

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