

Michael McGuire

"Eve 1"

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EVE 1

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A garden of noise built from her waste, a meal for the
market of
synchronized taste, hear the silent sex of a high heeled
hertz, the way
the new born buyers apathy flirts, retro morals lead to
the soul of the
seed, and the gospel of doubt will do the deed,
hereditary graves await
her grace, makeup for the mystery of her see thru
face, there is a go
from the dead end of every direction, a race for the
fake orgasm of her
affection, imagination is the flavor of her lips, quotable
policy and
desperate hips, a believer in the circuit church of the
fuse, a turnkey
system for an automated muse, love is a placebo given
to the poor,
truth is a cathedral without a door.
She moves within the matrix, she will become your
dominatrix, the
parameters of her passion, will dictate the schisms
fashion, a riot
whispered incognito, the ambiguous ache of a libido,
the poison that
hosts the cancer's cure, how to cleanse yourself to
make your fossils
pure.
Her body a boneless shadow, day dreaming in real
time, hijacked
heaven on the wings of money, burning questions
fueled by libraries,
innocent actor stubborn tragedy, junkies of need find
the luxury
tolerance, and pay the difference in still born worlds,
connection feeds
the pilots sky.
may 99

