

## Invalid Litter Dept.

### At the Drive-In

intravenously polite it was the walkie-talkies  
that had knocked the pins down  
as their shoes gripped the dirt floor  
in the silhouette of dying  
dancing on corpses' ashes

yeah, they had plans for him  
they has spun the last of the pimps  
polyester, satin nailed jewelry lips  
while the guillotine just laughed again  
dancing on the corpses' ashes

paramedics fell into the wound  
like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant  
an anesthetic penance beneath  
the hail of contraband

they had been defected and excommunicated  
and all the pulses were subverted  
and they made sure the obituaries  
showed pictures of smoke stacks

a vivid dissection that mocked  
the strut of vivisection  
semi-automatic colonies  
and a silencing that still walks the streets

in the company of wolves  
was a stretcher made of  
cobblestone curfews  
the federales performed  
their custodial customs quite well

callous heels  
numbed in travel  
endless maps made  
by their scalpels

on my way  
nails broke and fell  
into the  
wishing well