

6.30.23

In the cryptic funk of it liverwurst
fugue of it
whatever daddy says mumbling up through his gravesquare teeth
doesn't rip me out of it too many
looming limbs to slip out so left
wallowing in the swill and it is
of course delicious
offcourse of it (the tidy neighbors
scurry from the wrack)

Encounter as in exposure flayed
face of my suntrenched house a
visit to my guttomb & the cradled
figure been burbling within
breaking down the small stories of it (monster, demon, mutant)

looks them dead in the eye & feasts

3.37mi | 31:34

