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 //The Highway The Wall////////////////////////////////
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hurtling to my death on highways
 in a steel coffin fingers broken over the
 wheel

the stones weeping under the impossible
 weight of our rolling mausoleums

my ghost horses with their blood full of
 rainbows

sprinting breakneck marathons the river
 lurched forward

the lights were all pointed down
 the eyes of the horses falling solid
 moonlight

my grips tightens the wheel spins the tires
 slip

inches catch and Im driving the highway hit
 oh the ocean I am a shark I am submersible
 crashing into lead I ride Medusa chariot of
 stone

I ride noisemaker it sings tiger deathrattle
 I keep fire at all times burning cigarettes
 and glass

the opening of the mouth I drink from cups
 full of ashes

the smoke trails my procession I captain a
 funeral barge

through the flickering towers the brimstone
 tunnels

I crest the wave of plumbum and headsick my
 enemy is before me!

his ship lands narwhals it eats islands
 the dread black the rolling cathedral

the church of concussion the rod of iron
erect
flying the puppet banner the parade they
lavish
the death of their fool king all blood
for bloods sake to sweat away with their
wailing and plunder
a parade every day for their miseries oh to
be spared in heaven
oh to hang long in the sky and pray only for
death
there will be pity without mercy
there will be hate without fear
I match speed with the beast of lands I
throw caltrops in all directions
oh mayhem and mirrors the lights the horses
running blind
tumbling to the ground oh the splintered
pillars
the shriek of mechanical agony oh the
boulders in my head
the cruel flat cliff the damn the river
divided oh the plastic fishbones in my neck
my sarcophagus washed ashore before the idol
of death
I leap from the window up the steps of the
looming temple
the path to their vile monument paved with
great ribbons of slick flesh my red carpet
I feel my muscles unspooling for the last
time
I grip their flag with tooth and nail I rip
it from the bone
I feel my limbs arc rainbows of murder
I taste mud and metal I carry the moon on my

shoulder

I cannot open my jaws I cannot unclench my
fist

I fall backwards into the river

I see moonlight bouncing from the knives
edge

I see it peeling the skin of the river
itself

I see the horses return oh the ocean

oh the concrete stonemill spilling

blood on concrete I am

concrete I am a wall I am a

concrete wall running down a

highway dug out under

highways every day gambling our lives on

highways always following

highways all I see is

highways always the same

highways sleeping sideways on

Concrete plastered on

concrete stonemill bloodslick

concrete dark stains on

concrete draining into basins of

concrete cracked teeth on

concrete bonemeal porcelain separated flesh

and

concrete gravel recombined we are human

concrete

highways I always die on highways

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////////////////////////////////Herald////////////////////////////////
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I've come, to celebrate the last years this
greenery

the final cycling of your beloved seasons
your months of rain of red

I've come from a land of tall grasses for
ever yellow

in their death struggle under blue
skies bleating empty for ever

I've come a herald

precipitating a ravenous sun

this is the final conquest of snow and rain

I've come to bear witness

to the last march of clouds

to your crumbling evergreens the

bleaching of your valleys to mock

your barren shade trees to put you under

the mountain dry

and hot

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////////////////////////////////The Slasher

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Strands in the black sea

coalesce the broken slumped cot

the thin red light from the corner

I wake on the pitter of steps

testing slats and stairs

I dredge my frame

from the burial pillowtops
 the red sun revolves around me
 a body like a slumbering wave
 a cascade of blankets
 ankles and twisting sheets
 flooding the basement
 the tide high on the landing
 the door is open and the sun begins to rise
 I see pale arms at her sides from the corner
 of my eyes
 with my first breath the first lurching
 muscle
 she darts like a fish into the sea below

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 //////////////////////////////////Vampire////////////////////////////////////
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I like to fuck shape
 I felt inside my body I felt
 the bark and visible spines I felt
 broken glass in the Earth
 I felt myself breathing
 you pointed me toward the mountain
 I reminded you of the moon
 you're still my favorite thing to see
 at any four way stop hovering
 between the vanishing points
 before and above the rising towers of
 brimstone
 ten swords crossed
 perpendicular behind your back

in the dark I want to trace your figures and
commit them to memory

I want to construct you in all of your
detail

I will be the cartographer of my dreams
I will make my perch on the bannister
compass in hand

I will lift my face and close my eyes I will
catch your scent on the wind

I will dive into you like a fishing bird
I will not shatter on your refraction my
wings are tight against my back my aim is true

I will clip the surface of the water I am
the knife thrown from nowhere

I will pierce you beneath the panes of
rippling glass

you told me it was sin you laughed
nothing was amiss
I will never ask you what is true I want
to see what you want me to see what you want
I want too I want to want I want your
illusion

I am a mirror you are a vampire
I am a seeker of heartbreak thats why
I follow you I know you hold it look at me
I got it bad

