

M. K. Sukach

Porno Star as CIA Operative

She took such small, cursive breaths
Things with a one in four chance
Killing unreasonably one and not the other
To make a fucking living, fucking perhaps
Is “nonetheless” weird like “couth”
Like digging stones with manicured hands
It’s all a bit of tradecraft, really, uncanny
Cunning, the way she was always leaving
Arriving so easily, so imperceptibly made up
There were never any clouds in her afternoons
Weird like June Cleaver always gardening in her pearls
So perfectly cartoonish like politics and porn
A "plumber" arrives but her pipes are never fixed
Really, how many of us ever made it whining about the rules

Trigger Pullers

“Odi profanum vulgus et arceo” Horace, Odes, Book III

“If you don't care for obscenity, you don't care for the truth” Tim O'Brien,
“How to Tell a True War Story”

Some get what's absurd about an exit sign posted in the northwest shitter
of Bagram's acre of fire-hazard hooches, just off the corner of Motel 6,
and some don't. To our asylum, favored over other less scholarly ablutions,
we flip-flop tardily in battle rattle between Matins and Lauds for the peace
and transient discretion to publish our standard pith for the war
as well as the ardent lineation such liturgy demands of the office:

UNiT UP! JUICY PUSSY CaLL Me

now imagine you arent hypothetical
googled DICK and your Picture Came UP
Your ASS IS an amusment park

Que ferait jesus?

WTF0?

coalition brother

Talk **AMERICAN Fuckhead!**

We don't know how or how well our brotherhood will translate in future
journals of anthropology or what might become of these stalls consecrated
in the Sharpied capitula for the next song and conclave of mouthy soldiers
who understand an exit sign in a tin shithouse is sadly fucking ridiculous
and, therefore, do not talk falsely of any beside them nor the ashy names
sealed in a commodious urn, held by the tongue, or released by a trigger.