

Ian McPhail

I saw a roasted duck fly along a lemonade urine sky falling apart like meat off the Bone

it made no sound except for the explosive releases of gas used to power its flight  
it farted splintered bone it farted the body parts of babies

the smell was of

the notion that I would die in the haze of golden music note, without timbre,

I could not determine what time of the day it was  
I was upside down I think

the duck long out of sight... was its strategy BBQ

I ran away to my home and found sanctuary  
in the bomb news

The world was at it again

gray eyes  
small pan face  
high temp cheek low temperature  
I like you with your glasses on  
They keep the calendar together  
in mathematical flux  
landscapes of lenses  
pointed diamondly  
at heat quasared  
death  
sure sugar

look the sun is a baked apple  
look mirrored eyelids spying

burnt sugar each other, turn coats  
of trapped soft(ness  
)pastels

the sky is a cherry pit  
found found  
the sky is a cream pit

the further expanse

the further enthralling expanse

the further

the the further cream pit

the open the

the open open

all  
open

boy egg  
for breakfast boy

a crap shorty  
fling forever

a linoleum shit hoot!  
dancer in the hay

boy barn  
chicken

boy egg  
for breakfast boy

a crap shorty  
fling forever

a linoleum shit hoot!  
dancer in the hay

boy  
barn chicken

BARK! tree mouth  
noise mother root throat

swallow a pine  
swallow an oak  
swallow a weeping willow  
swallow a maple  
swallow a sequoia  
swallow a birch  
swallow cedar

rubber cactus  
rubber grass  
rubber needle  
rubber blade  
rubber bark  
rubber skin

swallow the quiet

cut the shit!

SHHHHH!

a whole crack mouth, a subtle cracked mouth

he doesn't have a real mouth  
he doesn't have a real life

he's a lifer to a real mouth  
they is a mouther to a mouth cancer  
mouth

like a butterfly grin of cancer  
it's like a short moth

mother of the black dust