

The Solstice Song of the Rastafarian Space Gangster

By: Scott Morgan

To know me, you must
open a vein for
a hundred years or
more. To see me, you
need to peel your eyes
into a bowl of
peanut butter and
petroleum. The
intergalactic
sommambulists dream
through the forests
of my brain matter
mixed with stalactites.
You are having a
great existential
crisis in the wake
of the most serene
Armageddon, whose
target audience
is missing the point.
The world *gnaws* on its
own consciousness
just to feed you.
I feel her pain in blue
flashes and black flags.
Embryos elsewhere,
wrapped in aluminum
launch themselves out
into a deeper
void to escape your
impudence. Now, I
too will blink myself
out of your cold grasp
like stars sinking in
the arctic for one
last water prayer.