

The Blood Brothers

"Burn Piano Island, Burn"

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Bulimic rainbows vomit what?
Burn Piano Island Burn!
Coconut pupils never shut?
Burn Piano Island Burn!
Jigsaw babies and their bamboo stilts?
Burn Piano Island Burn!
Charred toucans weaving their black sky quilt?
Burn Piano Island Burn!
The sea shells scream out celestial code.
Melting on the shore inside a flame sno globe.
Burn Burn So burn Piano island!
Torch the treasure!
Torch the shovels!
Torch these hands dipped in gold lacquer,
Torch the finger-prints painting a violence portrait on
spinal wings.
I buried my bride of eight inch fingers neck deep in the
hungry quicksand.
I buried out children of pineapple skin
where the generic sunsets sparkle so bland.
I split my grandmother like a rotten papaya...
our fright to pollenate the flowers of fire.
I vomited my skeleton and donated it to the war
mausoleum...
I cut my will and testament along the scar tissue seam.
I packaged my heart and fed-ex'd it to the octopus
queen.
Burn Piano Island Burn!
Soured Palm trees sputter waxy wax stink.
Burn Piano Island Burn!
Boiling lagoons chewing bubble gum pink?
Burn Piano Island Burn!
The vikatin volcano spews and salivates?
It's belly bloated like a pre-teen pregnancy?
I fed its limp indifferent walls tales of an ark haunted
with the five howls,
I tied a nervous noose of piano wire
and wrapped it around the mocking throat of the past.
It's head erupted like a rabid roman candle
as I kicked the stamp from underneath.
Burn Piano Island Burn
and drown all your fucking riddles down the throat of

the sea.

This one man raft won't be coming back

so don't talk out of tune to me.

From a distance the fornication of fear and flames

twindles so pretty.

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