Peered through holes in fashion underwear:
empty strewn cartons of Chinese takeout-dog’s play
and a two-liter filled with old urine-
candles melted over a menagerie of wildlife collectable cards
a mass of fanzines in a refuge of damp ashes like a holocaust
and subject from slumber, having to hold onto the stanchion
the sediment floats languidly back to the bottom when shaken
The washroom waited,
and with stalls of all things pins and needles, stirred
so as not to sit, like a girl
in the stations of the crass toilet means that never flush
(whether the janitor?) with one hand to stand up
stables of benign alma mater impotence-
It is best to stay away from that place,
too far with no shoes
Woke up to “suedehead”
and lived on fleshy ramen noodles –
with the same spoon blackened over the flame
Emasculating stick fix spike shrines to Steven Jesse Bernstein
(wo’n’t you come out tonight?)
and Bill Burroughs
with khakis-got a love jones
sex masquerade rock and roll picture
Never seemed so glamorous
But quickly tap tap tapping for the holy vein
Cut underneath the skin drain,
and with the old in with the new
red medicine, canceling bouts with personal flagrancy
a monkey must be getting married, as the Africans say
Glancing out the window to greet the sunlight and rain-
The All-American Piltdown Man
spends his hogwash cash on aliment and Modern Man Fool’s Gold–
It’s a sad day when the food becomes the junk
because you really can’t tell anymore just what is
on the end of your fork