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ARS POETICA

The Museum of Modern Art has fallen. Permit my account. Here: this piece of snobby, Obstreperous media, clearly derivative of the 13th century Mongolian Spasmodics. Ruby maculations highlighting brush strokes in quadruplicate—like splats of corpulent poppy seed upon the bun of yesteryear. Or this sad specimen: glob glazed bright as the guppy. Screech raw as you like, ceramic beast, and still you're saying nothing. What inions these ignominious wretches must lack. Floundering prostheses and none the sort bionic.

This haven sags decrepit. Once only the choicest patrolled its corridors but, I monish thee now, beware. Today, we share confines with a paltry flock that bristles each genome of my fiber. Among them—*confound!*—one of defective sight being led, as some curio, by a slobbery lab. What business have the blind *here?* As I digressed in reverie, poach-ing the hound and bipeds all...the unthinkable: namely, this dreaded pooch—shocks every decency from me—crouches, relieving his self on the floor. What recessive quad of hell could have spawned these pedestrians? What sin merits mine heart this tight extraction; disenfranchisement drawing its sinews like canvas on a frame firmer, firmer.

Outage airfoils wept onto a operagoer porkpie grower airmen skiff rare samara behold

An Innocent Mason

for Maurice Kilwein Guevara

Jars flighty insecta because of their brevitous burn. Sudden jaundices beg apprehension. And so this Coleoptera chalice magnifies—voltas a prismatic torch. There is something wrong with me that wasn't decided during my life. Drunk with deity, a neonate withdraws the little lights from their sky one by one, because someone must possess luster, lest it skedaddle and snuff into the shadow that we own. *That's the truth.* There's a dusk behind those curtains pitchy as pit. And I understand you, the dimness you flood to flush out. A whiskey goblet glowing now, and crawling. I disgust myself. I want to abolish slavery and kill this God but, mostly, smear the guts of this light into a honey-paste, dip my paw into the pot and slander my glower in the warpaint of a sunrise's violence. Starfucker! Exploded Minstrel, stupefied in strobe! Cake on the blazing viscera. Ward off the shades, the shadowing-over. Til the lights on your billboard burn out. Until the snapshots snap shut. When drenched in the bowels of the Lamprydae you wake, repent your diagnostics, your programming to monopolize the stars into this jar, destroy their light, even consume until thine own abdomen aglow with luminescence. This is the inventory: we crave the light insanelly; we will cower at our granted wishes. Day brings back my night, Starfucker, and it becomes terribly clear. The sky is a firefly, blinking as if broken. An eye closing and opening again is a prayer that something has changed. It's not the closure that deserves resisting, but aperture. Starfucker, scrape the golden bowels off your face. Reassemble your victims. Release them from this beaker be *free* do not fear the dark but its absence.

Come

Live with me and be my love where jackblossoms rupture and bust their magenta. Come live with me and be my love where agents huckster trustworthy and true. Shred every shedule to confetti and we outti-five-thousand-bounce-o-matic from this parodied plasticine lab rytnth, oh. Answer my fan mail. Ignoreth my friend requests not, sweet seraphim. Come live with me and be my love and renounce your self-proclaiméd orders of restricìon. Starfucker, your correspondence inevitably degenerates. They call your death threat's bluff and so the pedestal is dismantled gradually down to earth, like scaffolding. Most of the shrine you incinerate. One promo glossy you mount upon a dart board. Grieve not these trifles, for gravity lasts but a night. Tomorrow, a brand new sun will defy it--a better, younger, billion dollar sun. Come live with me and be my love and lick the bloody dew from my honeysuckle brow.

* me*

your*
correspondence*
dismantled*

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Grieve not*

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