

Jeremy Biles

On the Genealogy of Scruples

Some stark hearkening unreminisced
In repent,
None virile, none viral, none elemental—
Not kissing, missing
This satyric froth of _____ and sin.

Upsurge of birds from the flow-hole
In earth,
Now vortex, now arrow, now ligament—
Transecting, transcribing
A regurgitant out-casing of caste and castigant.

This something, this what?, this X
In the face,
Nixing not a thing, negating nothing—
Bodying, triple X-ing
My smashed axis of dirty circuits.

Idiotectonics

With your nose buried deep in the farcical end of an odalisque heap
With disembalanced berries pluming in shrubbery hostaged by day
With your ownmost cockshit tangled in rant before the sun's belligerent throb
With rodents begetting in the scruff of your twixt-up lap
With every zipper and every bit of kitten a pinion for the lesser hives
With meats furling for ultimacy
With masticants echoing from the insinuations of your scalp
With a tenebrous host availing no past
With the tads of the shore breaching the shell of the deep
With surfaces tweezed for crass atonement
With a stare that ravelers the cosmic plexus
With no single swath pervious to the consummate whole
With a thread deeply inviscerated by the left hand of this or that madonna
With jugular mongrels brewing the toxin, secreting the veil, magistrating the trespass
With polar winds happily dilapidating in a post-Nietzschean craze
With political thimbles smelted in kinky jags of sleep
With the flatulence of a minx severing angels from ideas
With your solitude blasted by the incontinence of the absolute
With phalanxes of impersonal gore gathered into electrical tumescence
With your fucked butt the color of every origin
With the silicone telos of a threat gripped by the sunken stones of your mouth
With mystic hydraulics cloning the fester in your noggin
With sirens astounding your fingers, and fingers breaking the noon of night's pace
With the throttle of your spinal gest contracting map to aperture
With anal rhythms stabbing at the crab-happy slivers of the faraway
With minuscular licks sending dribbles to the raw coinage of her bust
With divers serpents dejected from your hyphenated eye
With an impulverating arc straitened by the quest
So shall you plant this stake in the heart of your fated days.