

## Black Lion Massacre

of Montreal

My creator appeared to me in the form of a black lion  
She checked my temperature to make sure I was ready  
It was one oh six point seven  
She preferred point eight, but couldn't wait  
I rode her to the arena  
There she licked my foot to rehydrate me  
Left me pleading in the dirt  
The ministers went silent  
Drank milk powders  
Spilled some on the infants,  
to begin their rites  
People slaughtered each other out of joy  
People murdered their pets  
Pissed on each other  
Masturbated in their front yards  
Vomited in public fountains  
Gouged out the eyes of reptiles, and mutilated fish  
Then prayed deeply, and watched as their bodies  
transformed  
Rejoiced to the process  
There were rainbows everywhere  
Everywhere