

Hostage Stamps

At the Drive-In

My eyes scroll to the back of my head
The Lord's dare taken in vein
Keepsake battalions, phantom couplets
A new tactile cremation attested
Opaque spurs, contemplative mayhem keeps us
Branded on the wrist do not embalm
A paper nest truancy of wasps
Wrap me up in mylar film
The anachronism enacts the indigenous
Prolonged exposure to combustible nativism

Thirty days spent in the hole
Raise yourself a nothing pole
Inoculated at the liquor store
Drunk on the piss of semaphore embers

The hospice waltz of corpus flowers
Leaves pinko fumes from turret guns
Sawing at the base of pylon towers
Banking on the drought, banking on the opaque spurs
I've defeated every crypt
In the potters field of Machuca
Calling from the blossoming dust
Slid down the bank, choking on sherm
A new tactile cremation attested
To opaque spurs, contemplative mayhem keeps us together

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Raise your nothing poles
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Put your hurt in a safe
Throw it in wet cement
Never speak of this to a living soul
Heed the mercury blots
Of this Rorschach advice
No good will come of your insect rebellion

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