

Tiny man, chubby man, trembling scruffy,
lazy man sculpting with my puffy hands
an idol to my pride's demands.

Tonight, I need to be redeemed.
I'm in the nude, inhaling ice cream, talking to my dogs.
See something I can believe in.
It's just in the jolt that I'm reading.
Chew at the seam of this fracture.
It's just the freedom I'm after.

One night I'll fail to remember.
One night apart from my gender.
No phallic need for ambition.
Help me escape from this kitchen.

I'm wasted. I taste it. Tiny mind.
Someone flog my tiny mind.
The internet has humped me blind.
I think I smoked too much this time.
I hear the call of something pure, luring me out of my door,
so I'm headed out now into the throb of no culture; into the wreckage of altars.

An altered state and an ending.
No petty putrid pretending.
Let's band together and belt it out to the marrow they melted.
You've got a finger, now use it.
No need for ambivalent music.

And she said
"You're on my tongue like a tab of poison.
I'm gonna wake with an anvil brain so if you want, stumble home
with me, boy.
I'll be the Ripley to your John McClane. Oh god amnesia is a revelation.
I chew the root and the White House burns and as my eyes tumble
back in my head, my fate erupts and my insides churn you out."