

## Iggy Pop "Rolodex Propaganda"

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pinch history  
feel the pinch blistering  
pinch me in dreams  
cause im still not listening  
x marks the spot  
on your calender 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 hobbled  
frolicked flat on its own face

jigsaw pattern  
dominoes left a trail  
the whites of their eyes  
polaroids tell the fate  
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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