

Let us dedicate.

Outside the window,
A dead bird.

Would it have raped your pretty throat

And fed
The ravenous of spring.

HAPPY NEW YEAR OVERTURE

There's the ocean.

And here's the sky:
Magnificently vindictive,
Dragging down the year.

Silhouettes of ash moth dust us.

And here're our words:
Verging shy
Of the absurd d day dawning,

Rendezvous of bullets and the drowned.

And here're our glasses:
Fresh for this communion
Jesus bled for our amphibian oblivion.

(Speak that rubber lipped.)

And here's our desire:
Salvation of countless millennia.
Fuck me.

There's the sea.

