



*

made of mud
the boy stands up

goes into the house
full of ghosts

a portent forms
in the gut

as one priest holds another priest
hostage with a screwdriver

(I never said I could think
any better than you could think)

(I never said I could even think at all)
still though

my mother always told me
I would make a good priest

but when the music plays
it's like I'm already

in heaven
(sometimes it's like I never even had to live)

*

(and if so
how could it
and why)

“buy gas to go to work”

“go to work to buy gas”

you don't see anything
because it's everywhere

(a lab rat become bored of ecstasy)

or could have been

if historical dilemmas

still sequestered and then forgotten
behind

bars

and “bars”

etc.

(but then what could be simpler than falling asleep)

*

a former life
you have to pass through

without being seen
by your past self

the mind
the site

of a proxy war
between meaning and decay

it's all I can do
to even be here

(or maybe I'm just finally
getting out of my own way)

*

“all the truth and wisdom
that money can buy”

“subject yourself to higher truths”

as everything they told us wouldn't happen
begins to happen

(like a scorpion inside my head)

(like a scorpion inside yours)

*

in vain
the door closes
in vain
the door opens
in vain
the spoken word
obscures the stillness
of the written text
like a ten-dollar bill
pressed between the pages
of a monograph concerning
the coastal erosion of Hadrian's Wall
comfort and horror
are beamed simultaneously
into your skull
more potions are taken
to ward off enterprising spirits
so ease up
and take aim
and when the target crosses your eye
pull the trigger
(this is literally life)

*

there's internet
inside the coffin you're constructing
the government magnifies curiously
throughout your THC-
emboldened psyche
strewn across
what remains
of this circus-encrusted civilization
unspooling predictably
until it sets itself down
almost friendly-seeming
among the newly-dissected
Eden simulacrums
between the moment
and the moment just before it
exists a space in which
you could've ordered things
retreated into the comfort-system
a more classically-schooled person
but capsizing repeatedly
until it's almost second nature to you
(the universe
isn't arbitrary
the universe is trying desperately
to reveal something to you
something DNA-altering
and possibly even true)

*

deliberate distortion
of the thought

or a ritual you sabotage

again and again

as though through a prism
repeatedly drawn

into an image

or “image”

(as if your fiction-
deficient brain could even spot the difference)

