

Burn The Priest, Buckeye

Turn on all the light and punch them out.
All four burners going, pile it on fire.
Metal sparks in the nuclear box.
Fist through a window pane and our
broken coffee cups litter the kitchen floor.
Smoke rolling across the ceiling suck
down the bride's champagne and swallow
a few more sleepy ones.
Pass the bottle to none and swing from the gate.
Speak in the name of suffering as loud as it gets.
Knuckled holes in everything spittle
and love fling into a crying eye that runs away.
A dead dog in the street nothing brings a slain king back.
You'll never know the bittersweet smell
of leaving this world of your own volition.
So jacked up.