

# Kristin Hersh, Krait

in a suburban desert  
a fast food high  
we swipe at peeling paint  
swat away flies

the crawling milk-fed  
squawking cream-filled  
hominids  
ids

immune to broken  
to wasted time  
to bolts of lightning

bungee together  
your body's guards  
the bloodiest bond  
blacking out the dark

the darkest flame  
the darkest waltz  
a sunburnt snarl  
thrashing and parched

a singular desire  
to drive into the dirt  
no lust, no gluttony  
we're free as algae

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those with an all-consuming passion in lockstep