

## Hostage Stamps

### At the Drive-In

My eyes scroll to the back of my head  
The Lord's dare taken in vein  
Keepsake battalions, phantom couplets  
A new tactile cremation attested  
Opaque spurs, contemplative mayhem keeps us  
Branded on the wrist do not embalm  
A paper nest truancy of wasps  
Wrap me up in mylar film  
The anachronism enacts the indigenous  
Prolonged exposure to combustible nativism

Thirty days spent in the hole  
Raise yourself a nothing pole  
Inoculated at the liquor store  
Drunk on the piss of semaphore embers

The hospice waltz of corpus flowers  
Leaves pinko fumes from turret guns  
Sawing at the base of pylon towers  
Banking on the drought, banking on the opaque spurs  
I've defeated every crypt  
In the potters field of Machuca  
Calling from the blossoming dust  
Slid down the bank, choking on sherm  
A new tactile cremation attested  
To opaque spurs, contemplative mayhem keeps us together

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Raise your nothing poles  
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Put your hurt in a safe  
Throw it in wet cement  
Never speak of this to a living soul  
Heed the mercury blots  
Of this Rorschach advice  
No good will come of your insect rebellion

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