

Her Story

the moon is out running.

she's a lovely old barbecued wing
with whom i went worshipping. i
don't know her ringing heart bling,
anything; whether she's left-wing,
fairy-flinged or how much string
she's coiling. only that she's a
queenly king. she has doorways and
chimneys made for hoppin'
full-swing. the play thing is believed
to ring or unhinge 'nough to sting...
and the arm sling and the pissing—
too much for her offspring.

i sing to the lil skeptic— this one,
slick, his body politic so seasick.
start speaking quick. thick meets
no meat (be anaemic and lit) and
try Jack Nimble's shtick at lighting
hard wicks. tell him to ride the
broomstick, swing swordsticks
like a classic triassic american
dog tick peace nik: slide a
toothpick and smear a mouse-
clicked trick through the flutter-
kicked self-proclaimed bolshevik
lunatic. bye to the brain-brick

and i weave along a local area
network: i'm dressed like a 9-5
clerk. having a drink with
teacupped lemon soda jerks
and drawing waterworks. i'm going
cirque-berserk—and i'd like to eat
that charcoal perk. instead i name
the bright sweet Thunderburke, a
roar so woke it skirts the irk.

and swim through the sea next door. why was that so hard. i won't focus on anything
else but swimming the sea forevermore. my mountain has lipstick smeared upon its
back.

its ridge-worn - tupperworn - ballet-danced back.