

Tyson Bley

Travel On The Backs Of Dust Motes

I enjoyed interpreting more than
just a bad dream along the rivulet synapse,
asking for shopping directions
on the colorful apple tablet under the starry
canopy. I touch to heal airborne rogues
to let laser tracks and quiz show aliens
evolve the same sonar gene.
I hold my breath: I'm a misguided space diver
who needs to get rid of the blown wax on
the table cloth. I arrange the mothballs around
my nerve impulse; I hiss and tinker around
the illuminated steam engine –
the really simple Disney expert at
my side, US Air Force Captain Joe Kittinger,
saying to do something about
the darkened hollow in my suitcase.
We talked about the road. About pictures.
'I'd rather be pretty on photos and ugly
in real life than pretty in real life and
ugly on photos.' He was a wise man,
reminiscing about his travels by asteroid &
about the ancient, rusty, creaky candle looper –
a hitch-hiker's thumb that looks like a murder weapon
or a turkey's cock – he used to screw into
his trusty old papyrus map.

Worm Vacation

There was a worm in my brain and its
suicide instantly bought me social cachet. Be warned:
black pepper crab dinner is a collision
between dating, trend-modeling, and the golden mean
is molecular pop-gastronomy.
Since the worm committed suicide I can't gossip
and I can't one-leg-it anymore in zero-gravity clubs
and shout 'fake pharmacy' at everyone
that resembles The Sexiest Animated
Lacuna and sits in a stealthy one-man VTOL;
Monday and
Don't Be A Pube Day will be dedicated to
Environment and the Hobo's Choice
and Cheap Circumcision
and the Word with the Most Definitions –
generally doing good.
While everyone is being fun and meaningful I'm funereal;
I mourn and look at my piss puddle and
see my reflection in the kidney stone mosaic
talk to my now-vacated
worm corpse in the organ manufacturer's mouth.
Yes, missing the wriggling, the small-planet bloating
post-voidance
has been a warning unto itself: it wouldn't be
cool having truffles and worm vacations with you bas-
tards.

Arkham Asylum

I feel bad
about your broadcast,
Mariner:
oh latex gorilla, search
and rescue dog, you
marketed an overrated
moonlanding
oh and two bottles of champagne
and a trip to the zoo,
hodgepodged
between crossfaded IQ facts
about guilt dissonance
disinfectant;
it's best to be disinfected
with a buff cognitive
tan.
You got screamed
at: i.e. people in Arkham Asylum
collectively suddenly smitten by
Earthquake Allergy –
you tinkered on
their magnetic fields
you stamped the passports
of telekinetic
Acme Asylum denizens.
Freefall,
pornographers!
Inefficiency in Wave:
now the tsunami
may stimulate a laundry room fungus's
occult nasal tickling
and a haunted spectral
query as to whether
algae is television-green
'how do you
detect it?'
'why can't The Couchbug Detector
come in a

flatscreen box...?’
and shall
‘brain for Biofuels adverts feature
in spherical videos of
forgetting?’
Hi-res flyover, brain scan church –
oh, Church of Stray Dogs:
look down upon us, toenail:
slide painfully between
Haitian dating sites
say
it’s OK to be stupid
save the day, tasty root vegetable.
Pray for the mad and
forget, Anderson Cooper
go back to watching television
and forget, it’s cool.

Sex Puppeteer, Another Mutation

French chanteuse and water-ski accidentee Charlotte Gainsbourg is starring in an ad for pills that prevent rape.

This just on the heels of her controversial entry in a dog pageant. She had entered said pageant without her dog – causing fans to turn away and shield their faces with flat white-knuckled scandalized hands in shame.

A shocked spokesman for a terrorist organization that has for decades comfortably employed so-called ‘rape pills’ to wage ding dongs with Darwin said that he was ‘ashamed’ and ‘affronted’ about the ‘glamorization’ of the pill. Irish slut and panjandrum Dorothy Whitey was rumored to have given up hopes of becoming a desert warrior, sacrificing her unfortunate sand talent in favor of full devotion to hunting down the lovable and musically blessed Frenchwoman.

A gadgeted, daggered, epically bearded hobbit had been in the process of writing a fan letter to the singer-songwriter and actress – a hobby said to have caused him carpal tunnel and deep-bone thrombosis (had been in the process of writing ‘Miss you – ’) – when he saw the riling advertisement; now his dagger and his beard have swiveled 360-degrees from salivating devotion to crimson enmity.

And sex puppeteer Rudolph Grundheim announced in a statement that he felt betrayed, as well, and in the extreme: he was in the middle of a meta-statement in court in which he confessed to the crime of genocide on all cheerleaders when tears gushed from his eyes upon hearing, via Pod cast on his Walkman, the full threnody of the advertisement. ‘What would the kitten want with my nose glue?’ crazy hag lady Elizabeth Wankerderry during psychoanalysis on a Technicolor beanbag asked her therapist, pointedly – when over the little radio behind his shoulder the ad aired barefacedly and with the sort of delicious FM crackles master architect Pat Strumpet Flopsom, proponent of the question ‘Why not build digital prisons?’ was famously known to have been sexually aroused by. (Said master architect practically killed himself

when he saw the ad.) Various trees and shrubs
of the genus storm sausage flat-out perished when
the Frenchwoman started playing in ads for pills
purported to actually pretty effectively prevent rape.