





NEGATECITY EXTRA VALUE SERIES

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Thanks to *The Weekenders* for consistently getting it wrong and showing me just how wrong I truly was; the weakened errs, fer sure.

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Distributed by just these dudes trying to get our swerve on.
Greensbarf, North Epicackalack

Daniel McNugget

Passed Gas

negatecit(y) extra value series

- ▢ 6969: Schroder & Calie: Supporting Youth & Keeping them Safe
- ▢ 53: DD: RICO: A Federal Crime & A Menace
- ▢ 4: The Cubic: Time Cube
- ▢ #2: Passed Gas

negatecit(y)
extra value
series ▢ #2

Life: Passed Gas

Life, past gas,
Left pissed: ghost-

Ed an elevatorful of
Chumps, smelling like doo-doo. That

Lift's pissed, I guess.
Love pussied a gross

Thick pus that attacks like a heartful of
Loaf paste; grease

As lovely as suet and stock.
—Stop. Lay love talk to restive laity.

The rest of our lives are all in attics:
Lint, pests, guests.

The rest are all chloolesterol and saturated fat. Wind breaks;
Leaves pass in gusts.

The fart smell stays until the
Last poet goes.

The Central Booking crowded lockup rooms, where I met
Ricardo Trinidad from Panama
[Who got two years for trying to ride the subway for free, just like me,]
Who took his time
Like grandmas do.
Masseurs bear down
Like ticker tape guitar, Boy Crisis, Running marches.
Neiman Marcus. Racist skeins in moleskin cahiers jammed in jeans
Like eager dicks together; scissoring torsos riding light rails where F
stops, thirds ruled
Like third grade did or the runner did at ties at first, I'll sooth there
with Carmex frost,
The girdled paste-faced americans idling in lockup. Tidal salt walkups
Sworn. Sidling toward sandwiches sown with torn cheese,
Merry pranksters whose brogues
Glided down cases of brownstones
And they're worn down to grins between landings,
Stairs flown, and wind's blown through tissue,
Squeezed through winding
Towns, tissues thrown.
There's tinsel hanging
Like garlands of smoke
That droops to frowns.
[Spiraling, failing, flayed
Laid bare and having failed
I lay no claim to being there at all.
Aspire down a plight of stares
Casually commend despair
And get a new day job
The new job is selling blood and then after that I die or something.
Also, nihilism.])

CONTENTS

Commode to Toilet	##
Pharmakon 3: Raw is War	##
Ode to Thee Vegans	
left alone: deluxe (a taste supreme)	
booger elegy	
Arcane Mosaics	
Bacon Donut Surrogate for Heather	
Pharmakon 7: Fred Durst Licks God's Wounds	
The Death in J. Crew	
Armour: A Hot-Dog McNugget's Process & Expiration	

§D.0 — Discarded Politicial Critique

"Selling your body"
& selling its component parts
Are two jobs distinguished
By gender, a lot. My not-men friends
Have more caretaker and steady jobs
And boys like me seem unstable, and bent as needles
On taking uncare of themselves, profitably undertaking
Medical Clinical Trials where they actively endanger their/our shit.
"Self-care as self-care"
& "cyborg internalized misandry" as "well whatever fuck it then"
& "feminized" labor as post-feminism, also shopping,
& self-destruction as ableism
&? idk you decide

§D.00 — Discarded Senseless Fun Rant about NYC

(e) Newness York: An Aside Job

(Dressed like a bank teller, accoutured like McDonald's
Paper boxes' syrupy amenities that drape and dry as hard as cheese...
Mohair and hound's tooth sounding rods unsoften chodes
Of sots despairing. Tots sog in garnish, garish flats
Kick between wiped vinyl booths,
And under brows wirish frames
Snug a bridge with distinctive pith. Pith stripped by teeth from celery
like peach pits, pissed jeans, shit-wasted under catalogue awning, open
pits
Of cellars, stoop-gates yawn for chicken lunches one-way pointed and
arose, compose yolo
Manifestos and chew stoically, balanced on squat haunches
Flexed as mountain building's torsions do, MTN DEW
From champagne flutes to twenty hours or two years
For turnstyle turncoats Tucked in Tombs. That is to say

The old cook, cooking paella like Metamucil
Towels her brow. Her patella,
And the metatarsals

In her old foot wince and bow.
In my angel hair arm tissue
(An au gratin gin), a web of sallow

Blues has bloomed, rich as tallow.
It's hatched with the gruesome
Purple from *Requiem for a Dream*
Or the first Volume of Pitch Black

And I'm preparing for nerve damage
Or rolled veins or numbness or some phantom
Syndrome: I'll vanish my old aspirations,

Let them skitter like beads
Of water scattering on hot iron,

Cast some grace and thaw some humor,
Like a sinkful of a brick of hotdogs.

ii.

I'm rigged.
I am
a cyborg
and I have
an earwig
and Vicodin.

§IV — League

Get it?
"Ivy League"!! & "I.V. League"!??

*"Life was a gas,
But that gas
Has passed..."*

—Dino Spumoni

Commode to Toilet

(an open invitation for Jacques Derrida to put the seat down)

What is this crap? Huh?

If this indeed is Dairy-dah

Certainly I must be lactose intolerant.

I pore, like my guts out, over letters that he's scent:

Sulfur smoke and a Glade glaze of cinnamon chintz.

My porcelain brain shimmers like a master of chess:

Fluorescent gels of B-complex/multivitamin piss

(A hue held from its MTN DEW genesis)

And usually isn't bothered

By the occasional turd.

But your toxic mudbutt of a lecture

Clogged me. Somehow you saw fit to bind it in signatures

Like so many bunched or ill-fitting undies

Chafing assholes on a swampass summer day.

So I shelf you — blue the waters of my commode

And flip the fan switch to move my mood.

But scrubbing bubbles' bleach-mint fizz

Fails to foil this butthead's mindfuck:

A wood shaft and pink dome-head of a book

Working at my smooth, wet aperture to mine

And plumb the dumb depths of my mind.

I wish I could plunge you from my accomodating bowl,

Purge you with every fiber of my breakfast and my being to keep you
from accumulating in my bowels

But once I've been upper-decked by a dick like you

I know the trace of your shit will never be gone

Your words are poison and the cure; I'm flush with pharmakon.

Which is lard-effulgent and glossed

In the buzzing wet of August.

Strips of asphalt taper to Redding, Connecticut.

A slab of sky there; they turn to gravel that crackles

Like bacon under our tires.

We eat tender donut

Holes and listen

To a feeling of sticky love inside.

Scans of my heart

Would show sanguine scones: a plaquey knot,

Strands of lips and tender clots,

Wisps of waists hanging like yolk

In egg drop soup — a chalk

Of chlorestrol, chewed to the quick

Hot and sour too.

Not just lonely either: selfish,

Distant, inert again. In the car we're being passed.

I lope and loaf, cook hash and, hushed

Hug through a goodbye that feels fresh.

While arm pain still buzzes like neon. Plasma

Seaps into the toddling souffle

Of flesh I flex and marbles softly

Like slow caramel in marrow.

While my job as a sloppy joe

Technician in the cafeteria back home cools

Blues and browns like oxidizing potatoes.

for pressing on veins
Worried me when she stuck me. It immediately struck me as odd cause
it strick me with pain.
Pain that grew as I squoze through the rose-colored hose that turned
limpid as prose on return;

There was stinging and burning, my stomach was churning and my
face turned a margirine-pale,
Clearly she'd misstuck me, for someone whose cash cushion's imperiled
not being impaled
I'd no choice but to choke up, be stoic till it slows and I'm sewn up,
when the end finely came.
Her slipshod phlebotomy felt a sloppy lobotomy, and I'm worried
things won't be the same.

§III — Biolife

i.

On a humid day in summer in
A tanktop in a porch conversation
I'm glistening like chicken skin.

Except, I'm its clammy dermis,
No piquant wrap of flavor. A paste
For crisps and a sort of spice:

A sweet stinging cleaving culture,
A mobile tang of yogurt through my musculature.
A pain effervesces, prickling like caltrops,

Like a MTN DEW Pitch Black
Vol. 2: Sour Grape tourniquet
On my delicate croquette bicep,

Pharmakon 3: Raw is War

I am pro-wrestling.
I am for pro wrestling.
IM4PW, ICP:FTW,
WCW, WWF B4
WWE, TNA, MMA, IFC, ETC.

NWO. New World Order —
White vs. Red (Wolfpack).
Rowdy Roddy Piper's
Sweet Chin Music.
Woo!pack: Ric Flair's frail frolic.
Randy Savage: a slimjimaholic.

R.I.P. Owen Hart; Raw is Owen.
Heartbreak for V.I.P. Bret Hart,
Now kneading a turnbuckle tomb
In a singlet, tamping earth sown
With germs of souls, and stones.
Bereft of his Owen:
A brother on his own.

Wrestling is fixed
Tangibly in our hearts and chalkboard columns
And that fixity is sweet, bro.
Still, we can't pin down or pinpoint who will win
Or be pinned supine under an erect, preening spine.
It's constant supplanting: rehearsed;
Supplicating to the force
Of supple flexors...

— Laziness & ZZZZs
are a Snorlax's suplex.
Lunches are its score.

Ode To Thee Vegans (by way of DurhamrockerZ)

O, To Be Vegan. To be
Void of bones and boneless cakes of meat strands, to avoid the tubey
Veins mechanical separators sometimes leave in
Obsolescent osso bucco shimmers like conditioner you leave
Behind, you leav(e-)in(')?
Leave then. And leave to the beef cakes and meat loaves to leaven,
Ascend your ass in to the hotdogless heaven, ass-end bare and bearing
quiver
Shoot arrows through your heroes, enfeeble your grinders and let gyros
burn like Nero's Rome or a Pompeiian pizza delivered.
The guts that you got get goats peeled from their meatpoles.
A shwarma bees makes maypoles of maples, but leave beehives for
A-holes serving C-loaf in Sanitation-Grade-B shit holes.
D-bags in K-holes doing kegels and keg stands on heavy tubs of
industrial mayo and aerobically wringing like Rubik's
Into jeweled jello cubes: horse hooves gelled in a domed mold
Swell as cello F-holes in panels held together with galloping Elmer's
syrup: wood glue. Would you've made Youtube investigations?
Youtube ingestions will always make for Youtube poops and
DurhamrockerZ will always rule.
You two beavers (angry) sang when disco fever clanged in.
A tube to feed her sanguine lips discs: Oreos. Hallelujah.

Strange sex changed the game, friend,
Strangled strangers' many chins before shoveling gruel in
After I grovelled to bake meringue and slathered my loafing with
malaise...
Attitude of feeders stung and stuck like lipsticks from accusations and
harangues
That likened meals to maims or maul, whose dearth,
I'd like you to recall, lessesns us to the stone-nub licking island boars
Lifted from Simpsons' flies-lord lore, hell-damn-ass kings on high
abhorred

Of nutrition, room temperature, so it's chilly in me. A tech
Focuses behind a face-length half-cylinder of clear plastic:

A campy shield between trained eyes and sprays of fresh blood
Like from a 12-gauge. Sliding the 21-gauge needle from

My arm severs the circuit. I'm filled with the same volume, but inert,
Zoning. Sleepy and lightheaded, turgid with braids of salt, and thirst.

A neon, binding Ace tamps the cotton solder.
The machine is rested, lively, eager to soldier

On in someone else: to draw, collect, return
And draw the heat like fluid from remains.

I'm paid a track mark
and twenty dollars.

Biolife
by the pint.

§II.V — You Did a Bad Job

I clocked in again at a quarter past ten to begin squeezing out vegan
blood.
A regular bleeder, and avid text reader, I broke out a printout I'd
stapled;
Rejecting my oneness with quizzical fondness; uneducating myself
stupid
Were topics I tackled and wrestled through spectacles to pass the time
as best I could.

Usually I'm well-treated and plasma-depleted by by a man who greets
me with a grin,
But a grim-faced attendant with a cubic neck pendant and a penchant

Proselytizing capitalists of their distorted views.

I'm for sale either way,
A crudité to be consumed
Integrity (not bodily) is mine exchanged for blood exhumed.

§I — Don't Quit Your Day Job

I'm made,
Weighed by a machine

Slender, symmetrical, modular,
I'm worked and coded AB by a molded

Conch nested snug in its concave chest
Who's being doted on by labcoated phlebotomists (?)

The decorum of gemmy pins commemorating
A few years employed, excellence in a month, a certification.

One punches some data into a keyboard coated in durable Saran, mine
A set of vital facts, muddle a sanitary swirl of iodine above my vein,

Place a needle while something soft plays from the ceiling speakers
And couches above tiled aisles are kempt by the stockers.

I'm drawn through a matte-clear plastic line belayed
With Scotch tape to the pumice of my arm, pulling cables of blood.

An aseptic Nalgene reservoir hung from a clean
Hook warms as it fills: sallow and bubbly like pee.

And, in metered doses, the machine, in regular reverence,
Returns the blood it spun out, a gauze of saline and a rinse

Those lichen-throated vegans' tusks. Lessons more than slicing ruscks
While suburban crusty lycanthropes began to busk, to rustle up
A froth of bubbly yeasty stuff whose wild life is worth a buck: that
green & clothly dust.
Or cokey cloth? Their audience lies in the throes of denouements
patched on tattered clothes
And pays them to afford to drink the shine of the moon so they don't
have to
Shoot it, instead, and soon, it is the shit inoculated
That is to say, shoot, and inasmuch as poop, they're sated.
Or shoot the gun whose hole flows MTN DEW with cool oil
brominated.
You, too could one day become vegan
Youtube could be your mausoleum;
DurhamRockerZ rules.

left alone: deluxe (a taste supreme)

the moment i decided
that i'd rather spend my night
with a box of creamy deluxe shells
and a frosty can of *Yoo-Hoo!* than you (you
who laid [pipe] groundwork in texts
and mentioned singular interest
typhoon dew?
in some good old p-v fucking, the latex
condoms kind, the smelly stinky kind)

was only a few minutes before
I had farted in the car:
alone and dutch
oven and surrounded
with the dry, soft smell of it.
and enjoying it as much
as I knew I soon would a cold road soda
wedged in fridge at home
waiting for me like
the kinetic cream of a wheel.

(c) Junior Job

I pray to god in sincere hopes he can be tricked into disarming a
potential pregnancy, which (what a chump) he can.
I fall from way higher in love than I have since, or had before and now
I'm sad, but glad it happened. Now life feels sometimes bland.
I drink more than I ever have and whip my friend with a belt, mad
because the trees surrounding me remind me of my dad.
I take some acid, understand cartoons forever, miss a band whose genre
is adult contemporary metal: death and technical;
Unhinge my jaw and gnaw my Bear, I see Chris Wallace rapping dead
but feel assured things will improve thanks to his tune's warm
harp.

(d) Senior Job

I forsake integrity:
Counterfeit my interviews
Journalize the lies I've laid to use with polished brevity.

I freebase the calumny,
Corruscate, as forgers do;
Internalize the life I've led as cool: confidence manuscripts.

I forgo alumni dues,
Corrugate portfolios,
Interview and realize my ersatz prose must genuflect

To the writ of currency.
Calculate, to wit: to use
No more my words for bread to win. In that respect, my genuine,

Isolate, apathy
Condescends to disabuse

(Oh no,)
I shart(ed.)
trash.

(b) Sophomore Job

Sunlight.
For sight on I-40 I squint
Toward the mirror.
A 20/20 red-eyed glassy peer
Through the rearview
Was clearer than roofs that glance
Bridge's overpass clearance,
Or nearer, four-foot-twenty or so, so I thought, blasting Creedence...

Necktie.
For my court appearance I
Forfeit fitteds,
The right to remain caj
Is nixed, I insist.
(Though my co-def wore a 59-50 and lived.)
I smoldered like Kohl's aisles at clearance.
The sales tack I'd tried fizzled flat: warm Shasta in 6-by-24 flats.

Foureyes.
No foresight, sobriety
Doorstop forced me
Up where I belong, like wedgies.
Now I'm boring
Unbearable and light as being
Forced to thirst for Crystal
Light: Aspartame, a spartan apartment; tame Camels and Diet Sprite.

booger elegy

I arrange an elegy
On the tiniest violin
Smaller than the hotdog planth
Sung electronically by
autodoors at circle-K
Every time I pick my nose.

Arcane Mosaics

Some bullshit to bother you I didn't bother thinking through

Soldered media — arcane mosaics make for music, packaging; poops on YouTube

i find samples and similarities to make note of, gloss plots because they've all been done (Bare Naked Ladies song).

Sidled Paidea seminar desk-chair semicircles set up compartments for tropes. You, too

i was primed on how to identify text that looks like other text and describe it using a third kind of text in high school

Side-eyed Medea's (Perry's) lackluster cinema or scope, and made for upset epithets we were used to.

i have been racist sometimes when I talked shit about black media i had never consumed.

Soiled Mead readers and spoiled meateaters racked up the mythology content they Wikied

i use veganism and wikipedia for social currency & know very little about how cruel animals are or whatever

Solid blocks we chunked gave way to the sod we sowed and sold; slowed scold down to content. Wicked

the only thing i remember from high school psychology is that 'chunking' is how we remember phone numbers and stuff, like breaking up long numbers into manageable small chunks. also 'hippocampus' lol what was that about i'd like to see the dean of THAT college

Slipped and seaped with hella and dope along the same lexical muscles we flexed to wick

using slang from other regions is fun but seemed shitty i guess? idk really should've thought this through

Armour: A Hot-Dog McNugget's Process & Expiration

\$0 — Penetralia : Logorrhea :: Juvenilia :

(0-3 y.o.) Diarrhea

(4-15 y.o.) Marginalia

(16-17 y.o.) Bachhanalia

\$0.V — How I Spent My Time at the University

(a) Freshman Job

I fellate me lexically:

Consecrate my foolish views

Stylized In freestyle raps recorded over pirated tunes.

I forget incessantly.

Comedy accommodates

The absurd affect I affect, and I forget incessantly.

In cess and kush I get for

Cheap, meds come more, dates coma

Over like balding chrysalises in my comfrey den.

Snooty guitar riffs, ochre orchids, spare light, earthen designs, tile

Weaves aloof time until you go,

I'll lie, kick excellent in em: *etallefti*.

Italicize backwards those,

A newer sword I rewind rows

Recite crap: a practicer

Of double-eaten prose.

Renew a weiner,

;regrub mah hamburger!

It seems like it'll snap off.
I know you're crying.

Grave moments are the only time we are spiritual
Now, amen, scum, and
We mammoth ghosts of babies to heaven,
We men, what musth we do.

I'll hamhand a Blenheim comfort, sure.
Suppicate a soda to the Old Ones, you know, whose stock-in-trade
Is a validated violence and respect for unspeakable cosmic voids
or whatever,
Decorate the bricked mound with lilac and fennel, string an elegy
the real kind, the real kind kind, the hotdog kind, the booger kind
Let the clover there do what it does with peat,
And, between slugs and fluttering Burger King wrappers and among
rays of mist and memories of sierras and frost
Glimpse again over your sharp fence.

The one around the dead slump of cord
(Once-live power lines),
And a modest white block of drawers.
What confect bees make is their business,
Beeswax, buildup, rabbit catacombs:
Bunnycombs. I'm so sorry.

I've heard you eat nothing
But limp noodles
and Earth Balance Sometimes.

Pour you. Cool and film from Crusoe,
One to peel from
Like from red soup to sick kids on big days like this.
The sky is gray; winter is coming.

**Dilapitates foreign tongues to the lick. Tongues that whip behind
teeth we cut like crescents above the quick**

lick rhymes with words and teeth are like nails and Burger King serves
the Crossainwich for BKfast, oh yum!

**Leonids are green streaks screened on a black drop that I remember
like CGI collected, wrought from clicks.**

occasionally things I see things Carl Sagan probly woulda been stoked
on, but they just make me remember things i saw on the internet.

—Leinad Pmakniats, Slopped & Scattered; I & Esq.

my name backwards, then some titles i added on because I am an
important poet, and also i think i'm better than you.

Bacon Donut Surrogate for Heather

i.

Beside the stadium of sidepart gray-hairs frowning
And pixel mosh eroding to an analog like you,
Someone has turned away to us to hide her crying
—A monochrome despairing avatar in lilac hue.

Mingling among the grid of glossy parkay swastikas
Walls of cream are skimmed by films of vectored polygons
A vapor icon floats: 3-D Doritos or glazed potstickers
A hall of dreams enclouded to be dipped in soggy bronze.

ii.

What effervescent sprites could animate these glowing seats?
Whose ass left light to radiate on couch cushions, and heat?
A window is a crystal waffle sopping shadow syrup,
A gravey tableaux angles dim like burnt-out
Heatlamps radiating nothing above
Soft tenders.
Touch.

iii.

three years ago or so today I ate eighty-six french fries.
back when a rush of crinkles marbled with ranch above a cheddar lace
was a solitary joy *taking place*, and no vice.
but now I squat behind dumpsters with you like racoons to gnaw
Bojangle's piquant flesh, do you recall me as a gardner and a
novice?
I hug a Papa John's box like a book to my schoolgirl chest
in Baltimore to get to sleep.
what grim sausage moves through our soft entrails...

A mechanized parody of life
Has prepared for
You: static, a template,
An analog composite of sympathy
In a vessel, just move through me.
It's everyone's and useful.

I listened to Requiem, and you to Grave, and she listens to Cemetary
(not the shitty one) and there's Death and Death in June too
And it does us a lot of good. Black soil packs up
Like ginger in sprung jaws, concrete founders,
And wood relies on floors inscribed under spongy paws.

There's a consonance in you, to wear T-shirts
With human skulls and crewnecks about powerviolence.
How horrible to knock around 'horrifying' like you do
And be made a mere heap at the passing
...I've seen you hold a shotgun eating skittles,
Covered in balloon armor, through an emerald dew chalice, seen you
Describe base paragons of abject isolate human torture, bear pentacles,
Shotgun three MTN DEWs before eating co(oreo)okies with your friend
and process the the acrid citrus and brominated vegetable oil
in perfect misery behind Master Blaster's acerbic authority
And I conked you on the head with a big citrus fruit when you held
a bow & arrow in your hand close to a shit pile and bale of hay.

I offered relative syntax like for a dead cousin:
Will there be a service? how fucking useless, and how avuncular.
And hugged you from the side. The thumb and index of my right hand
on your right shoulder offering a garish tactile consolation,
hamstringed from how I'd touch someone who'd done a good job
fucking me.
Mute stunts. Our chests point
Forward and you turn your head so far away to the right

The Death in J. Crew

Your dewlap bore no keratinous carcinomas,
No cryptid fruit rests in your crypt now, where the garden has grown.
Why couldn't you offer a gruesome blue mouthful of tongue like the
 deer,
Or a fold of gore, with flies and foam, on some tarmac,
For him to pin on humanity, development, civilization
— something immaterial and vast, and evidence?
What mobile, everyday violence, then?
What minivan did you in?

I'm a sieve and a sap for horrors I can't understand, love to craft my
 own terror, as he taught me,
And découpage my hermit nook with talismans from two-bit crooks,
Curate strains of flimsy paranoia — here are depths so fearsome
To manage that I can even kick around suicide now and then,
When I need to, for kicks as much as anything:
It's mine, and does fine.

But I don't encounter fear like I had of you much,
When I saw your lip quiver: how glib, maudlin.
This is a melodrama! Unbecoming the nihilist set.
Tripe honeycombing thick
Hexagons of an acute rabbit sadness.
What is that, even?

 I'm as useful an auxillary
As what's beneath Ch. 2, at best; plug some
Despair in: Red & White & Yellow,
Or if there's a cartridge for it
Blow in it, and a little spit won't hurt,
A little won't hurt a walking abortion
— Won't hurt a man who wouldn't hurt a fly,
But a matronly automaton's prone to malfunction.

iv.

Wrap me in a flatscreen casing
And deceive a Chipotle patron
Your meal of me was sustainable
While I disabuse them, myself,
Of our gastrointestinal autonomy,
And perhaps earn some plaintiff a free meal.

iv-xx.

i'm an audience
party to the show about nothing
castanza dystopia drips
like foodfun from my lips

Pharmakon 7: Fred Durst Licks God's Wounds

I.

Fred Durst's truest woes
rust furtive and distrustful
among turds and dust
— his frail wake. Fred trode
ground we needed
to walk in order
to understand how
wrong we were.

His sturdiest lyrics
lick god's wounds.
My ears haven't wept
to their tunes, sounds
since middle school.

He deterred homo desire
And deferred to homosocial desserts
Like the remixes of *All in the Family*
At the end of the meal of Follow the Leader, he said:

...Mister Raggedy Man
Doing All That You Can
To Look Like Raggedy Ann...

And he said:
And I love you
And I want you
And I'll suck you
And I'll fuck you
And I'll butt-fuck you, can I eat you?
And I'll lick your little dick, motherfucka'...

II.

Senile, riddled with Alzheimers,
Fred Durst sits
staid and stolid in his
retirement home rocker
flanked by old-timers.

His heart was once
home to a rocker.
I heard that to Christina Aguilera,
he was something of a homewrecker.
I never much cared
for her music.

III.

Cut deep with cake and Code Red
Chocolate, I'm as much of a Diva as I can,
And carved with a plate shard
I'm as close to Linkin Park as I've ever been.
That's what I'm tallcan about—
The rinse from the shower looks like a violent shart.

IV.

A man in his fifties is just beginning
To blast Linkin Park's In the End
From the library computer, a rules violation.
He has a sharp stick-n-poke of a circle-a in a jaged font on his tricep
And I'm the one who's radical?