



Michael O. Starr

Machine for Pigs

cam glam no place to hide no way to go my productivity zone is here-now why-o why-o
why
the cat raises its head away from me
Humph!
so proud it is
it's a girl
by the way

she left
or he
whatever

catch in the cage the warrant for the soul contractor
sole reason being he was mended over
spittin'
s'all it is
sisssssss

raw
in the naval
ahoy

it's better than haiku
but how could i end it that way on you
one two

skip my vulgarity for now
i meant to say it
did i ever
and traditional English logic
err rules
err grammar
and I'm bored of it but the reader isn't
so I'll pander like the best

that's really all your art is about
pleasing you
placating

I'll pander like the finest
and make a dime of myself

because eating myself for dinner
is the only way to survive
long-term

and this time I will end it like that on you

Instruction Set: Semi-conducted

what do i want send it
check
send me my name in writing
lick the envelope
yell at mother
beat your records
they are scratched
the cat is tawdry
accompanied hopelessness next door
you visited no one there
ate a fine meal
corrupt crousettes and fickle foie-gras
[Google Docs can't make up its mind
if that word is misspelled or not]
though this one was
your name last I heard it
was Lost@Sea
never drowned in your own vice
such ideology

nipple-sucking is normal for a babe
why red zone it
don't forget to apostrophize instead of catastrophize
the latter on my mind not because i do it but because
i was taught
i was taught that glamour comes in phases
that the first one is the most laborious
that the late ones make you stupid and powerful and famous and wealthy and useless
a parasite, in other words
like the ex-CEO of Pepsi Co.
who, bitch, said asking for a raise is "cringe-worthy"
wow she learned one word from the youth
bitch, said asking her name in ink was just the beginning
no, didn't end it there
went on to buy my house in Florida
my home, my pool where no one drowned Lost@Sea
mail me there

we've gotta big'ol' mailbox
that that means...

waiting for your entire crew
croutons on the salad blown off
with an air gun
the generic brand
not special fluid dynamics just
normal like blasts
and the Cali "like" is enshrined in me
I wonder if the kids still say it
where is it really from
did we appropriate it?
they didn't teach that in school
they didn't really teach much at all
least of all how to make friends
really, they just set you loose
in the cage of other wild animals
and told you to turn in your homework on time
poor instruction set
bad computer

there's something missing from all this
or is it just the story linearity you're used to
that my mom says which she was taught is really a waste of time
story, at all, legitimately
taught by her mother
my grandmother
reading, stories, books--all a waste of time
what say you now
yearning for that which Soviet Russia taught was frivolous
as frivolous as I thought making friends was in America

not to end on a bad note but let's not be rotten
pick the biggest note with your crystal
pick
pick it up at the corner
toss that trash into the bin
for the truck to pick up
later

earlier I was taught that pickups come at 5 AM
now they're split--
half recycling in the morning /
half trash in the afternoon--
or the other way around--
either way it makes no sense but sends of output beams
& what are we talking about anyway
what trash thoughts
nonsense for the missense
my sensibility shut,
looking for hearing ears rather than seeing eyes
gemstone hearts rather than computer crystal minds.

Beneath Dawn

The shark paddocks dimly lit swim to
And fro
And to
And fro
And I am eaten and regurgitated
Fed to the birds by the fish by the river
Swimming upstream to start
The vicious cycle all over again

There once was a stork
And it was the only one
It was remembered by civilization
Until it was shot
By a pebble from a child's sling
Proving that attempts at parables are worth little
Here are the attempts I have wrung forth
In my wrists
So weak
So feeble

Futile Enlightenment

We have to hurry they won't understand us if we pause at the levee
Down by the--no, I'm sorry--no, there
And there
The shooting stars
They are the dead falling
(In the sky)
There goes another one, I was to say
But interrupted by the luminescence of it
(The sky)
Colliding with the water
We at the docks do not swim
We here use boats and oars
To make our way
I hope this is a hint
Someone picks up

--This atom of wisdom--

Maybe someone will be better off

Everything is Made of Glass

Stay back, I knew you
We knew each other
The former statement weakened by the latter
They are just statements
You make so many
I wish I knew how it were possible
To be so
Superficial

You and the billions
Who feed off skin deep
And lunge like
The probosci of mosquitos
Into the blood
Of the innocent
How society has fallen
From glorious days
Wonder when, why, they there then
Will make a recovery
Hasten too quick
Thinking mindful, thinking of heaven
Thinking of gates shut and open
Some in opposite directions

As in America as in England

CJ CJ CJ you were a friend so that was special to me but then again
what is that you said
, you got the wound wide enough but not deep enough,
and then why did you stop?

I guess friendship is a fickle thing in England too.

Gone

By the boots,

By the straps,

Nature wrings you forth and you fall clumsily into half ways forward and half ways back

The nature of direction does not hold much under (in) the (s)way of guidance

Irony of physics

Two-tonne engine belts rotating to provide the torque for military ships

They will soon be retired

(Soon to be retired, oh~)

I see no end for these things

I see no end for it

(Oh~(!))

The Dark Horizon

I am so
broken, there is nothing to say
The sheer vastness of the void is to be
Explored
Never mind that
On the inside
But I would make better than a robot
Had we twenty
To venture forth
Into space
And build we a new colony
And start a new family
And see the seeds prosper
And the mystery enshrine us
And what happens then?
The dark horizon
Will see us to sleep
Tomorrow
Tomorrow
Tomorrow

And This is Terrible

The repletion of fox-littered dew-stricken madness in the night
Fills me with grief
It isn't that simple
I think you know by now
That the heavy lead at the bottom of your feet
Is equivalent to the light alloy at the top of your heart
And the metals crackle
Statically
And they make you feel cold
And I know this cycle of sibilance inundates the sick with more
There is no hope
The vicious memories are now
Life is this
And this is terrible

When My Liver is Smarter than My Brain

When my liver is smarter than my brain
It tells me that the poison is up there
Not down here
Down here we are realists
Down here we are pedants
Down here we know
And show
And blow our loads
On two-ton trucks
Brigadiers made for manhunts
And a lottery ticket to heaven
I'm in the stairwell
I fall over
They do not accept the clumsy
Well sorry
I was drunk

Sober 6 months
After 10 a day for several weeks in a row
That didn't get me on the transplant list
I've experienced grievous liver
I'm not a therapist I just have an analytical mind
And a computer
end it here or one more beer?
say yee puppeteer
I must pee on the bathroom floor to clean it
a friend told me that was what it is
and it sounded like a good idea to me
because the smell of urine
anything
is better than what i have

what more is there to say
things regress sometimes
i guess we are living through that
and most are blind to it
i like seeing

but i don't like being surrounded by the blind
no offense
except hell of taken
stop being blind
 or I'll rip
 or the traffic
 oh god i feel light
 did something just happen
 or did i ascend