

At The Drive In "Rolex Propaganda"

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pinch history
feel the pinch blistering
pinch me in dreams
cause I'm still not listening
x marks the spot
on your calendar days
a beard half eaten
smiled
crawling with legs
temper tampered temperature

manuscript replica

in infrared is how we saw
the night that lit up
scarecrow plots
the nerve that pinches
crippled hobble
frolicked flat on its own face

jigsaw pattern
dominoes left a trail
the whites of their eyes
polaroids tell the tale
for our amusement
we bring stares to the defendants
mechanical panaceas
absolved by history
phonetic paralysis
inflicted through morality
the seed that it nurtured
was a wilted bouquet
temper tampered temperatures

squirming through cuts in a throat

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