

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