

## **Bitch**

### **"Search Light"**

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There's a helicopter with a searchlight as big and bright as a star wars sword about two blocks from here where the people are mostly poor. the cops say they don't know who's flying that thing and it's loud, it got me out of bed to witness their sting. who wronged who. who's running. and what race

First I'm scared like there's some monster on the loose, then i'm like oh right there's monsters everywhere it's just which side they choose. maybe who they're after is the invisible man and they won't even catch him until he's got his hands in the white world's cookie jar. they'll never catch him

Great men have lived in subways. women have sculpted homes out of dirt. eight men live in the sewer at the basement of our earth. it's our face on all those coins. we've made murder into money. we've just pulled profits from people's deaths. we've been duped and regrouped so we could all fear each other then we believe in this because we can't even imagine another.

All saints all prophets all stories all storytellers all whores all birds all people who've come out to be heard all women all witches all bitches all trannies all scrotum toters all glass blowers all chicks with big fannies all dealers all healers all self righteous kneelers all artists all poems all same thing over and over again all artists all poems all will all continue forever. no creation. no destruction. we are all here. we have always been here. we are all here. we will always be here. no matter how the search ends. no matter how far it bends.

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