

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