

Sandy Olson-Hill

Ontario Run

And the Outlaws and the Angels battle
bilious spit and Harley fists.
Bottles of the Lord passed among the commoner.
Calls her duchess as she dances limbless,
Tammi's milk to mushroom madness.
Snake's between the music,
and the bullets and the bikes gleam lovers,
spoke teeth Triumph pipe dreams.
Dead eye Bill reflecting what
they all know; yokels
and the brothers pulling trains,
of roaring rapes upon the locals.
Forty Lauries, flexing gilded,
tassled pastie breast;
titty love among the ugly.
Butcher and the lovely
Cathy Belo on her birthday
getting righteous,
real and busy gone.
Preacher says someday he'll find a new one
fucking, fighting carrying on.
While Queen Ruthie runs among
her ruins; not a worthy crown
of cycles, blood and rifles,
speeding bullets, bones and trifles.
And Erin all our golden roads
were mined by older, bolder ghosts.
Warriors, what warlock gods;
who run to catch a drunken sun;

and it was rum redundant fun;
until it wasn't bitching
pistons hissing;
just a pissing mist of gravel dreams;
sweat of musk and hunger skin.
We come rumbling,
wrecks and lightening limbs.
We come thunder tumbling sin;
young and wonder sons;
soldiers of the gun sweet street.
Dolls of tattooed wings and severed feet;
mama how we longed to ride,
Canada your streets blood high;
whiskey daughters of the sky;
winds of glass leaves reaper grim;
gas between the trees flames frozen breath.
Tammi, we had thought to outride death.
Wired blood eye wild into the widening skies,
moon heart is a drunken baptism of fire;
your pale white arm a severed star.

The Moon is She
(Oct 5/ Dec 31, 2010)

Althea tilts her head
to drink between the sky.
An elegy of stars, of fire;
of fire and I
have seen the hunger feeding
bright inside the moon drunk stars.
White lightning blue halos.
Black spent matches.
Burnt spoon madness.
Through the needle,
I can read
between the moon; fires
milk blood writing
on the wall of sky.
And Althea,
all the stars were ours;
hearts to play with,
fire to burn the hours
between the dark.
The moon has come
to say goodbye.
Althea, listen.
On the day I heard you died,
the starling clouds of poison gods,
of glass skies falling;
feed soul wings inside her
white bone luna headstone eye.
The stars have come
to say goodbye.
Althea, black birds, starlings
fire through her lunar
lashes lightening sky;
moon she
has come
to say goodbye.

White into the firing iris,
toxic rainbow thunder
flashing sun's moon angel,
opiate to ash blue flame, Althea
speaks your death name.

Controlled Release

Ambien CR
interrupts TV.
Ruffles reality.
Wrinkles in consternation.
Steps into perceptions,
lightning right
inside the bad eye,
Barbie.
No one fathoms.
No one fathoms
Somewhere
Inside nowhere.
Nothing much unfolds.
Crazy seconds crazy.
Heads nod
In accordance.
Summer breaks six.
Even heads nod seven.
Flowers perfect petals.
Rhythm perfect pages.
Thunder deep in miles away.
Skies hum chaos pondering order.