

Vendetta Red, Coital Improv

Hey miscarriage,
I was hoping you'd catch my white knuckled wave.
But the umbilical bars of your seraphant cell,
they're all,

"Hey now what's that sound?"
Machine guns fire in a shantytown.
"The American mask of a terrorist clown?"
The stealth jet bombers and mushroom clouds coming down.

Congregation; behold our daughter,
the perversion of the age.
With these forceps, I waved hello,
and tried to pluck you from the womb.

Hang your head in shame;
ye dare accuse our mother.
A curse upon your name and all your future sons.
The hour is at hand, and she will be the herald
for the reign of womankind.
Let the blood rain down forever and ever.