

At The Drive-In, Invalid Litter Dept.

intravenously polite it was the walkie-talkies
that had knocked the pins down
as their shoes gripped the dirt floor
in the silhouette of dying
dancing on corpses' ashes
yeah, they had plans for him
they has spun the last of the pimps
polyester, satin nailed jewelry lips
while the guillotine just laughed again
dancing on the corpses' ashes
paramedics fell into the wound
like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant
an anesthetic penance beneath
the hail of contraband
they had been defected and excommunicated
and all the pulses were subverted
and they made sure the obituaries
showed pictures of smoke stacks
a vivid dissection that mocked
the strut of vivisection
semi-automatic colonies
and a silencing that still walks the streets
in the company of wolves
was a stretcher made of
cobblestone curfews
the federales performed
their custodial customs quite well
callous heels
numbed in travel
endless maps made
by their scalpels
on my way
nails broke and fell
into the
wishing well