

Fahrenheit

By: Scott Morgan

I.

There are three stars
burning over your house
as cheers erupt from the television screen.
I blink and your porch is invaded
by 50 necrotic hands. The sweat in
anticipation. The sky smells like vinegar
while the earth is being trampled by an army
of fetuses. We are the ghosts of who
you should have been. Max Headroom's
static giggles are puncturing my ears.
I see water corrode like Christmas cards.
The three wise men of the sewer system
send their gifts. I open their presents to find
a bloody fist, a pair of handcuffs, and the ear of
Van Gogh.

II.

You either die young or you live
long enough to watch your life
become a Bowie record.
The sea is replaced with five month-old marshmallows
and your popcorn loses its butter.
Antarctica is my father, slowly shrinking
in shame. We all have
radioactive blood gushing from
our tired mouths.
Snow clings to the ground
like newborns sucking on Liberty's tits.
The wind blows her skirt upward
for all of Earth to see. Her mossy legs
stumble and her tiara breaks.
"She is a nasty woman."