

HIT PLAY

The shrink innocently asks me to tell her a story
As if we don't both know what we're doing that day

I watch him like a damsel on the railway
He walks the way men think men walk
The followspot reflects on his hair gel
And I think to myself, that's a lot of hair gel

Wraps thighs around his date's thighs
I dub him the human condom, with hair gel
He fingers her fingers play
Smolders at the blonde behind
Ogles the crop top crossing the room
Turns to leer at my tits, what's new

In this night market on the lower east side
I can't tell if the glasses are real or polycarbonate
If the cushions came from Urban or a market in Oman
What matters is that meat here chooses the selling
Even wealth can't spare desire from anyone
Like a classic six, each heifer holds an open house
In the factory farm system of Manhattan isle

In the land before people started calling me ma'am
On Tuesdays I'd go dancing at the bebop
Yet the bebop isn't somewhere I can visit these days
The bebop has since closed its doors
The men and their guitars have all gone home
No one even gets drunk there anymore

You perform the rules until the realizations hit
And then you will have to perform again
And when you think you finally won this goddamn pageant
You'll learn life's a sideshow, the world a circus tent

There is no fire exit, they painted it shut
Dropped a curtain on you, letting out the fly
Couldn't say if we'd been front lit with a 50 or a 36
To me it was all just Rosco number five
The curtain always weighs at least 500 pounds
If you lose weight they just take the costume in

The proscenium limits motion and distorts sound
Things here are never quite theatre in the round

I remind myself, apathy's not striving
When it comes to playing chicken with a mack truck
Like the latent peach fuzz on a woman's chin
The line between empathy and tolerance is made up

Waiting on some justice you'll never get
Living doubt when you know that dharma's fucked
Seeking out stimuli to confirm the belief
It looks like depression and goodness me

So afraid to yell at the gods
As if gods had never heard anybody scream
Ordained surrender was never so holy
The change starts when projections leave

Read my fortune, like we aren't lost for always
Living auto-fiction you'd never sell
And since doubt leads to demonstration
No one can stop the runner but himself

Anything you say or do is threatening
They'll call you things that get under your skin
A sign, a symbol, an ode to what never was
Just a grand majestic thing that reeks of sin

If the icon shows up telling you to change or die
A burning bush isn't gonna do the trick
The message loses meaning on its emergence
The less defined, the more active you'll get

This magic isn't fate or cosmic science
You'll perform on repeat until right or death
We're talking object permanence and safety
And it's theatre of the mind within every breath

Convinced freedom was the only goal
Didn't know you could have anything else
Didn't know there were things you couldn't live without
Because you'd never been without before
There were so many things you actually needed

People had a tendency to need the invisible

There's a version of reality I keep swinging by
Where I stop fighting, but I don't give up
Nobody ever changes for anyone else
Yet law and order's prerequisite to play
You can choose to suffer in this tournament
Or abandon each family system you vomit up

In this story, I perform a cow who is unaware
Vaudeville butcher tour revenge of the heart
In the drive thru at mcdonald's, unfurling pin curls
Hope the self-made burger I eat isn't made up

Build walls from ply I saw with my persona
File a claim with Spirit and manifest the law
Learn firefighting so i can light myself
Make poetic justice the pyre of choice

Picture wakefulness in every surgery
Open door startle in the middle of therapy
It's peak David Lynch and dare I say it's sexy
Knowing magic is the most human thing of all

You reverse the curse, like in Johnny Baseball
Portray the things you wanted to own
Stop romanticizing the dead before you're ready
Learn control first requires a damned fall

I am here, a designated gross observer
Delusional substitute at whom neuroses you project
Yet somehow I'm suddenly in charge of everything
The power flips your deception into living aspect

My vestments are pure imagination
New scenery dots the same mise-en-scene
See the cow jump over the snake...to bite its own tail
See the small dog laugh at ceremony's end
So, for sport, for symbol, and, of course, for all your dead gods
I breathe tabula rasa, tabula rasa, start it again

BALLAD FOR A CRAIGSLIST LOVER

I am the mean lady; I am the victim
i am the endless mother I am the deadly child
I am the instigator I am the bad cat
I am threat defined my life carved up into full absolute

These men they think I'm some kind of a witch or something
And i find myself thinking don't tread on this
When the truth would drive them that much farther away
You go ahead baby get wild get bored
It's not as if we suddenly know the facts of our lives

The way young women think they embody sexuality
in the feeble cleavage breaking a low cut tank top
There's no healing where there's no pause in the eating

They talk about softening and opening up the insides
Yet there's never been anything soft to start in me
I'm rock hard like, a middle-aged lawyer's Mercedes benz
Play with my insides, leave me exhausted.
Keeping up like Jones always loses so much ground

I am the married mom in Central Park
I'm the short brunette on the uptown 1
I'm an Older male looking for younger for friendship
And sometimes I'm Seeking the mini skirt at the mall
I'm looking for the L train blonde with the rose in her hair
I'm the Beach killer looking to buy
That cold cabin in the woods the far cheaper timeshare
sounds awfully fucking good to me right now

If I didn't believe it, I sure did a nice job of trying
The incisors make the sharpest cuts as you smile down
But when the ceasefire leads to no cease in the fire
You're left asking whether there was ever life here or not
You are left to question the rules exception
Of the truth embodying the lie

Have it your way baby
cuz in this iteration of the twilight hell in which we strive
the universe is a Burger King and I'm just a lowly little cheeseburger
Jesus won't be saving me

While you're Over the shoulder saying
I too have PTSD
As we sit at this Black tie event at midnight
The act of solidarity within the embodiment of mist is the artful answer to all this death
In misogyny we trust it's written beneath the skin of your thighs
We can Never open jam jars too tight to turn the spigots
Just shatter like animals lying on the floor

Welcome home man welcome home
This is day six back
No more going out to Fancy cleaners that serve cocktails in the back
When soup or soul is the truest cocktail of the day

It's all just
Chickens for KFC
Vegetables for vegans
Mealworms for a greater America 4 you & me

People are kind of redundant
Have you no reason
It's all just radical acceptance anyway
That's the part where you end your identity
Join us while we pray

It's giving Jeff Goldblum
It's giving tater tots
It's giving Hail to the Chief
It's giving pure thot
It's giving GG Allin
It's giving bumble bees
It's giving me Oliver North
It's giving me a little venereal disease

It's your legacy you thirsty, thirsty bitch
Uh oh baby is not mine
Looks like someone's gone full fucking succession this evening
We don't do Dimes Square here, we do wastelands only

I am the rotten egg
I am the elephant
It's giving Tom Hanks
You're giving me the shits

I am your death sweetheart
Written in all your ways
Don't you know things always scream as they die
I am the alligator
I am a slave
I'm a real witch now, baby
And you're gonna pay

THE GOOD TROLL

The sweetest rebellion runs collected by individuation
The cat's cradle collapses with one scratch of the claw
No more acts of charity, we earn self selflessly
And learn to build each a selfish life

The brutality of child's play is finally fading
Each goodnight moon redeems itself in the fall
Yeah, we're making our dreams out of ripped cardboard and cables
Shatter mirrors to slake glass images
Fed blood reflects clear on the world
As the mundane moves from killing to capable
show the lie by the chance in the lack of a draw

The house on the beach
The spring chicken's fever
When World pollination stems from poverty
it resurrects as it dies

The sting of the obfuscator, with his smart gray curtain,
Smash the trigger itch in finger
pull back blind to reveal the design
He's going to instill in us by vaccine and initiation
His Viral load once spun personal inoculation
A disease that infects the hive mind's way of life

Laugh at the tactics, laugh when you're able
There's nothing overtly sexual in the dying will to life
The poetic form merely places cards on the table
The aggressive debatable context looms far scarier than the lie
When The man will act on behalf of the collective
By subversive gains his violence will become our pride
Using gender roles to reverse laws and false binaries of nations
The remedy may Unite the daughters of the tribe

Casting shared Will through alienation
The tolls no longer devastate these nations
Quaint horrors we cut down before the finish line
Placing one foot in front of the other's how we stay alive
We call ballads from each bullet, forming violence as we proselytize
It's the the rare art of dangerous peace used only to mend these lives

You choose the place, the terms, the time
Like bees trained to dive bomb we take down this hive
Are you looking for a weapon or a way of life dear
It's not them versus us,
both liar and prophet will not survive

You say trampoline I say trample
We're gonna throw down while we have the parts and the time
Cuz this street cat has gone full bodega
Gone rogue, gone full troll, gone apeshit, gone crazy, gone awol

Blazing menacing
Like kites in thunder
The rainfall only makes us angrier by the volt
Such stars they crave our electricity
Static fences spark shining
Shocked pains to deglove

We're raising our hands and we're raising our faces
Letting witchcraft clean off all our ancestors' charms
We're raising our hands in peace and in violence
Letting nature wash centuries of dirt down to bone

The rebellion will run by collective individuated liberation
Remember the cat's claw as the cradle now falls

REVOLUTION

Revolutions happen.
I've seen thousands of them.
I've guided flocks
Sung thousands of them.

End of the road, you said.
Last call, train conductor, end it or you're dead.
Your teeth lit fire
Fired fear inside me

I'll do what you ask of me
I'll do all you want
I'll take stock of each death walk made
Stock of the cattle slain
Neck snap
Chicken, squirrel, hare, and mouse
You did say I was always hunting something
I said, I'll die if you ask me to

On the train, a man in dusty boots and a stained durag sits perfectly across from me
His hands peel with calluses,
They bounce a baby in his lap.

I was like that once.
I paid social security, gave lips and hands, cut checks for utilities
And kissed your forehead.
Gave you towels still warm from the wash
Cooked only what pleased
You fake-smiled and pretended not to eat

I was never right,
You were always right.
No diploma, no certificate, no exam to pass to earn your charms

So, I shake
Cat shake, ripping flesh, seamless prey
Break the neck, dying, pink skin to meat
Our skin to skin, and so you lied there laughing at me
It was like the time you sent back the burger half-eaten, half-spat, half burned at the stake.

I abided this daily for weeks and years
That is, until you accused me of being a witch.
And then I found truth was tucked inside me.
Not God, the big white fellow, waving down from the sky,
But witch, God, the earth, the woman who sang power as I dripped blood
She could mow down men on battlefields, bleed them dry
She'd mow you down too.

What fool did you think me
When I was always goddess, witch, witchcraft
Slaking my terror through bottle
Breast milk, milk bled to teach
Ritual sacrifice
You'd hoped I'd sacrifice me

But now I was all quake and terror
Dark, death slayer scythe sharpened
I'd found Dark Willow inside me.

Knowing, deeply but not biblically.
Knowing these hands wield death, learn death, teach destruction
Hands that brought the calves to slaughter
Bare, hands you'd wish dead

And you'd told me once, over breakfast,
Scooped scrambled eggs to your lip—bottomless pit
You said yield and be sold
All this done so casually

But I'd seen this film before
I'd once even sung the tune
I was the poster, the child
I was gifted dolly flesh
This was nothing new

Now today grown fathered,
I'm death. I'm killer. Speak curses, cut tall men down.
Assassinate.
I breathe life through Mother Earth and assassinate.

And to all men, plots of land lie cruel and unreliable
Like woman.
When it comes to feelings

There was only
Ocean inside sky beside me
Our side
Was first inside me.
No man.
No father, boy, or husband.
It was always water, always wind
Never a man

I am the end. I am the product of it all.
I am what ends the world.
I am what changes the story.

Revolution happens. It's happened 1000 times before.
I am revolution.
I am death to the world.