

H A R K H E R A L D

1. *jesus christ drinks american beer*

they don't teach you this in sunday school, but
god only hates fags who aren't pretty enough for tv
so let's go put our makeup on, babe
we're going out tonight, we'll dance our way out of hell

summer in the city always tastes the same
we buy bottled water from the boys outside the station
they pack it up so quickly when the police roll past
grinning, laughing, shiny plastic disappearing into backpacks

'pop star' and 'cop car' is a perfect rhyme —
too bad there's nothing new to say about either

they're building a new hotel on 9th and F
hey, don't worry — there's a ghost for every empty bed

in our country, Kathy has to keep the Change
smear of wet hot carbon spread across the pavement
(maybe everyone thought she was better off that way)

2. *elegy - sophie x.*

isn't there something in me like
a fucking weapon?, like
a piano the size of a mountain, or
the tuned woodwind cavity of a skyscraper:
hot breath howling out through an aperture
like screaming ourselves hoarse in the club, or
a steaming trepanation in the skull, just to
discharge the pressure of being embodied, even if
only for a moment (*just like we never said goodbye*)