

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.

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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.

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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.

*Idiotechtonics*

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.