

SCOTT WALKER**"Epizootics!"**

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Maman Neigho was frightened by Hawaiians,
When all the veins ran out.

When too much bone structure went missing,
She thumbed the galleon Cacafuego.

Forsook the eyebrows climbing
Into greasy black hairlines.
Narcrotic leis,
Yanked down around the melianomed ankles.

Their putrid petals dropping,
Erasing the white shoes,

Like a face being eaten
By a jungle.

Slabs of steam tables
Whiffing of onions and roses.
Haunted Jacuzzis churning.

All night the native bods squealing Bflat,
Like choirs of pigs
Seeking revenge for stolen insulin.

Blip,
Boost,
Bust,
Brother.

That's how we copped a final,
Reached this city without sound.

Everywhere you turn,
Bunkers of rubber hoses pronging
Up,
Off the city's floor.

Chirp,
Chime,
Clambaked,

Cups.

Don't step on that rotting tartare.

Just might bust your conk.

Might lay your racket.

Early black ickaroo.

It's dense. Tense.

Unseen through, pound for pound.

All the people, on the corners,
Pushing each other around.

Humping like buggers.
Touching like muggers.

Pushing each other around.

Adepocere in a zoot,
Sloshing,
Karat,

Ballooning down the street.

Thousand kilos simpy.
Forty stone send.

Tips his skypiece,
Come to weigh me up.

But I'm toned.
Gut bucket.

Ground grippers ready to trilly.

Layin' down iron.
Togged to the bricks...

SHHH...

Let's add a little shade.
Try something apart from the hogshair.

While Pope Julius affects his red slippers,
Let Michelangelo tip-toe around
In his dogskin boots.

SHHH...

The powder on a chalky bosom rises
And hangs in the air.

Clouds crawling through protracted blue,
Like souls of insects.

From threshing haze,
The scent of spider lilies.

Sam P's
Bagged decapitation rotates
To the ocean floor,

It's nostrils
Are twitching and sniffing.

Gabriel's, gravy,
Got your glasses on,
Gate.

There's some mezz glimmers,
A gammon V8.

Twisters in the slammer.
Frisking their whiskers,

Till peola dim,
On the chime of black.

It's dense. Tense.

Unseen through, pound for pound.

Scratch and Jesus, on the corner,
Pushing each other around.

Shoving like sluggers.
Touching like muggers.

Pushing each other around.

Snapping their caps.
Slidin' their jibs.

Lampin' the breees.
Drapin' the trees.

Oops, pardon the elbow.

Lets just shift you over here.

Sorry,
I'm so clumsy.

Take that accidently in the bollocks for a start.

Seven brights jumped in port,
Reached this city without sound.

Kopasetic, on the corners,
Pushing each other around.

Everybody on the corners,
Pushing each other around.

Joe below,
Hincty dicty.
Slipped the pounders.
Fews and two.

Knock me.
Boot me,

Down in the land of darkness.

Sweet Leilani,
Heavenly flower

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