

Fable

Circle Jerks

sunshine visits our new now world
dogcatchers clockout counterfeiters pray
pilgrims stranded on an asphalt artery
without black fluid or a power source
caught chicken pox with measles on a breeze
some call him history

purchased printed slips to a nightmare
our hostess strips on a donkey's back
where every paths unfinished bridges
now all our rubber's growing flat

we're looking searching for the witness
on a deal where they bartered over aversion
any descriptions or whereabouts
of a character dressed in grey
spill these words big payoff!
and for his habit a statue made of hay
winning draws a reward humanity gets saved

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our hostess strips on a donkey's back
where every paths unfinished bridges
now all our rubber's growing flat
well timed frauds want to know who's stomping
on their toys in their empirical playpen
where'd they stash the virgins?

you know it doesn't matter
if there's a silver lining
so what's the difference?
if you havn't washed behind your ears

shadow length leeches need their cut of the world
as clumsy martyrs fall over potholes
lining sidewalks to an early grave
feminist pillhead crosses her legs
with a dozen extra large a a a eggs
unfolds a map set in her lap to a grimy universe
lavender ledge silhouetted horizon
nut museum's dining then dashing
as roses growing backwards
as i gaze down at the feeding site
i'm a helpless romantic sunk neck deep in quicksand
i'll keep reaching with magnetic eyes