

Jake Tringali

Psalm for Humanity

I stopped to watch, but they did not notice. I was plucking time like a leaf in my hand, and moved it about, but they will not notice. They rushed, are rushing, and will have rushed about their mother planet. They held opposing thoughts and thumped them together like ogres. Conversely, fire would burn the doubters. A burnt child dreads the fire. Yet they progressed.

And before the mother can react, they will twist poison and fire. Within a turn of my eyes, they reach out, jump off, in shuttles and arks. They die by the billions. They think nothing of their husk. Discard the dead, discard the lesson.

My mind becomes occupied as I craft an opinion. An oddity here. They move like butterflies blowing around the solar wind, flitting from notion to belief to religion to null. Off-time, they hearth and then stretch. Expand, contract. Expand, trillions dead. Expand, quintillions dead. No memory, no vision but hunger. Only I may witness.

Swarming. Thoughtless. Worthless. I saw, and see, and will have seen, in the space of a sun's wink, a voiding. It is thus catalogued.

Los Angeles, CA
June 2016

valentine's day at zzyzx bar

there's an old cowboy making cheese
with a portuguese queen hiding the candy
deciding whether to rain down on his ass later

the mexi roid bouncer flits a lit ciggy down
and removes the dwanky tipper from libations
flexing to mangy him down the midnight gutter

combat zone vet ingests a hellwater fix
high bootstomping and ranting the dance floor
cursing a phantom moving atwixt mirrored walls

a blood goth leashes her twinnie's collar
pale limbs leathered and lacquered in a hidden snug
four fuck-me-boots and four crimson knees

kid capri rocks a zef pose in the bathroom line
so a groupie genuflects and accepts the nod
they share gold trash, silver hells, and ruby welfare

two technoheartbeat lovers mollywacked
back alleyway lips and tongues under sodium lamps
lurid underwear wet against a mandarin vette

a slinky betty finishes her go-go genderjam
she jitters a vial backstage with a lit gaffer
dual thrillerkillers stroll the streets on megaton fuel

the bar boss peels off the last guest before flight
singing stooge poetry to this fool muse
they trip hop drunkenly to his crude quarters

the moon, an alabaster witch, sinks with yearning
to touch glitter city, gay with rage, catching lunacy
lil cupid does its sick voyeur thing from the moonshadows

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