

Michael McGuire "13"

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Living root in the dead stump, luck will carry you down
to passionÂ's

broken toe, fire hydrant personality, sweet girl kiss the
broken mirror.

Electric dead turn the harvest, let the sky fall on the
stars, mother piston

feel the mind, turn like a bloody spark plug.

Cement souls in grass of Venus, IÂ've stood here
thirteen times, rot drink

in unison, the wine of spit good year.

Astral houses in iambic style, sculpture of a ghost in
the fountain,

eternity in a fools gold hemorrhage, thought will
muddy the motions

cure.

Limp in the ecstasy forum, sky crowded the spectators
thirst, the

thirteenth pregnant nurse, cured the no luck impotent
doctor.

The wind just sings in the gutter rainbow, was it love
that killed the first

lover lust, fly in the folded heavens lap, donÂ't touch
the nickel to the

golden rain.

Groping for the air raid voice, insidious doubt in
realityÂ's tongue, lost in

love potion number thirteen, evil swallows what good
spits up.

DonÂ't dance with fire on a floor of ice, if a lady begs
you with universe

eyes, power pump this earth station heart, touch the
life vein death hard

pulse.

april 92

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