

Coop Lee

Babysitters on Acid (Eat, Pray, Love, Conjure Satan)

they emerge from deep wooded neighborhoods, breadth
of lawn & limb.
ghetto ass witches.
teen dreamers with dark magick spit strands & minions. their
wayward boyfriends in that street pink cloud,
spinning wheel.
stoned on bitchcraft & hawking bile, they
wipe then smile then carry on
in ritual.

house, is child.
is death with a younger grip. the kid
thrills on carnage, on
murder videogames & murder tv-shows & murder music.
televised bucket slime ceremonials.

this is the video age.
the modern dead dreams of a holy we. these
daughters of delphi,
watching our kids.
tending to them.
trending them.

a palace of teeth.
& twigs
the pretty girls with drugs, with
snacks & time & fun dead things.
the demon version is grave & cruel.
the aeon version is adventure-door & vision.
to conjure
at the cliff jumping. it was fun.

Son Drunk

no midnight free-thinking.
only regret/s
 & tobacco by christ's hustle.
hallelujah.

his old skull is growing
flowers from where eyes once were. from
see you soon buddy -
tipped hat, tipped sunshades,
drink surely finished.

mic check: 1, 2,
1, 2.
her naked legs
cast shadows like stud chrome.
like lace panty tattoos of girlfriends
past, their breasts
in a circle
as they face eachother/&
mirrors. she
appears in daylight
rattling keys & cut denim, toward her vehicle & night.

the show is this wonder;
this song of wet haired youth,
young empire dogs
 with dipped teeth
& applications sporting all control, all answers
to the high anxiety of modern electric.
first born,
first world,
first black shadows.

she appears sexy & drunk.
tree-forms superimposed upon her chest & belly.
tanlines buried
in strange light. light like rhythm/pattern
 on the palms of her hands.

Afghanistan

in future-afghanistan wild poppy fields will carpet all valley floors.
a horse will die on the moon.
the river fish will unite in vast chants.
& mice will build bombs beneath babylon.

comets \\
from the corner of the sky.

cnn reports this:
“a sun god will shit,”
& on the shitter he is reading good books.
the ages in story of men.
men of high treason & cavalier i-love-yous.
americans.

bubblegum chewing white men /\ china men /\ money men
will stand at the edges of pashtun lithium claims with diamond-leashed piglets,
dreaming of the old-day iraqi petro-wells
shooting black flame 50 feet high.
now lick the village huts with fire.
now trample their temple and teens.
for our helicopters will swoop us up, luxury-class with all types and tastes
of milkshake.
bloodshake.
wet work &
constant war.
afghanistan, i love you.

minerals and opium.
a splinter of your backbone protrudes,
just enough for me to hang my coat. my cunt. or c.i.a.
your traditions, your rituals,
your notebooks //
ancient &
nothing.

me. my homeland. my west.
circa: year of the first boom.
bank accounts amount to handfuls of glitter.
next-gen housewife-modules malfunction in massive clusters. [china made]
all children panic, when the optimal orange hue of their food is offset by three degrees of yellow 5.
all indigenous populations buy lasers and take to the hills,
to regroup
& seize back their earth birth.

allah once mentioned, all is right
once bathed in good water.

Tazer Dream

prepare for the high gates to fall.
for the great bowl of us
to sink under waves
& atomic guts.

the seven year tribes; or
fissure of states.
the brother against brother.
end drenched in whisky blood,
& desperado.

activist kids with sling-shots
get their throats-cut in the open street.
all first-born hearts plucked from atop
the great pyramid.
preserved;
in frosted time-capsules.

& the leopard will remain healthy.
while cities submerge under putrefaction
&/or radioactive dust.
the tomahawk will remain a fighting-man's favored
skull note.

beaten back to the parking-lot of a best western;
the battle of sacramento;
an ammo-less infantry drummer,
& a bleeding medic.
they laugh & snap morphine tips
in the revelry of their final moments.

moon crescent
slowing & all the woods liven with flocks of
small children.
they live on plant sugars, wild
mushroom, & boiled water.
they hide in caves of ancient etch;
ancient man & woman & buffalo.

they hunt owls with homemade crossbows
& cook the meat on holy spits.
grinding the little bones
into tincture to rub beneath their eyes
& exhume an astral essence.

Chieftains

a suit of leaves will bring forth the fancy bitches.
& a fist full of wormed-dirt dabbed to our chins
will bunch up the young before us
to pray and water.
they will crouch and paint eachother's faces
with golden sugar glaze.
& curl up at night by the stars,
in their huts.

we will feast:
one iguana, two iguana, three iguana, four,
guatemalan hotdogs for everyone.

generations of buffet and sport.
the moon, the sun, the moon
outshines the bonfires where we roast fish in hazy spring.
party & hitchhike from the lakes.
trail back into the cities.

sidewalks:
we align to die from reversal-spells cast on stepped-cracks aimed to break our mother's backs.
our corpses are painted in graffiti by the metropolis children
& buried
with sawdust & the blessed sundried worms,
to decompose into a putrefied gas & condense wet
against satellite dishes.
thus by transmittals & otherworldly gush (aka, spiritus) our essences will broadcast
across all galactic wavelengths,
onto adverts of martian biscuits & smoothies.