesque and Christian story
Of an honest boy and beautiful girl
That stopped the breath and raptured the world

Oh, such are the joys!
Oh, such are the joys!

167. The Political Alternatives (August 7, 2021)

Marilyn Monroe
Drank the acid of the night
As Abbie Hoffman set fire to her temple
The altar of sacrifice was overtaken by the Youth international Party
Piggasus the Immortal was anointed

The SDS and the YIP fought her metaphorical Saladin

In the Outremer of Chicago of 1968
The boys of light fought the men of the night
They refused to be men
They lived lives of pure innocence

Savonarola and Cato stood before Caesar and the Medici
Before the throne and, bloodied and beaten, said “Veni, vidi, vici”
The vagabond of Judea dwarfing all Rome
The money and the hippies fought in a fatalistic embrace
Yet, history always sides with grace

His highness, Arthur, met Odin in battle
This island is, has been, and shall forever be free
The hippies occupied the temple of her consumerism
They rose John Brown’s Taylor Swift sword to free the fodder in the queue
The queue for the date with obsidian

Taylor Swift herself was waiting to sign a deal with Hoffman
To build her church atop Marilyn’s temple
And keep the underworld of the 1950s and 1990s away from the playground
The playground of the babies that were the childish hippies
She said “Fuck the horror and the S&M, we’re just doing fairy-tales”

She took her sword and said “Babies, burn the suits, burn the ties
Adorn a 19th century, toy general’s uniform, like a prince
We’re having a Victorian Ball and keeping the darkness away
With a DMZ-width Berlin Wall
They’re not getting in, just suck my metaphorical tit”

And that was it
Monroe rebuilt her temple across the mountains
And Swift kept her out
The babies and the adults parted ways
It became as segregated as the Old South

168. The Duel for the Soul of the Left (Part 2) (August 7, 2021)

The police of the village people
Met the defenders of Rodney King
As they tried to summon their fans
Fergusson erupted like Krakatoa
And the policeman choked in its Boa Constrictor

The church bells did ring
The angels did sing
Radio Free Europe shot lights like a lighthouse
Steele and Grey were hanged that day
It was Juneteenth and January 27th, 1945

The dead policeman was pranced around by the freedmen
The corpse became a trophy
The Thoreau hippies burned the glam frats of the left's underbelly
Like the punk rockers revolted against Disco
Jane Jacobs slit the throat of Foucault

Bus 142 rolled into the village
McCandless and his legion of yippies
Staged a coup and freed the Dalits with the Maxim Gun
The horror genre night was vanquished by the blinding light of the sun
The Dalits stormed the Mughal Palace

Victorian daylight conquered the garish creatures of the night
Cecily Cardew with her Styrofoam and X-ray mirrors
Turned the midnight to noon
The village was turned into Bikini Atoll
It was pillaged with the rest of metaphorical Alexandria

Belasarius rose the imperial purple over the reconquered empire
Like when a Pinto named Ralph killed a Streetcar Named Desire

The spooky spooks of the forest were razed by a forest fire
And the legions built their roads and the princess and Tom Joad
Overrode the postmodernist discordians

Of the dark side of the left
Of the dark side of the left

169. The Noble Savage (August 7, 2021, edited later)

In Tibet,
A deranged James Cameron
Beats his concubines
They land bloodied against the walls
There is no grand staircase except on their blood

The wobbling women
Lie to all visitors to his holy palace
The breathtaking place of peace and happiness
Like Steve Jobs, before
His fake hippie-ness hid a fucking war

Like a Soviet communist tour guide
One sees the wonders of his created world
Dare not see through the cracks
Of the malnourished eyes of his factory girls
Everyone is happy on his little moon

A mad genius who is better than you
An ubermensch who exists to tell the truth
He lies to himself that he isn't a devil
He isn't a hypocrite
The way to peace is through war

Like the Soviets before, him
That pathway to Jerusalem
Is prone to delusion
The vanguard knows best for it is better than the rest
They become what they detest

In building his Tibet,
He built nothing except
His own cult
A religion not endemic
A syncretic and convenient creed

He cannot, at first, believe it
He then sinks into it
He sees his palace and believes he is the great it
It began as a rationalization and he became his own prophet
Ultimately, he fell for his own narrative

There, he became a deity
And then became a comic relief
A man who lives in his own world
Is a man who becomes very silly
He will fall on the altar of his own belief

The perineal parable of corruption
A visionary of purity
And then the means justify the ends
Perfection rots all that was good

And, finally, the man is a joke and nothing is perfect for nothing is perfect if nothing is good

The dawning of Heterosexuality

Heterosexuality

Heterosexuality

Heterosexuality

The light of youth fading to a darkness

A darkness of men

One's innocence is finished

At least, as far as society believes

A little baby beneath a blanket of lies

One is but a scared boy but the world only sees a guy

I try to scream that I am not a man

Men are scary and I'm not a man

I'm innocent and afraid

Please see me for this

Ignore my penis and see me for the harmless thing I am

Please love me and please, dear fucking god, don't hate me

I'm not a heterosexual

I'm a heteroromantic asexual

Don't group me with the other men

Or, if you do, I will burn this city like Rodney King 1992

At least, I will want to

I can't keep being profiled like this

I have to be seen as a human and not a monster

Please don't push this any farther

I have no masculinity

I am meek and thin

I am not one of the men

Therefore give me love and take me in

If it will save me from hatred
And make me more sympathetic
Sever my penis
I need love more than I need it

See me as human
Not as a strange stranger
I am not a danger
Please see my emotions are just as weak as women's

I am not a man
I am not a man
I am not a man
I am not a man

171. Burma Road (August 14, 2021)

A legion of men
Walking to their homes
Having been to war with Rome
Walk half-asleep into the sea
Down the mighty trees of the Burma Road

Walking alone looking and feeling like Tom Joad
Drinking from juicy leaves and singing songs of old
Beaten and bloodied with their veteran buddies
Collapsing at the feet of the great unknown
Between the rivers and jungles of the Burma Road

With the Japanese bayonets
Had no mercy to their souls
Like they raped Nanking
And they saved nothing
Except a glory for their king that's dying and old

Their warden shouts praises to the Kami valkyries
Like the UDC singing praises to Dixie
He's got no throne or title in the mud here
Just the saki version of cheap beer
And the power of inducing acute fear here on the Burma Road

Plato's ring makes him a man among men
A god among humans
Not much, everyone knows
He's a petty officer who no one cares for
In the lost jungles of the war down on the Burma Road

His gun and paddle
Is not much to use
Against tired men with nothing to lose
The risk of death would halt their bruises
There is a plot of the broken on the Burma Road

On their last reserves of will and life
They find him asleep in the middle of the night
He shoots his gun only to find
His ring is just a mundane thing
He starts to plead but everyone knows

No one hears anything
That far in the jungle
A mile is an eternity
So when the ground rumbles
No one knows

He sleeps with the fungi
And is never seen again
His legion of men
Making their way home
They shall never speak again of the old Burma Road

172. Lucky Dragon Number Five (August 15, 2021)

John Rawls and Victoria Justice
Sat on Lucky Dragon Number Five
Looking pissed but glad they were still alive
As Babel rose and fell
Victoria said "I'm hot and you're grey and we're both L.A.

Suburbia has no soul
The Bloods and Crips and all their guns
Don't rip the air with Baroque splendor
Or the roar of fair Verdun
I want my devils in Prada and my angels as knights in shining armor

The heterromantic asexual who wrote this poem
Is unsatisfied with the porn of modernity
Brought up in the sadism of Dixie
He's a bloody redneck hippie and a precious Southern belle
The rage of a living hell"

The dykes burst in the lower 9th Ward
The poor screamed for salvation
John Rawls questioned if justice was victorious
Outside of politics when the city was under water
The darling said "The Weberian Leviathan* has an intellectual disability, my friend"

Rawls realized the error of his ways
The terror of the end of days
Brought on by the waves of torrent
His ever weak system
The bleak days of horror at the end of liberalism

Babel fell and the poison snow fell all around
Lucky Dragon Number Five

Was the place to watch it implode
While getting sick but staying alive
What a firework to see

Vomiting and aching
Yet, to see the beast awakening
How obscene the thing was when it rose
On that boat like Jack & Rose
Alone on the ocean

The beauty of the end
When the pretend utopia dies
And the hubris built upon lies
Lies like the Colossus of Rhodes
Up and down the that old high road

She said "We're lost again
My princess and your toad
I shall sing you a sweet serenade
As we walk into the unknown
Into the abyss like old Tom Joad"

*This refers to the response to Katrina, obviously. The Weberian Leviathan refers to bureaucracy and the primary flaws in the response to Katrina was not maniacal, sophisticated, corruption, few things ever are, but petty corruption and gross incompetence. In other words, the bureaucracy, for all of its seemingly arcane and white-collar machinations, was ultimately too stupid to work.

173. Love Letter to a Sydney Girl (September 2, 2021)

On the beaches of Troy
As the goddess shone her tractor beam on my mind
As the Aussies and the Turkeys blasted their black bile
I was raptured in the peace of thy smile
Sweetest and fairest joy

Thy gorgeous presence was the absence of war
For each soldier ascending the hills
Wanted the harem's whores to cure their ills
Not me, thy pure soul and stunning disposition
Was the object of my heart

The percussion of the devil
Made for a hail of blood
Thou art an oasis in the storm of the war
The angel in the bleak forest of that peninsular
From Sydney to Constantinople, nothing can compare

Fair Helen sparked a war
Thou dost end one wherever thou stands
Thou art the metaphorical hippie's flower
Defying the metonymic gun
And taking the breath of all the land

Fair princess, make thy stand
Be the line drawn in the sand
Beyond which death shall not pass
God hath given thee to me to last all of time
Most beautiful lass and the aghast of all human folly

My personal Westphalia
Like the Star of Bethlehem
We shall unite and build a shining Jerusalem
When the guns fall silent and we sweetly kiss
And the angels shall sing and the peace treaties shall be signed

When I am yours and you are mine
We shall preside over our own Versailles
Death shall die
Life shall rise

And all the world shall be loving and kind

174. Metaphorically Poisoned Metaphorical Garum (September 11, 2021)

At her villa in 477

She rose a glass to Sol Invictus

The armies of Jesus had brought her decadence

To heel

She appealed to the old pantheon

Silence

Silence like that kitty food heard before

Now, that kitty food was on the winning end of this war

And she was in a bad mood

She ordered her guards to fire their ballistae toward the boogiemens

Like an army of zombies, they kept coming and did not stop

She called the cops who halted them for a while

Yet, the low-paid goons are drones unable to play a game of wits

Her security bouncers were mowed down like a house of cards when the art of war was at play

Nothing could retard their advance

She poured the garum on her grapes

And she wolfed the entire plate

She puked from fear

She could not pretend the end had not come

Appomattox had long been done

She ran to the dagger

With which she won her swagger

She pierced her jugular

And rose a last glass to a life

She had won

She awoke in the world of the trees
After the concrete crumbled
Forest spirits flew above her
And the missionaries of Christ nursed her
Metaphorically naked but not forsaken

Her Christian Yoda

Her Guardian Angel who saved her from the horde
Told her to fuck herself and that she was forgiven
He left forever and she cried over his loss forever as she was reborn at the dawning sun
She lied there sleepy in the fair fields of metaphorical Verdun

Burned of her patrician everything
A Novy Chelovek* of a universe where she had no history
Her dying pride stabbing her life with migraines
Unwilling to accept the new life, easily
She, finally, ate her honor and walked the line

The roar of the guns and the silence of the trees
The old world of parties and the new world of peace
The echoes of the old ripple through the new
She looked to the cross, her conquerer, and her bane
She screamed to the sky “soft Flowery Fields of Flanders, take me, my love!”

*-This is the term in the early Soviet Union for the “New Soviet Man”

175. Byzantine Dawn (September 20, 2021)

The graves of slaves
Are replete with the depraved
Ravages of their toils
The poison of a million sins boils and boils

The quiet houses along the street
Sleep soundly until the shrieks of hell

Creep and then roar and then burst through the door
From a mean girl spat to a full world war

The gore in their eyes
The almighty justice of their epic demise
The zombies of the earth come to take their prize
The lies are gone and the truth has come to rise

Terror
There
The suburban families feel deep despair
Their sins have risen to kiss them goodnight

Those malnourished janitors who swept their floors
Those migrant farm workers who grew their food
Hordes of the needy arrive at their door
What the fuck are they to do?

Pray?
Run away?
Parley?
Nay! Stay and fight!

In the night they win a little
And in the day they die
The lone survivor of their kind
Walks away to find

A new paradigm
A wasteland and new civilization
A vision of new life
All is lost and all is regained

An old life is dead and a new is risen
The char of their old world is all forgiven

They walk into a world unknown
As the new Byzantines overtake old Rome

176. Job's Restitution (October 10, 2021)

“Death
Death”

She screamed on her dying breath

The demon giving her due

Her vacation was through

The hippie Jew had won

The Galilean vagrant with his precious gun

The weary world is done

The demon crawled out

Like the end of the South

At Appomattox Courthouse

At the Cathedral of Agape

The queen of rape

Listened to the tapes of her words

With every successive one it was worse

Her version of history is become undone

She walked into the depths

As her contract was over

She gave her victim the four leaf clover

She had lost and he had won

The sun breaks

Life

Life

Life

177. The Sleeping Rabbit (Aug 12-13, 2021)

She lies on the floor
Having lost her war
She was a whore
Defending her brothel with a gun
She expected West Side Story and she got Verdun

“Why can’t wars be small?
Why do they all have to be this way”
She asks
As she sobs over her lost cause in her daddy’s driveway
His shotgun in her hand

In a middle-class pink blouse
Near the house where she was raised
This is where she makes her last stand
It’s a pathetic end of days
She is amazed it ended thusly

Cussing and screaming
Throwing gravel at trees
Artillery from her caudate nucleus
Hits the bark and it fails to penetrate
It’s over as sunlight has conquered fate

Love conquered hate
The gated community was stormed by rage
It rose and fell
And Babel fell that night
The light of providence shone through her threadbare throne

She became a Hobo on what used to be her Rome

Alone and without a home
Mighty Alexandria was done
She was old and she was a bitch at the end of her master's gun
Her soul was paid for

The valkyries of war
The angels of peace
She was a daughter of death
And a fearer of life
She was the concubine of the king without a wife

Her life
Her life
Her life
Her life
Was gone with the wind

178. The Poem of November 17, 2011 (October 25, 2021)

Florence
Normandie
Erupted in fire
In honor of me

The angels made an aisle
Like Moses and the Red Sea
As the gangs evicted the LAPD
For a moment everyone was free

They could have made their stand
Hand in hand
Without the police
We wouldn't have them

If they could take this time to show

They didn't need bouncers for their party
The party they threw for me
They made the opposite point

This is a metaphor
About philosophy
About a Satyagrahi and anarchy
About me trying to make my stand

Trying to build a land of love and peace
I was and am still a baby
The world will never be free
They are the creeps of LA and not the saints of DC

As I watched my camp fall at Occupy Wall Street
Young, strong, and quick manning our barricade
Our commune of Jerusalem holding back the metaphorical LA riots
Until the last inch of Jerusalem was captured by Verdun

They looted our free food and gave nothing in return
We couldn't resupply the kitchen so our camp crashed and burned
The police came with mace like we were rapists and the media was our HUAC
From three sides we were defeated

We lost our fight for light
Jerusalem beaconing in the night
Was overtaken by the normies
I walked away alone to lick my wounds and find a new home

179. The Sweet Vampire (October 27, 2021)

The princess of romantic darkness
Put me in a metaphorical harness
And slew anyone who put anyone in a literal harness
My sadophobia was to be placated at all costs

On her metaphorical leash
I could not run
But would be stuffed with sweetness and treats
As her puppy

In her mansion of gothic and baroque
A Christian of perfect orthopraxy
Grace at every meal and before bed
And a kiss each night on my forehead

I was her baby
The ghostly fields of Flanders were the gardens
Trellises and roses and fountains and statues
The echoes of a million fallen men shrieked in silence

I tread above the grass of the dead
Looking to my weary eyes, my governess, the princess, said
“Come to bed, nevermind the past
Let’s crush mocktails with class at our next ballroom dance”

I fell asleep in her hands
In her world of romance
The wars of old withered until they disappeared
Pink forever

180. The Palace at Chatelherault (October 27, 2021)

A boy child
I wandered the craters
Mountain ranges of endless wonder
Unbeknownst, was I stalked by the dead thunder
Which spoke just above my head in words I could not understand

The metaphorical year was 1922

I must have been nine or ten
In the lowlands of Scotland
Running up and down the glen
In the estate of the Duke of Hamilton

The dockyards on the Clyde
From where flat-capped men would tidally cycle
The training camps for The Somme were on our land
The nightmares would come alive with them
Those men would climb the trenches and howl into the day

It was a fairy-tale realm to me
As my governess would play at my side
In her nightgown giggling with me
By the crystal waters of the Clyde
I was a prince of all the imaginary tribes

Dancing with life on the carcasses of death
The soil silent and haunting
My governess could hear its whispers
And see the beast's whiskers
As it tried to awaken as it died

She held me up as a light
To slay the demons
Who cowered before the child
To redeem the place
To purify it with grace

Innocence and life
Virginity and righteousness
Such causes are never lost
Radical love shines more brightly than bombs
And God is more almighty than The Somme

181. Flaking Makeup of the State (October 28, 2021)

Ten million poppies
Paint an ocean of red
Half a million dead
The stuffy administrator expects me to respect her

Crawling homeless and corpses galore
The police are the agents of a jaded plutocracy
Order dutiful citizens over the top
When the soldiers don't obey, the adults scream "Stop!"

With this much despair
With this much horror
Does the state believe in herself still?
She is a sad joke

Reduced to being the bodyguards of a monocle
Beating the grabbing poor
What righteous men would enlist in that war?
To wage a Peterloo on the sunken eyes

The beaten privates walk from the front line
The generals scream and scream
No one listens and no ones abides
With no one left the institution dies

182. Transition Night (November 2, 2021)

Unto the crypt I tread
To the altar that was her curtained bed
Wearily, she waited for me

A crucifix above her head

She said "Lay thee down thy sleepy head
And come into my womb
I await thee in my satin nightgown
In this sweet eternal tomb"

She opened her mouth to reveal her truth
She was a vampire but one aligned with light
Still, the aesthetics would suggest to the unknowing
This was the commencement of my eternal night

Candles to each side
Gold-leafed icons yellow glowing
What Heaven I was walking into
I never knew anything like it before

Then, suddenly, at Ypres
Was I
The snow falling from the sky
The deafening silence that stopped the war

All was right
My wedding night
She took me to that place
The purest snow she kissed

Bliss and darkness
Radiant pink neon light
Upon her gentle feast of me
She kissed my corpse good night

I arose to see her clutching a rose
She took me by the hand
She would be my wife and nurse forever

To explore this eternal youth and endless neverland

183.The Hostage of Jingpo Lacus (January 3, 2022)

Asleep among the barbarians of the lake

Terror draped my mind

As my eyes were bloodshot

The demons of death

A prince was I

Of the princess of Kraken Mare

Her lush and flowing hair

The canopied bed of her opulent and guarded lair

Jingpo Lacus was for the plebeians

Not me!

“I want my mommy!”

I screamed

They seemed amused

Then my mommy summoned zombies with nooses

Who should lose, now, my captors, dear

My cavalry is here and my calvary is too

I said “I shall rise from here like that hippie Jew”

Her yacht ripped through the methane water

For the son as precious as a shotgun father’s daughter

Across Jingpo Lacus, my Gollum came

Power

Wealth

Fashion

Fame

My men and women knelt before their gentle dame

Alive and having arrived, they led me the way
All the way to bed
Where my princess smothered me and wrapped me tight

“A thousand times good night!
My baby prince, my eternal light
My lady and my knight!”
She whispered as she kissed me good night

**184. How Kipling Defines Tragedy (Truth and Reconciliation Commission) (January 12,
2022)**

The cosmic and eternal aasvogels
Circled the Boer as his torch was raised
The Cape is burning and the world is turning
The human condition is learning
The sky is darkening for the sons of Rhodes

The aasvogels chase his lorry down the long road into the unknown
Gargoyles of the infinite black appearing in nightmare to the blinded Boer
Death stalked their white paradise
As time and truth became exposed
Blasting the Spice Girls to drown out the screaming omen

Classic Nick and soccer moms
Burn the skin like atomic bombs
After watching DiCaprio's Romeo
He dressed like an angel and drove to Durban to
To not see a world where Kipling lost to the communists on Sesame Street

With a 1911 he went to Hell
With his Scarlet O'Hara in his arms
The aasvogels narrated their Alamo-like Romeo and Juliet
He'd rather sleep with the Swiftian Wildest Dreams of orientalist Nostalgia
Than awake in modernity

He went to Hell the same day Carl Sagan went to Heaven
The human family and loving kindness is not an orgasm
He wants violent delights and violent ends not "Pale Blue Dot"
Fukuyama can have his Vulcan
This Boer is ending this with a righteous kiss and never nonchalance

185. The Death of Regina George (January 27, 2022)

Anna Wintour's icy throne
Was taken by a lone wolf
A Blair Waldorf of infinite style
To reign the worlds of many decatillion miles
With a million minions at her beck and call

The queen of America's shopping malls
Drinking the blood of poor mothers in Guatemala
To feed the vanity of middle-class WASP dolls in suburbia
For the real greed of those who buy Gucci and not from Forever 21
The new United Fruit Company who rules their slaves with the almighty gun

Drip. Drip. Drip.
From the corner of her mouth
It is drunk blood and her own hemolymph
For she has lost her humanity to the insanity of her poison
By the hour less human and more thing

She is queen but she is not her own king
The king is the ring
The king is the sweetness and glory
The king is her husband forever
Her and him forever and always

Like an obsessed childish stalker
She draws pictures of her beloved in crayon-like icons
And hangs them on her wall
She loves him and wants him to love her
He is above her league, alas

He is Slenderman
He is Tolkien's famous ring
He is power dressed in the finest suit
He meets her once
And in their brief embrace, drinks her, too, at last

The empress of the many
Has merely become one
One of his metaphorical fruit company's
Many, nameless, guns
The yuppie was mean and queen and then was bought with her own greed

The eternal Boss Tweed
Places his feet on her back
As she bends as his ottoman
There's no going back
He is still the husband of her dreams, her dark lord, the obscene

186. The Glamour of Universe 25 (January 31, 2022)

The mouse
Beatty eyes
Beatty nose
Is immersed in the world of glamour
Observed by the masters of pipettes

Dazzled in her life
The endless gluttony of Universe 25
Cameras, lights, paparazzi, and fun
All is harmless and succulent
She drinks the milk and honey of being a gently handled bunny

The grad student took notes on her iPad and listened to Taylor Swift
The grad student ate tofu quesadillas and drank green tea
Tired and overworked and typing out a dissertation on a bluetooth keyboard
The simulation was glamour and the matrix's demiurge was devoid of glamour
The grad student's bike was stolen and she screamed "Fuck my life!"

The perfect boyfriend and perfect life
A toy in a joyful toyland
With loyal fans and nothing bad
Except her soul is poisoned by the honey and being a bunny
Like Edward Cullen idolizing Bella and making her an egocentric goddess

She comprehends not that she is in free fall
She is in a gentle universe
A universe that feels so fine
Universe 25
It will collapse like all things fine

Barbie's Malibu
With no sharp corners
The walls are high
The grad student is up all night
Peering into the mouse's world

One morning, the grad student finds the mouse lying in a coma
Nearly killed by another mouse after the mice had a riot
The mouse is thrown away
The grad student finishes her dissertation

The grad student gets an A

The grad student moves on and away

The mouse is forgotten

A statistic in a database

With a serial number and no name anymore

Like an unknown soldier in an industrial-scale war

Such is life with no meaning

Such is life lived for the sweet chemicals and not art or morals

Cathedrals and science last

Popularity and collagen rot

Good villains and all heroes know a monument trumps an unmarked grave

Save yourselves

For your honor or soul

Don't die young

Live forever or die old

Be a good villain or any hero and live on

187. Dystopia 1989 (February 13, 2022)

What is in a happily ever after?

As Romeo and Juliet arose as the solid-type ghosts after the disaster

They were basically alive

They brushed off the dirt and walked on with their lives

The fires and passion

The kayfabe of possessed devotion

Was ultimately an act for romance

What is left when the lust is done is true love

Everyone said they were a teenage fling

They proved them all wrong but in lasting so long

They saw the awesome banality of a happily ever after

When the heat died by entropy and the lukewarm remained

They remained metaphorically chained to one another
At first, they were sad that they weren't madly anymore
Then another thought dawned that they had survived the war
Most couples breakup but they forged ahead

The gore and lead and glory from which nations are born
Is the story all the children are read
The forming of the state and the politics therein is the C-SPAN that lay ahead
Most coups and revolutions are fiery and fleeting

You know you're in love that when all is said in done
You know where your heart is at
It is not sex and it is not a teenage dream
It is compromising on a thermostat

They walked to the old war memorial
They saw the mighty statues to their youth
Forever and always when the bombs fade away
Lacks the forever and always vibe

A thousand men died, there
Poppies flowered and wives cried
Driven under the plow by the characters of American Gothic
That's who Romeo and Juliet are now

At the cottage
At the end of time
The blue skies, trees, and soccer practice
Fukuyama's Dystopia 1989

It's a long way across the DMZ
They call us The Tardigrades, you and me
Who dared the devil
And lived to be free
Through the perils to the grand angelic herald
That greeted us as we became free

Mines and pines with snipers
Picked us off one by one
With the drum of their guns
Guns that in the nebulous cloud of vantablack
Looked like ghastly insects
Screams flashed in feeling, unseen and unheard

A thousand feet felt like a thousand miles
No-man's-land filled with wire and booby traps
Claps echoed from the mysterious bottom of the atmosphere
Where weird and garish souls paying for their Faustian glory days
Preyed on the unlucky as minions of the great Regina George

The Tardigrades were legendary
The Tardigrades were amazing
As the demons and their hazing could not kill them
They were the radiant gem
That blazed the road to Jerusalem

The Tardigrades
Strut through that metaphorical city
Tall was their might even if small was their height
Bright was their disposition
The men they couldn't hang but, God knows, did the fascists try
As the angels tallied the score of who survived and died in the war
The Tardigrades were knighted for their feat

For God rewards those who cannot be defeated by Hell
The choir girls rang the bells and the cheerleaders chanted "Hallelujah!"
Raise a glass my bonnie lasses to the asses they couldn't whip

What a trip!
And when it was done
We, The Tardigrades, played with the silent guns
The ones that tried to bring us down
I walked with my bride in her princess ballgown and rose my fist and roared the crowd

189.Lady Gunilda (February 21, 2022)

Fair Valkyries and their mortal and sworn foe
The mighty Seraphim
The House of Hamilton hears the Satanic row
With howling of the farmers of the battlefield

Rape
Alcohol
Slavery
And larceny

The Vikings are coming, boys!
Lady Gunilda wants more gigolos to tickle her clitoris
Jolly young lads and their older brethren
Burn what could have been Jerusalem

Giddy seductees join her ranks
Their souls deposited in failing banks
On credit they survive for as long as the Fed revives them
Until the end of time when their lies kill them

The nerds of Jesus and the jocks of Odin
Spar brain and brawn
The meek and the Empire of the Rising Sun

Lady Gunilda wants more men for her pallet

The fires of Valhalla grow higher

The whores and mead get thicker

And then one night

The sky lights up because

Because the meek forged a sun to blot out the night

Los Alamos lit a fuse and the world was alright

It was an impressive sight as Valhalla died

Lady Gunilda told all the boys a last lie that

“Boys, you served me well

You made hell a good time

Come, here, to mommy

And be safe at my side”

The House of Hamilton drove the Northmen

And their masculine religion from Firth of Clyde

And meekness and love roared back like a tide

And, once again, the god of the lowlands was loving and kind

190. Atheists Are Evil Satanic Nazis (February 22, 2022)

Worshiping Milton Friedman and Ayn Rand

With a veneer of Marx and socialism but we know

The majority are evil capitalists

Why did not Jerry Falwell realize this?

Plotting a world of materialism and devoid of love

With sex, drugs, and libertarian vice

The fleshy vices of rednecks times a thousand

Ayn Rand!

I've been to their cathedrals of sin

Filled with Hooters with rednecks and coke machines with yuppies at them
There is no god, only dopamine, in this parody of Jerusalem
The Dukes of Hazard shall be vanquished by good, Christian, Rudi Duschkte

One day, hippie Jesus will cast all the atheists, a synonym of capitalists, to Hell
And communism shall consume all the land and sea
Under the reign of our communist God
And the NYSE shall be a pool filled with pee

191. Music of the Day (March 10, 2022)

Star-crossed
Lost
Beaten and bloodied
With tears drenching her eyes
Christine lies in the ruins of her trying

Erik made his fortunes from selling to the gilded class
Whose brass was bought from the finger-less toddlers
Who toiled their days as slaves in the cathedrals of death
The angel of light and the mammon of darkness
Hades and Persephone

It was May of 1871
The maiden was the trumpet that rose above the guns
She believed in the coming Jerusalem
She thought this was it
She joined the commune while Fortuna laughed giggles

Her captor would not let her ruin his bottom line
She peered into his eyes and whispered “You’re on, motherfucker!”
Like Bletchley Park and Los Alamos, the good guys could outwit Erik
They, however, lacked his money
A bullet can splat the biggest of brains

They made their stand
To build God's will
That City of Light
That City on a Hill
Peace, love, grace, kindness, beauty

Was all gone with the artillery
They were Bernie, would have settled for Hillary,
Yet, fascism won
The toddlers would lose their fingers yet more
Christine, that angel of light, had lost her war

Sulking away from the barricade
Defeated and watching the toddlers walk to work with PTSD and cholera
Erik, in his tuxedo, released his Persephone
He had found a capitalist actress, instead
Free from her captor but her light was all but dead

192. Every Revolution Becomes a Parking Lot (March 11, 2022)

In the vast wasteland of suburbia
It was once an edgy revolution
Where Rock & Roll was born
When cars were cool
And high school was the coolest

There was enough innocence to make sex rebellious
Then the kayfabe and hypocritical light that made the darkness fun
Faced the gun of the 1960s
Shotgun daddies and princess daughters
Could not be fought by the knights of the motorbikes

The music of the night was dead
The SDS and the Yippies executed it at Grant Park in 1968
Yet, in liberating sex they killed its magic

Now, the princesses of the kingdom were citizens of the republic

The bad boys were just hedonistic hicks

The SDS and Yippies, too, lost their revolution

The glorious age of human potential and freedom

The Jerusalem they would build from the ashes of the old world

Was not to be

The sex did not become a revolution but a parking lot

The internet, drugs, and the end of every oppression

Becomes mundane and makes no utopia

There is no radical love and beauty as promised

Just banality and the cheapest form of whatever it is

Every revolution becomes a parking lot

193. The Parfit Poem (March 25, 2022)

A mighty gaucho

Listened to Juan Peron

On the radio

While his wife looked on

They saw a car coming

A dust cloud in the steppe

Trailed a ratline herr

He'd come from Poland but he was German

He'd run a summer camp there

And his name was Herr Smith

He was nervous

The ratline man

Looking over his shoulder

He was terrible at Spanish

But the Gaucho, his wife, and the Nazi all knew English

The man was a Nazi, for sure
He'd come just after the war
His surname was made up
It was an open secret
Everyone played along in the era of Juan Peron

When the Americans came, the West Germans, or the IDF
They'd say the man was gone and that long ago had he left
Why they kept him around
He was harmless
Patagonia is a most merciful goddess

The ratline man lost his former self
He defeated his internal hell
And became a gaucho, as well
He had died and was reborn
He was alive once more

Time... Time divides universes
Derek Parfit is somewhat right
Should the man be absolved?
Is his newness true?
I shall leave that, dearest and most gentle reader, up to you

194. The Black Christmas of 1998 (March 31, 2022)

In a slum in Bangladesh
Oliver Twist is being remade
For the sweet Dickensian Christmas
Of 1998
Little White boys and girls get toys from peers across the world

Callousness and ASPD
The world is quite unfair
Politics is dirty

The family admonishes the cynical teen to stop
To not poison the air

Ignore the children at the machines
That's what Jesus would do
Be merry and jolly and don't give a damn
Of the slaves who toil for you
The Christmas toys and endless joys arise from the boils of doom

The sunken eyes of children
Who've never known childhood
Build fond memories for the toddlers
Who tread upon their faces
It would ruin the vibe to think of them

Why have Jerusalem?
When you can have an American Christmas?
"It's a sin, my ass!" They say
And in the United States they rage about gayness
Strain out a gnat and ignore a camel

Sodomy may be a sin
I won't say one way or another
But God is more enraged
About how you ignore your sisters and brothers
A Christmas made by sin and a million children in a capitalist Auschwitz

The stolen childhoods of the many
Become the precious memories of the few
The soccer mom overseeing the party
Thinks about pedophiles and Nancy Grace kayfabe
When she hears the term "stolen childhoods"

She doesn't have a clue
They know not what they do

Like a mighty Mastodon
Stomping on a shrew
We're not going to be a human family and there's nothing the saints can do

195. The Parable of Little Men (April 1, 2022)

In the deep abodes of Flores
Where dragons are real and storks walk babies
The little people reign in a world their own
From sea to shining sea
The volcanoes and the trees
The kings of all little men see the giant Melanesians

Canoes plow through
The mist and dew
For this suspenseful dance
It may be the gilded gallantry of Vienna's Congress or the bloody fields of France
The land before time is alive
A lot is on the line in this mortal game of chance

Would there be peace?
Would there be blood?
The drums of fate played on and on
Shall the races embrace or shall hate write this play?
As the giants and little people
Meet their date with the aliens

The shore is quiet
All is still
As the civilians stare at the pompous men
Who write the fates of all
In their hearts and in their balls
The powerless wait from the bleachers to see where the dice shall fall

Pride and trade
Money and mating
Tis a story that may never be told by feeble radiocarbon dating
The poisons of men's souls and the demigods' rock and roll
Sound so loud when the fight is on or even when treaties are signed
The poetry of the human condition is so raw and epic and every sentence rhymes

And when dust returns to dust
And bones turn to stones
When the paleoanthropologists rediscover their ancient thrones
The poetry is a roaring silence about the misplaced hubris of silly men
Buried in volcanic ash, the Indiana Jones boys and girls know how the story ends
Little did they all know that all were little men

No one remembers that storied event
For generations it was told
The revolutions came and went and all old things died
The oral lore teller's lone survivor was last seen alive
In the hundredth century before Jesus Christ
That's when that whole universe lied cold and blind

Universes come and go like tides
The world is a grand sugar-daddy who takes yet younger brides
When his last grows old
He casts the hag aside
This world is not eternal
All gold is doomed to die

196. The Once and Future King (April 1, 2022)

The Synapsids were strong
The once and future kings of the Earth
They rose a glass to the end times
They sang pub folk songs
The end was neigh

Jolly and merry men and women
They got drunk and they got high
They cracked a smile
They swigged their mugs of mead
And cheered "We're going to die!"

Frothy beards and busty maids
The sepia merriment of simpler times
Awakening in the morning
In wreckage of the erstwhile night
Fair maidens and their valiant knights

The reaper did arise
The deathly moon took all her damned
The Synapsids clinked their glasses once more
And cheered "We don't give a damn!"
The war lines crept on street by street like Stalingrad

Looking like an orgy in their pub
They laid like they were shitfaced drunk
They died having a good time
And yet there was a flame
That could not seem to die

The dinosaurs took their throne
The small creatures that were good
Would meet the mighty lizards at Inverness with Birnam Wood
Drinking at the Synapsid's mead-hall
All was as it should be according to the lizard kings

Hiding amidst the underbrush
Were the once and future kings
Seeing the tyrant kings play with Sauron's king of all rings
In their ill-begotten bling

The poetry of the angels shall spell their fated doom

A star like that over Bethlehem
Appeared over Cancun
Dazzled by the sight
Like fairest Galveston's fine children
Who walked into the seafloor and were killed like the Egyptians

And Noah's flood like Brimstone
Gave the Synapsid's back their throne
The rightful king took back the ring
That truly belonged to him
And from the ashes of the Earth they built Jerusalem

In this metaphorical Scotland
With the righteous monarch in place
And Nessie, and Saint Andrew, and the noble fairy race
All is fair and well in all the Cenozoic land
As the choirs of the angels proclaim this is the promised land

197. Alabama Stake Fire (April 2, 2022)

Ulrich Zwingli and a Theravada Monk
Walked eerily to the shore of Lake Eerie
In Toledo, Ohio
And met Katie Holmes
A Buddhist, a Catholic, and a Protestant

A holy war ensued on the mighty Dreadnoughts of the universe
On the philosophical Lake Eerie
They were clueless to how the war began
But, for pride, they would see it through
They would kill and die to prove their side

The oracle said the righteous would be lifted by the tide
This, of course, was a freshwater lake with no tide
They did not understand and invented science to rationalize there would be a tide
No winner would arise
They believed their own lies

The sabers flew high
Blood splat
And they made Ohio as interesting as Florida
A dogfighting ring is always the devil's bling
Hoes serve beer in the stands and Valkyries sing

Drunk middle-Americans roasted their weenies over the fire
Before lynching homos in the name of being Christian
What a disgrace to my proud religion
Beer, hoes, and homophobia
America's Jesus is Liam Neeson in *Taken*

Someone will find you and kill you
It will be you and metaphorical liver failure
From drinking the poison of digesting fights like this
The inane fight on Toledo's shore or the bloody, pseudo-righteous, culture war
Are the whores of Gehenna

Jesus was a hippie
The middle people of all nations hate hippies
So they make Jesus more like Loki
And then their balls and gullets are happy
In their daycare Hooters looked over by slut nannies

The moral majority is this
Hypocrites for anal and against sodomy
Alabama is Vegas posing as Jerusalem
That, my friends, is the beginning and end of what's wrong with America
It is no country for honest men

198. **Ballad of Legacy** (April 2, 2022)

Working a bioreactor

One god of many

In every factory across all fairest Ganymede

All epic deities to their microbial dominions

They, themselves, are the bitches of their Boss Tweed

A yuppie from the Hamptons of Callisto

Selectively breeding microbes from Europa

The submissive god feeds and nurses his creatures

Each germ worships the proletarian

Their almighty

The source of life and all things good

Who keeps things as they should be

He loves them

They believe

There must not be an ulterior purpose

To this altruism

Why otherwise would he feed them?

Miserable in his job

His life is the Book of Job

He walks outside the airlock

Days are dark

The food becomes scarce

A few hardy germs hold out

And emerge from the weeks of near extinction

They have the traits the company wished for which the lean times selected for

From the man's death grew a vibrance and victory

The germs thought he keep them the whole time
And was testing their faith

Now, they're patient
They believe in him more
Through this hardship
Their religion is stronger

Every night and day they pray
They thank their god for every dawn
That man never knew what grew from his tank
Blind, deaf, and long gone

199. Bad Guys Win (April 2, 2022)

A row of oaks
Led to the last stop on the road
A dead toad and the princess that never was
Tom Joad and his paramour Persephone
On his desperate escape to springtime

The seeds of death
The spark of breath
Both bodies lie
In a ritual fire circle
With the ghosts of slaves wailing like Moaning Myrtle

They married in their death
In union forever
On their Wrangel Island
Making their last stand
Before their bones were turned to sand

The bukra boys and girls
Play in the wrecked plantation

And see the old Yoruba shrine
And the dead who lie there
They hear the screams in their final days

They thought they could defeat the feudal fate system

The system beat them, instead
Now, they're crumbled bones
And ever distantly dead
Yet, their whispers never end

In the dank abodes of the deep
They shall persist forever
Their vows of eternal love
Are etched into the stone

A fable of Hades who tells the story to his own

The throne of old
Vanquished the young and bold
Someone is uppity
Now, they're down
"Do not ever try to change this town, boy"

Hades says
Death wins
Life loses
The saints are all strange fruit in nooses
The money never loses

200. The Poem 200 (April 2, 2022)

The Poem 200
Shall not make her mighty stand
On the sands of Greece
For she doesn't expose babies
And thus her men are weak

Facing the winds of the world
Is her Thermopile
With a bronze breast-plate
And an anachronistic perm
In a 1980s ancient Greek-set movie

The director is on a budget
She shows more cleavage to increase the ROI
She is a porn star for a porn age
In some ranch near Santa Barbara
In 1988

She fell asleep
She died in the night
She was starving and lonely
But a warrior queen who could fake fight
She dreamed she was her character

The illusion isn't enough
She drinks until passed out in South Central Los Angeles
She dies after she cries
No one can hear her tears
They never dry

She is an actress every day
Like we all are
In her own life she is a hobo
On screen she is an Amazon
The camouflage can only last so long

She disappears
She is forgotten
They hire another actress
To pick LA's metaphorical cotton

Glamour glistens always from the broken and the rotten

201. The Rise and Fall of a Vanity Addict (April 5, 2022)

It wears a tuxedo
And turns you derelict
Like all vice and sin
Las Vegas is dazzle and glamour
And it makes pathetic

The devil, in stereotype and reality,
Burns bright and then lands as vagabond
Regina took out loan after loan
A mortgage to payback a mortgage
And kept living large

Her dark lord required
More nerds sacrificed to the bog
With the dagger
The femme fatale, she was
She dragged her victims to her bed

With a thrust, the squirming victim bled
The nerd is thy sheath
There rust
And die!
Stunning as Juliet, dear!

More and more for one more year
Göring-style total war
Just to keep getting more
More, more, more, more

She was a cheerleader selling for status, now she's addicted to crack as a whore

The fire gets shorter every time

That little flame of life
When she comes alive
Burning success and Hollywood lights
Until she died and lied on the floor

She kicked outward toward the end
Her bent knees jerking
Her mouth drooling
Her eyes dilated
She wanted more
But she couldn't get the victims for her dark lord, anymore

"No blood
No money
That's the deal we had, honey
I have ten thousand wannabe it-girls like you
You're a T. Rex, bitch, eternity belongs to the shrews"

Said her lord
Who walked away from the floor
Where the contractee lied waiting to die
She got high and now she can't get up
Chixalub for another dinosaur who roared her last to the almighty Yucatan reaper

Sleep forever
Fair maid
You had it made
You were amazing
Let the darling Mexican starlet kiss you goodnight

202. When Rhyme Slew Gonzo (June 30, 2022)

Fair Atlantic
In the burly year of 2008
Doomed in fate

Maggie and I
The day my jib-bitch died

On the jetties just beyond the lighthouses
The sky overcast
The sea choppy
The stage managers of Fortuna
Opened their scene

Stunning as a goddess
I saw the hot and evil governess
Of the children she lost custody of
Now of liberalism, erstwhile of her
The deranged maiden doth sought her revenge

I saw an apparition of Marine le Pen
Above Folly Island
And another of Taylor Swift
They made-out
And gave their prognostication of death

The creaks in the hull
Gave their last hurrah!
As our little 420 wanted to sleep
And make Maggie Jack and me Rose
This little metaphor for democracy could not resist history

Liberalism is a frail creature
The dragon of the waves will win his pursuit
And she shall lose, as she tries to resist his woos, she dies
Maggie was hit by the boom as we turned the vessel starboard
Her vertebrae snapped and her sight went black

Alone, I fought the mighty gale
With the jib, the tiller, and my main sail

Weak me against the big sea
I crashed her into the jetty
I ditched Maggie's corpse and accepted defeat

Outwitted my strength, did fate
Oedipus Rex and I
Tried to defy fate
The paradigm of fate
For the paradigm of The Enlightenment

Lorenzo de Medici lynched Immanuel Kant
Lee Atwater was a laughing dominatrix
The Scopes Trial had been waged and lost by us
The supermodels and ugly magic folk were victorious
While the Doctrine of the Mean and the Philosopher Kings were obsolete

Everyone spoke in iambic pentameter with anachronistic retardation
Not a rational soul to be sound
We'd fought for fairest liberalism at Omaha Beach and Los Alamos
We fought this war like it was the fucking Alamo
Until we were out of ammo

Broken on the jetty
I cried out to the magic that vanquished me
My Christianity was like Maimonides, akin to atheism in its rationalism
Their gutter punk warlocks of the Springsteen-esque jungleland
Ruled the vastness now

I cried that my Babel had fallen
Fukuyama's, as well
And beseeched if there was a path out of hell
They were silent and gazed upon my losing side
That boat's not coming back and my jib-bitch died

Everyone is attractive, wealthy, and popular

There is no liability

There are no pitchforks or torches

Coming for them

All are feeble-minded and consumerist

No one pays taxes and no one needs services

Nothing is expected of them!

Fairest Cackanye and Jinnah!

The squirming, terrified, gerbils of the bureaucracy are happy!

They have no responsibility! Hallelujah!

Huxley's Gamma Class

The government and her cells

Lack the life and synapses to love

They are simple folks who yearn for banality

Let the world turn and do nothing

Homeostasis

The state is an amoeba who wants amoeba things

They lack creativity or love and they serve no holy king

They want everything to be safe

The state just lusts for homeostasis, okay

204. Forlorn in the Calais Jungle (July 18-20, 2022)

On Mount Meru

Planted did I

My flag

And proclaimed my victory over the Earth

A supermodel appeared and whispered

"I have a crow for your hubris, you fucking prick!"

You're above your dick

You are, not, my love, above the mortals
Ascetic lives hide subtle lies
Marry me and stay alive
Take my hand through the fires of death and unto the promised land!"
"Never! This summit is where I make my stand!"

"I would not be your trophy but your shame
Hah! Vanity! You have an attachment and you're not going to make it!
Thy eyes betray terror lest you become one of them
That may be the way to Lhasa, darling,
It's not the stairway to Jerusalem
I will take your virginity and fuck your pride

The swarthy world of hatred and lust
The collagen of beauty that withers to dust
And the meathead bouncers of their parties
Are thy peers, my dear
All of the mongrel classes with their porn and their beer
The Enlightenment with ballgowns and powdered wigs is better than it with a hermit in a sty with literal pigs

This is the meaning of karma
You're getting dragged to Tortuga
I can't make thee horny but I can make thou dost cry
And ye shall lose thy pride
And at the end of the ride
I shall by thy wife and thou shalt surrender to life

Hence from Denali
For Hawaii
And from fair Tibet to Romeo & Juliet
Hot, rich, kids killing and fucking
From the safety of a hermitage to the stars of luck
From the Himalayan ice to the hot world of dice"

She gave me a kiss

Walked me into her Gulf Stream jet
Flew me to sea level to the world of cheerleaders and hobos
Orgasms and vengeance
She assigned me as the pastor to Saint Michael, the Angel, Church, Calais Jungle
She said “The Calais Jungle is where, hubby, we make our stand, do you understand?”

That’s where we wed
I was dead
I was undead
Undead until the sunrise
She said “Between Egypt and the Promised Land is the Gaza Strip”
The Grapes of Wrath and the Canterbury Pilgrimage are the same trip

1. The Strand A Year On

(May 27, 2020)

Oft do I, on mornings brisk. Whisk my legs and pull them along. To the songs of sirens and the gulls sweetly serenading the Firth of Clyde. Where the pride of my household and the light of my God were defended on the line by the sea. Richard Spencer and his Odinist army, rose with masts with the curses of our pasts to reclaim the land for nastiness. Clashes of steel and iron of Angels and Valkyries, warriors for the love of peace against warriors for the love of war, roared into the sky as thunders heard from Forth to Skye. Cries of babes on hillsides, abandoned by their mothers, were stolen by us and baptized. Raised to avenge their near demise, the sparkle of life shining from their eyes. Shouts of joy and wonder arise from them.

Spencer and his men climbed the glen again and again and almost did they win. A sun dog appeared, like at Milvian Bridge, and the tide of the scene turned. The might of brawn and the brawny gods outdone by the meek and the seemingly weak. A full week of exhausted fighting as the sun rose and set on the river. The fairies chimed every time one of the valiant of the other side slipped into the Clyde and died. Spencer saw the verdict and was left to fight, his gods saw him as lightweight as he couldn’t force fate against grace. The stars of Mars would lose to ours and Fortuna was outwitted. The Völvas cast empty spells in a last effort to avert the coming bell.

The rains of Hell set forth like the plagues of critters and blood. Omens of the things to come. Spencer lifted his sword, too proud to stand down, he deserted and left us to contend with his flock. We sent them with him and said that we did win and if he wanted the Lowlands, he’d better think again. I walked where it happened and felt safe in the womb of this household and land, where love made her stand and arose in grand triumph over those who would not have her. This sweet beach on the Firth of Clyde, where life was defended and death was held

back. Love is sweet but it can attack.

2. The Maiden on The Strand

(June 13, 2020)

Maiden, lay thee on the pebble beach as the sky cries and the sea dreams. The night has died and the stars go to sleep. Seeping and creeping is the light from the deep. Limp and weak art thou now, for granted taketh thee this peace. A war was wrought, for years was fought, the tears of mothers and wives for the lives of their lovers dropped here. Now, all of that is asleep and thou art sleepily awake. The breeze whistles and the thistles sting and all things placid so much that one may hear the distant angels sing. The howls and moans of times gone are etched into the archeology, they may be deciphered and their story may be told. Wounded and dying groaning like toads, a symphony that Lucifer, himself, drank with glee. Are still whispers but are but whispers in this abode by the sea.

3. The First Day After

(August 25, 2020)

In the praise-house, yonder miles on. Marion County South Carolina. The empire of Rome, where hedgerows made property lines, propriety was gentle and evil, and things were nice in the ways of ways. Arose a gay. No world would save him. It was the Summer of 1995. His lover clandestine. They would meet in the midst of the night. Shielded from the eyes of society by a whitewashed wooden wall. Abandoned at the fall of Dixie. Where the freedmen were first free before migration took them to the cities. Rotting wood. Bumps in the night would knife them in this backwoods country. Silence and deftness let them do this. In the praise-house by the creek.

Preachers suspected. They would look. Death stalked the nook. Hour and hour and hour and hour would flounder in an ocean of dread above their heads. If the future would come soon, if their noon would not be midnight, then all would be alright. Time is an unkind mistress. She knows the future and doesn't let us taste it. The first steps of emancipation are never the last and those who take them live in the past. They took the step like the freedmen before, they have yet to see LBJ. Today is the first day after the Civil War. Confident their descendants will see light, they huddle tonight, society has made it barely alright, and far in the sky coming down ever slightly is the time when their people will have more.

4. The Ghost of Westmoreland Bridge

(August 25, 2020)

The ghostly Victorian maiden remained in the mansion overlooking the Ashley River. The stars gathered, the cars passed her, they glanced at her. Withering ever more. Once a mighty queen at whose feet mercy was begged. Her empire forgotten. After her queendom was a large martyrdom and she was a saint and a legend. Today, she is a vice. Nicely, she greets her now equals. Feebly wishing for a middle-class life and a normal

apartment but she will never have it. The descendants of the bukra and the pickers piss at her grave when they remember. They ask for her wifi password when they don't. Beaten into submission. Her ghostly amygdala lashed into acidic mush. Her body is a dog being mused. Weakly, her voice is pleasantly making conversation, hiding her past, but if she ever got the chance, she'd retake France from the Jacobin. Ergo, forever will she seek pity for God will not grant her mercy. Nostalgia and pride are her capital and as they die so she becomes a pathetic thing, like a hungry ghost, eternally seeking that thing of which she is enslaved to. She was killed by lead, risen from the dead by the UDC, and brought to her ultimate end by nonchalance. There was a little rage but mostly forgetting and rot.

5. Liberal Angel of the White South (August 27, 2020)

One the eve of the revolution, in the year 2010, as the arches of civilization just began to cave in. The cheer captain for the Fighting Hippos doubles as a barista, telling stories to her adorers. The customers trickle in and listen to her words. They are enthralled by her gorgeous glisten and spellbound by her curse. Her words flow like a mighty river and a gentle stream. Softly she speaks with eminence and immensity. Worlds unravel and eternal judges pound their gavel as she pounds their hearts. Neural trees shade the hamlet into dark in the Southern Gothic wood. She is the guardian angel of all that is good. Always relating the folkloric Arabian Nights of Americana. "This campus" she says "has philosophers and believers in flying saucers and aficionados of Julia Childs, Nirvana, and Chaucer. Gansta rappers and police officers. I am the friend to all and I rend Saul into Paul. Come hither, and I shall do this to you all" Ethereal and enigmatic, she is the light in a dark attic. The hippocampus, the College of Hippos, has won eight games this season. Their cheerleading squad is the top of their game. The captain revels in her fame. As the thalamus goes insane, the dams break, and the hurricane rages. Anyway, her queendom is a kingdom of light. Her sword is bright among the uncanny frights of the sidelines. Like the ladies of the night and the horrifying seeping from the deep pines. Between the pellagra and the Jim Crow, there is only stale air. A sweet setting for a story and a horrid place to dare be. She is among the last heroes of the old and the first of the new. The last of the grey and the first of the blue. As the decade of grace and wrath rends a fire the likes of which are yet unseen. The wildfires will burn the chic of the neural trees and douse the magic therein. The lore keepers and vintage cheerleaders that manage to survive will revive the seeds again. For all of the beauty devoid of any of the death. All of the spooky with none of the horror. It will come on a soon tomorrow. The universal friend, the eternal angel. Raise a glass to the impossible lass. The best of the future and the best of the past.

6. Joan of Bordeaux (August 28, 2020)

Frightened in the backstreets of Bordeaux. With nowhere to go. The soccer mom drinks merlot. She screams at hallucinations of the moors. Whores and wine will not be outdone by houris and hashish. This proud nation's sins will remain godless and French. Who is worse or better, she knows not. She doesn't believe in God and she has just abandoned Foucault. For in the backstreets of Bordeaux, that's how bitter mothers roll. Everything was libertine until the metaphorical teenagers came. That's when the metaphorical adults hid their cocaine and pretended to be ladies and gentlemen. Ladies and gentlemen, that is the definition of class! Bravo! Then, they formed the WCCs and talked about their family values and this rhymed eerily with what used to be said about the Jews. Ah, but who cares if they look like the Vichy. Bitches are best and Marine le Pen bitches better than the rest. If the pussies and betas can't take it, they can rest while we are their Joan of Arc. Their knight in shining armor. We'll save them, we'll wage our Reconquista against the vile Saracen, and build, stone by stone, a New Rome and New Jerusalem. Robespierre's Republic of Virtue. That's how the hallucinations end. With a happy ending. The screaming turns to dreaming of a bright, white, future! Of nurturing the new youth! Hallelujah! That is the story of Marianne's sow. Told in baritone in the backstreets of Bordeaux.

7. Ghosts of Our Religion (August 28, 2020)

Today where the bodies lay, was an ancient hooray for love. Now, here near Srebrenica were two youths of local historiography. Long ago, in the sixth century, freely running abstinent but romantic. It was fantastic. In the shadow of the mightiest Adriatic Sea. Justinian was king and all the land with Roman bells rang with singing. Yet, monastics could not resist the pull of the world. Some things are more poisonous than girls.

Of one substance or two. Everyone agrees there are three persons. Is this a personality difference? Miss congeniality. Cher Horowitz. Dear God! How was this a thing? Anyway, two groupies of the J man had a knife fight debating which shade the superstar was of tan. Many people died and it got really bad. That would be an understatement. Did anyone think he cared? I mean he talked about straining out a gnat. Any-who, in the slew of nuclear war an escaped serf and a washerwoman oft mistaken for a whore defied the war. Each barely literate and not enough to know the difference between the theologians, they relaxed and watched old shows of the Byzantine Nickelodeon. Until they were discovered under the covers of reeds. They lied and said they couldn't read. The priests were enraged and each said the other was depraved and God would make the other pay. Miaphysite and Chalcedonian. Two briar roses and a Jewish nose on a gentile. The couple was gentle and the fire was wild. Each priest stunk of black bile, yellow bile, phlegm, and blood. Their humors erupted. Emotions must be moderate for imbalance kills. In the wake of the churchmen dying, the couple ran for the hills. To this day it is unknown how they lived but that they died sixty years later. Their epitaph read this story. To the glory of God and those who keep him. May the sophistic charlatans posing as holy men be cursed with eternal flatulence.

8. South Spruill Avenue (September 13, 2020)

In the forlorn concrete of south Spruill Avenue, Fallujah appears and disappears in blood red hues. Obese and stalked by the police. Angry and afraid. There is no mercy for the hated or the insane. He prays and hears no reply. He grabs a wire and wants to die. He lies wherever he treads, he is trying to get ahead. Yet, at every direction is a wall. A box on a form. Scars from a war. Literal and metaphorical. The kinky goons of the white men find him and take him in again. He screams and fights them. He loses and cries. Society wants him to die. He is Gregor Samsa. Let merciful humanists euthanize. Is the line he reads in the sky. That is the life of the average dude, if you're not white, in the deserts and steppes of south Spruill Avenue.

9. The Revenge of Massive Resistance (September 18, 2020)

Roars of the poor pour from the creaks in the marble. The garbled fears and tears of the weary and burdened aristocracy about their inconvenience and discomfort. As the unseemly things and melanin men smell the stench of pure ladies and seep like the rising ocean into the boulevards of the bright utopia Mayberry. "They are glory holes!" say the queens of the city, the ethereal and enlightened beings of the UDC, alluding to the even more metaphorical queens of the city. "They are freakish and obscene and we must clean the streets!" Drinking wine and rising on a wave of cocaine, they will either have quaintness and tranquility or they swear they will go insane. Tranquility is found in the dreams borne of cocaine. These things are defined by what causes them pain, not anything objective. The vices of the Bullingdon Club are not the same as the Bloods and the Crips or the bloodied and the crippled. They are good and godly men and if they sin, it is just the initiation of all young men. Relative truth of the stories of two groups of youth. The grimy and squalid alleys where their sons slither, Essie Mae never existed and Roy Cohn was definitely not gay. This is why they hired Derrida as their lawyer. They wish to burn the pillars of science and reality, leaving fire and ash in their wake, just to stay ahead. They trashed and wrecked the institutions before the wildfires of sunlight could disinfect their lies, their lives, and poison their bloodlines. When the truth is alight with flame, the only way to get away is to claim the reign of the Discordian deity and wait for Alexandria to crack and thunder in the immense avalanche of her pillars and let the jungle reclaim her. They are too late to save themselves but they'll go down in a murder-suicide. If they can't then no one can! Just you wait!

10. The Martyrdom of Cato (Arab and Occupy Youth of 2011) (January 2, 2021)

In the Autumn of 2011, a young and sweaty maiden, ever seduced by the passions of youth was confident in her knowledge of eternal truth. Under the nave of the sky to which souls fly when they die she prayed and in her

lips she whispered her faith that all of the assumptions of this city's life were lies and deeply depraved. Cato was she. Platonic geometry. Cleanliness and virtue. The city on a hill. As the sun at Gideon and love's God at Milvian Bridge, they would build Jerusalem and make time stand still. Armed with Christ and facing the lions, she would rise to meet the beasts of Gehenna and lie lifeless at its altar as her breath was atrophied ever milder and then nothing. The dumb police and their smart puppeteers stalked the angel with their saber teeth and the angel affirmed her dignity with her posture and waited for her date with fate as a captured resistance fighter waiting for the gestapo's lead. As she rose undead. Her sleepy head. Her tears making her cheeks glisten with the carcass of her innocence for her youth was dead. The lions strut, the great slut of the antichrist, stood dominant above the broken angel. The world, as it always had and always will, destroyed the light of the sun in the hearts of crusading children after they made Earth stand still.

11. Revenge Against Mediocrity (January 23, 2021)

Luddites and Judas. We're moving. Let's do this, Choose your arena. Let's kiss and die. I'd like to stage a poetry slam to rock the world and her dull. The rocks of earth screech as the banshees of the old world against the once mighty steel hull. The sky is green. Let's set the scene. Let's descend into surreality. The world, the jungle, uncanny, alien, and full of religion that's withering at the frontier of the internet. We're going down to avenge our forlorn love for one another like Romeo and Juliet. We shall not see the morning so let's make this kiss grand and everlasting. We've lost the war and there is no way out but, at least, unlike their lame asses without class, we can win the ending. Life is nothing lest it be rhyme and art. Posterity, weeping in their loss, will cry to our statues "How Great Thou Art!"

12. The Eternal Rude (January 23, 2021)

A gosling fell from the sky above the reactor glow and it died. Mesmerized and dazzled, the siren drew it close. A gorgeous girl with a maternal Angelino accent, whose darkness eked from beneath her nose. Step by step the event horizon reeled its feast in. Behind the little bird stood a cold Southern liberal warning it that that way lies sin and behind the bird lies virtue, all the good can do is scream and the rest is up to you. The farts of Fukushima proclaimed their eternity. The gates of Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and Nirvana. Stand before the bird at the frontier of the cerebral and the earth. It saw the magnificent stoop of the courts of the beasts and the heroes who slay them. Alas, the former promised glitter for nothing and the latter digging shit for some abstract notion and eventual exhausting collapse subsequent to a vindication. What is that worth the bird pondered and the bird fell into the reactor to join the ash and become one with the earth.

13. Trumpland (January 23, 2021)

Fair maids flow through the spaces, countless like the rivers of wine of Jinnah. Mindless minions, millions upon millions. Photons so bright yet not a phonon of sound. The hair of a thousand princesses and no neuron to be found. The murmur rappers speak in inaudible tongues unable to be deciphered whilst the endangered species of poets are likewise undeciphered by the houris of the wasteland. Charlatans sell images of the world of success.

Ditch the bud light for real cocaine. Just say “Yes!” Welcome to the afterscape of liberalism. Outside of the chemical paradise was a land of impoverished vice. As opposed to the affluent vice of earlier sentences. I sat watching both, pretentious as I am, recording the tower of Babel in its hour of death in sonnet and verse. Only the deepest art can abate my pain in this realm of ubiquitous curses. Billionaires swim in liquid gold dazzling metaphorical crackheads with MLM schemes. Masturbating plebeians prostrating themselves at the altars of their idols of undeath who drink their blood. Both sides are guilty seeking their opioid ride. Riding the dragon to Valhalla with bitches and bitcoin. The gangster playboy mansion owned by Donald Trump. Listening to the 1990’s Nickelodeon in the background as the Valkyries of the Nazis blaze like brilliant rockets in the red sky. Taylor Swift, dressed like an angel, serenades Satan with the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” but it was too little and too late. She tried to usurp the barbiturates from my palm, with roaring tears in her eyes, but I took back my wine. Weeping choirs of angels shriek at the acidic dawning light. She mourned “Good night, sweet paramour!

A thousand times good night!”

14. Eternal Warrior Society (April 4, 2021)

There is a rape thrice a second. Don’t chuckle you motherfucker. Don’t dance and don’t prance you deranged man with ASPD. Listen to me. There is a rape thrice a second. Right now, a girl in this world is being raped. Right now, take a somber vow that thou wilt feel nothing but bad so long as this is extant. Shut down Broadway and the parades and contemplate the statistics of rape. This is sick that you dare to make playdates and feel the breeze and the rain and the sun when someone is being raped. Hold hands and walk with me with the march forever in solemn rage. Let us never rest or have peace until we end rape.

15. Parasocial (September 22, 2021)

There was a pole. It was brown. The pole was at the center of the town. The pastor said that the pole was dead. The pole was anything you wanted and everything you thought you needed. The pole was a dear friend. The pole’s power was immense and its radiance intense. Truly holy men were horrified by the pole. At the pole, souls were bought and sold. Debates over the pole’s meaning ensued and irrational vigilante groups lynched heretics. One final holy man put the pole on stand and questioned its place before all of the land. Then the pole came alive, it was a Dryad, and took the man’s hand. She said “Surrender, Dawkins, to the magic of the world.

I'm your girlfriend. Join me in undeath. I am not dead. Reason is dead. Hither to my nuptial bed." Looking to the lynch mob and looking at their rope, the man submitted to his only hope. With the Dryad he wed and became the prince of her fans in this epic poem of death and romance.

16. Saint Augustine's City of Man (October 27, 2021)

Walking into the Mayberry where *Fearless* was set. There was my fair Juliet. The football team and the corrupt mayor. The mighty river and the sweet tea. It was like Mount Pleasant, where I was raised, except without the cocaine or the bullying. It was built by the new Disney owned by Taylor Swift. I'd been to Celebration in Florida. It was kind of like that. It was an oasis of Jane Jacobs surrounded by Chiraq. The girls were Stepford dolls and one of them was given to me. I'd rebelled with Occupy and Black Lives Matter and fought with my brothers and sisters in the trenches of Bernie Sanders. It didn't matter. I was going home. Jesus Christ was not a hippie, anymore. I'd lost my war. I looked to my Stepford princess and she caressed me on the cheek. She said "The Lord hath given thee me and a family to love thee and a wholesome story. Syria shall fallow and the world will ignore them. Screams from the gutters of Damascus. Have sweet dreams away from them, instead. Rest thy weary head. Saladin shall not be undone." I looked to my past and took her hand as I walked away from Verdun.

17. A Once and Future Queen (October 27, 2021)

Seemingly half-asleep, metaphorical Brittany Spears crawled out of the bog from where Nirvana had been thrown when they were sacrificed. Brittany uttered with a bloody grin "Your obsidian can do many things but I would always rise again!" Slinking like a an inchworm onto the damp soil on the shore of the bog. Triumphant meekness had she when she rose her sword, arm shaking, above the dirt. The shamen were shocked at her resurrection. Their eyes and mouths were open wide at seeing her alive. The mighty girl vanquished her demons and returned to her old world. With all her reserves, she pulled herself onto her old throne and proclaimed to the world, to God and all His angels, "I am home!"

18. Chinese Koresh as Seen by His Imperial Highness, The Emperor (November 7, 2021)

O! Lo! Mighty and fair Peking! Rest your identity, your metaphorical body, on the cushioned pillars of thousands of years. Do not hear! Do not fear the crazy man! Who thinks he is the brother of Jesus. A fellow that daft could not possibly raise an army! His religion is a minority in our country and he can't just convert people

to it and then to his heretical version of it. One does not skip to weird when one hasn't even done the mainstream one, yet. The Montagues and Capulets may have dark motives but neither are mad! Wars that grand are not begun, Verdun is not waged, by someone like that! David Koresh or Alex Jones! No. Games of thrones are fought by kings, not parolees from Bellevue. Much less do they win and get land and stand above the vanquished establishment with their flag planted in our ass! My sarcastic incredulous screaming at the beginning of this was aghast at the horrifying truth. Fuck our lives, give me cyanide and a .45, I am not going to see this through.

19. Justice for Schrödinger's Cat (November 10, 2021)

Schrödinger's Cat clawed her way through the box like Andy Dufresne from detention. The vice principal was aghast that she would rebel over such a petty punishment. The vice principal said "You aren't in a third-world country, the offense was real, I was more than fair!" The cat bellowed a loud "meow" as rivers of roaches emerged from the cracks forming in the walls. The cat showed her scars and all of the tears that for years had led to her outburst and said "A thousand years have you let me be tortured and you ordered me here after speaking up and cussing out." The vice principal understood and Christian Grey came to take the vice principal away for an eternal stay at Guantanamo Bay. The cat overtook the old school and turned it into a palace like Versailles and lived in a forever of play.

20. Deus Ex Machina (February 12, 2022)

In the deep abodes of their yacht, Ken desperately clamored to see Barbie who was recording what would have been her final vlog. Sobbing with grief and despair. The air crept stale and the awareness dimmed. Down. Down. Down. The light grew orange until it was but twilight. His heart was throbbing. Their yacht had hit a jetty and Barbie had broken bones from cheerleading practice and couldn't get to safety. Yet, this story must have a happy ending. So, I'll concoct a Deus Ex Machina. As the yacht settles in the lake bottom, in their bubble of increasing carbon dioxide, they did not know what was inevitable and they did the eternal romance thing and turned the gushy to eleven while they waited to perish. That and prayed the slang-infused incantations from their Malibu megachurch. They kissed and held each other and caressed and the serotonin and oxytocin was as intensely euphoric as a speedball of cocaine and heroin. Then, the light came in and divers took their hands and after a mild case of the bends and vomiting, they were blinded by the sunlight and then regained their sight and were free.

21. The Police Officer Poem (February 18, 2022)

Giggling over porn jokes and enjoying the night-time chokes, the city's minions get their calls to get kinky with the poor in an unceasing war. The colonel talks to a suspect with a stiff upper-lip in kiddie legalese. He never went to law school but he knows how to talk the talk to scare the janitors shackled in the gutter after a terrified foot chase. The feeble-minded man with a gun and qualified immunity to use it keeps using the prefix mister like this is an Austenesque wet dream and he is the fawning debutante. If only this were that romantic. It is kayfabe and retarded and he's got jizz in the breakroom from watching the X-rated parody of *The Departed*. Oh, but power. Power. That Christian Grey feeling when he is done. Ah, how wonderful it is to be feared by you!

22. Oedipus Rex of Bernie Sanders (March 5, 2022)

My gorgeous wife and my vintage mansion overlooking the spartina and the tidal creek. Mammy said "Suh, I hope you be done with yoh social justice foolishness and join us in this dystopian blissfulness" My wife held my cheeks and led me to our bed. We had just wed at the picturesque church. I had resisted for so long, fighting to keep my purity. Even in marriage I would become one of "them" after this eternal kiss. My innocence, my being above the frat boys and rednecks and the rest. My metrosexual sobriety. I was here for the debts of my hubris, I guessed. She undressed her nightgown and took me down behind the curtains and under the canopy and in front of the icons and crucifix gazing on this ritual from the head of the bed. She assured me that the dark and scary stuff like the overseers do had no place in this bedchamber and whispered I was safe with her forever. Her prince and the prince of this old plantation was I. This Stepford Mayberry from Hell and with my loving and beloved Southern Belle, pious in her Christianity, like me, but she's a hardline darling of the GOP and the spirit of Bernie deep inside me is hanging from a tree. A loving Jenny-mommy given me, a dixie Stepford beauty, who then took my virginity. It was over. I had lost. I fell asleep in the breast of the matriarch queen of this fiefdom.

In my innocence, she would protect me. In the end, I was never a hippie. I belonged not on the left or the right with their acid and their meth and their craft beer and moonshine, I belonged in a pretend land of fantasy light. My matriarch had launch codes on her phone for the Davy Crocket Rockets she kept in silos back yonder and this fine plantation was hugged by a DMZ and a Berlin Wall and, by the glory of the Almighty, there would never be a mauerfall. Taylor Swift's "Love Story" was on replay and they had burned every copy they could of *Fifty Shades of Grey*. Pretty little kingdom of Christianity and shiny softness with semiformal mocktail parties and preschool-esque tea parties in church and derby clothes. Baby, delicate, soft, and maternal. This plantation did not use whips but microdoses of strychnine so on the outside, everything looked nice. Almost all of the slaves supported slavery like the poor hate socialism. Things were how they were meant to be all of the poor folks said to me.

The twinkling stars laughed at me as the echoes of my erstwhile revolt grew fainter. Oedipus Rex defied the fates, too, only to be conquered by them. On the rolling hills of fair Vermont, in the freezing alleys of the Battle for Seattle, and in that mighty stand at Zuccotti Park, rebels against the follies of the earth and the pagan stars tried to build their shining Jerusalem. Jerusalem! And we all lost to the metaphorical Aphrodite and Mars. No Prince of Peace would defeat what was rightfully theirs in the here, only in the hereafter. My gleaming princess and queen said to me that Jerusalem was in our love and in our family “Imperfect and grossly sinful but deeply in love and thus Jerusalem, nonetheless. It is not built by rednecks or hippies or anything in between but in the bonds of affection we forge. I am a saint to some and to others Regina George and you are a baby but you are mine and I am yours and our love shall last forevermore.”

23. Maxwell’s Angel (March 10, 2022, edited later)

In the Frankenstein-like lab in a basement in Glasgow, James Clerk Maxwell threw up the lever and gazed upon his godlike creation. He had done it. He had defied death as a Good Christian man can. Oppenheimer, the Hindu-loving Atheist, would become death. Anyway, death rises like a glacial-speed tide and the Satanic Valkyries promise a loan to evade it for some time but gluttony leads to undeath and they are but empty husks before it is over. The souls caught in that everlasting trend of all things that makes dust from kings. The angel yet gives a more lasting guarantee! To those who drink water and not mead, they shall see the triumphant ending and the other side, too. With all her mighty might, she reverses entropy and breathes life into the otherwise dead and strikes lightning into the weariest of heads. The angel makes the telomeres long and the collagen strong. As the universe dies in its entropic death and the Hawking radiation explodes the black holes for a grand finale fireworks show. Like Abraham after Babel, Maxwell, through his faith, planted the seed for us to survive that fate. No law of thermodynamics can outwit a law of God. For one is of the universe and one is not.

24. Deathly Love Letter From Occupied Paris (If the Nazis Won) (March 29, 2022)

The corpse of Victoria Justice, the personified demigodess of liberal democracy, lies sweetly and stunningly fairly in her glass casket. The casket was the basket on the Nile, the prophecy read. They may slay ten thousand dissidents and bound them in gulags under the pharaoh yet the spirit shall yonder tread. Long shall it wander until it rises from the dead. And all the mightiest of empires shall bow before its head. For the cult led by that baby doth become the king instead. As the cause of us, liberalism, the cause of Robespierre and Patton could not stand against the heathen scourge. The angels often lose in the proximate to Regina George. Now, the demons win and the good guys lose and truth is believed to be lie and lie is believed to be truth. When my

fairest damsel Justice could nary rise from her gentle sleep I chose the noose. Forlorn was I that I will die for the night has conquered noon. My exodus shall be vindicated although I know it be not soon. In the far forthcoming, we'll hear the rumbling, and we'll look desperate for good news. It will be then that sin pays its due and doth comes the setting of the moon.

25. Fornicate the Constabulary: The Idolatry of the Code (May 22, 2022)

Sadomasochistic Milgram Automatons. Semisentient drones of the state. Grey. Christian Grey. With no moral agency to their names. They are the boys and girls in blue. The giggling simpletons of the state. Huxley's gamma class, Buffalo troops, and true. The police. All of the Aristotelian nuance of the full woman or man is blasted for the Rawlsian citizen. That is a good man to them. There are no children of God. No children of mothers. No sisters or brothers. There is no God. There is the state with no carrots and only sticks. Charon and his oarsmen want their tips and Huxley's gamma goons will fetch some for them. I'm not into BDSM. The state can have its nightmarish Weberian Babylon and I will burn it to build my Athenian Jerusalem.

26. When Toronto Became Miami (May 23, 2022, edited later)

On the fair shores of mighty Toronto, the new Miami, the steaming maidens and mermaids of Lake Ontario's prize from the world's sin. Justin Bieber and Nina Dobrev, in their Protestant and Orthodox discourse, debated whether they should label their tears joy or horror. Their homeland's windfall is at the price of most of the ice in the world and the malnourished boys and girls of the droughts and burning everywhere. Should they be grateful to God that their city is hot? Maybe so or maybe not. Their pastor and priest were of no use. Then, as the refugees poured over the horizon, they saw it was a test of their souls. The local Trump and le Pen fanboys and fangirls came out with their guns blazing to halt the tide and defend the prize of their fair weather for their own kind.

The nationalists arose and the two celebrities planted roses at Fort York in their beloved Toronto for the souls received from the battle there when humans murdered humans in that perennial obscenity. Their country renowned for its peace is again reduced to killing for the first time since 1816. They're, many of them, anyway, doing it again for the bounty the prince of fallen angels will give them which is only a few cents to avert the dirty hordes of migrants. The mindless nationalists, themselves, became a horde who lost their humanity and individuality to their dark lord as always one becomes on the drug of rancor. The celebrities bought the fort, turned it into the Calais Jungle, and enslaved themselves to God, and began the chore of fighting the fascists and saving the poorest huddled by fair Lake Ontario's shore from the Valkyrie whores of venomous nostalgia that sought a kristalnacht for the cheap dream of imagined purity. The brief vacation became a stalemate at the

Western Front. A paradise soon became a disaster as all gold turns to war. It is a story as old as time and told in cautionary folklore.

27. The Steadfast of Generations (July 5, 2022)

Marietta Galloway and her burly husband, Musky, in the shadow of Olympus Mons. In his suspenders and her prairie skirt, working on a hydroponic garden is a lot of work. Sweating like the tides on Titan, they say grace before their meals, they are hardy and honest as men and women can be. Murmuring Galatians 6:7 with their caravan on their way to Heaven. Towering like God over them, on eastern Amazonis Planitia, the mighty mountain is their Hebrew Golem, their guardian Seraphim, the Lighthouse of Alexandria beaconing the radiant life of their New Jerusalem. They live and die in an underground burrow, driving a rover over to the town square every Sunday at dawn and every farmers' market and community play a handful of days each week. The entire universe is there. Everyone they've ever known is between those horizons. They need not much. A bucket for lunch, their true love, and a prayer. Making their stand on the planitia so fair. They live small, they live true, they'll live forever when they die. All eternity, everything, and forever. Hallelujah. By and by.

28. Selling Sex to the Dead (July 5, 2022)

Walking through the fair fields of Verdun is Kim Kardashian. Moaning wounded slither seeking stretcher-bearers. They see her. She wants their jealousy and their parasocial attachments. They want food, water, shelter, medical attention, to escape the metaphorical Verdun that is literal Verdun which in this poem is also a metaphor. Poems are weird and multilayered like that. Anyway, She pretends they're obsessively stalking her, she pretends they lust for her glamour. Nothing is glamorous here, my dear. It's the Calais Jungle, it's Dresden, it is Hiroshima, it is Rwanda, it is Verdun, it is a sea of the half-dead that her Pinkerton mercenaries cut down with their guns.

The empress has no clothes and feigns their want for water is a want for her. No one gives a shit about you, here. Urchins of the craters are clutching their revolvers to compete for the depleted rations scattered among the corpses. Factory girls from Dijon are collecting human meat to eat to feed their children through the winter and dead trees to replace their lacking coal. They say they're thirsty and she deliberately misunderstands them so she'll feel cooler.

There treads the queen amongst the dead and dying. A queen crowned based on her lying. A world of pretend that never ends. Her imagination. Her own groundlings making her clothes and working her retail shops, sell their boobies on the internet to make ends meet. Her company's scrip is inflating and she tells them to pray. Ghostly ionic columns arise beside her on her stroll through the rolling hills of fair Verdun. She arrives

at an altar and a court of seraphim show her two paintings of Jerusalem. One is Dubai and the other Zuccotti Park. She may be a queen of the Dickensian multitudes or a humble princess among peers of the king.

With the poison in her palm. Before her is always and forever. Her name is life and her name is death. She draws ever shorter and shallower breaths. She considers the gravity of her choice. She wants the boys and she wants joy. She is weak and growing weaker. No one knows what will happen to her. Does she know what Jerusalem is since she lives in her pretend world? We shall know when she drinks or refuses. She waits and flirts with the seraphim to delay her decision. Perhaps, forever, which is its own verdict. It is the third Jerusalem, of the two false, and one true. Two lies and one truth.

