Jonison

Busdriver

The incantation flowers
Behind the cell wall
Under the auburn full-cloud cover
Behind the blinking lids
Beneath the perfect face of our kitsch
Beneath...

The hot-blooded verse oscillates
From blood and bone scaffolding
Opposite the "I" in team
That Gutenberg's lip

The incantation implodes
And MGM goes bankrupt
For there are no negroes this way
Only banished seminoles
Haitian generals
For the clean mask of basic minerals
Shamans giving day-laborers deeds to neighboring moons
Cradled by the eye of Horus
Where the written word cannot exist

Yes
Casting directors are lambasted by broad double-meanings
And they take to the data stream binary
Amidst the guts
And dog-eared re-issues of Mein Kampf
Are the executive lounge
Where every moral is up for review

Unscripted dialogue roars from the sphincters of power brokers
Equating your drinking age with that of the Iron Age
As if, as if...
As if the gold flecks were made in
The embryotic swill
But they are not
It was just you
It was you and I

You and I
Dancing in the hail
Of Modernity's mandate

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