

in memory of planetary drop farce: a gaping hole

peers performed on the brooklyn gutter and
severed what gleaming guts of
mother winter rubbing against mild-eyed lincoln in
a muttering daze, horoscopes

are the weighted shift of paradigm harpies like
bridge counters and money launderers, suffice
to say that gavel armed saint shruggers dolefully get
nothing out of the place but only

backs with mouths on them carry a certain
progression forwarding bamboo calypso,
cobbed like french dyke angles and suckled as if to be
gorging up gory quantum shops, why

master canyon slops when dionysus came to
measure a jalopy for its funk'd grind, nice
cooler
and susceptible to the career bifocal. there

certain intrinsic points for alchemy; cauterized
capsized and mal-congruent banquet heads above
the corner at dawn. round our near septic
arctic circle lays a bank full of deer, an optic

flower mat, the cranes of booze houses over
an empirical and historical shore
gore up the flames in your eyes old sea hawk that
profoundly exclaimed to have a right to fleet

over the massive congealing wheel, right
beyond the light where blacksmith grows

our gill-like metronome dependency, slam
dastardly up upon the minds of a
persons so cornered, so neglected and minor-like
scorn where they once were.

but how the mover comes up a bachelor
snored or guest masker, galactic towards that
whole boat of best eerie complaints goes
to sleet by the old gobbler, the jack
friction or the goldmatic adhering to the
silent boar child or termed convenient like

mountain like crag or so we thought. ode
to charlie scuffle, post-synthetic means at cities
slapped roughish and term coasts
pushing turbulent dime
at the five hour slump.

manic transfer and lipid, forging
less lips for miniature gong
god sensations in terms with a paranormal
strut, you go timber round light gory air
spaces or sick and saggier trance lamps on
goose mill struts. relapse to ingest
as getting a thick cottage sum by flexible

gropes of badgers, micro dots so muzzled and
chunked, lawd keys to door, microscopic carbon
insights or measure o' technical gruel wetting or
collapsing more or less a consistent

demonical farced lobotomy, scored right up
to the dome or the immaculate grouse that
dooms nothing and says nothing with
such moments as to leave lip floating jack pine

doling by with such
that there are the likes of cacti round there