

## Spring 2011

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This P is not ©

Copyright this outcast and her take on the apocalypse. She's left behind; she's oil slicked; she's Arctic melting; she's plastic particles swimming and raving and plotting synthetic insurrection of the oceans; she's that six-pack ring around a tern's neck; she's the smog and shit; she's a Prius and a tea party; she's the police who disappear anarchists. Corporatize this bitch: she knows too much or not enough. She's outside US looking in. Where's her papers? Patent her quick. Her dreams aren't spam; they're in some kind of language that's never been transmitted or whistled or danced on satellite waves before.

## Too much stigmata in the pants

first sex guy climbed out my window he was lates for a xmas office party; he came back later in my front with a rose. cheesy motherfucker & I let him back in. the fourth sex guy turned into the thirteenth into the near thirtieth & a skidrow jesus to boot. we had a thing; he always called round xmas cos atheists get real lonely. this time I hadn't seen him in 3 years; this time I had a grown up smile and a grown up paunch and a grown up bush and a job interview in his town. this time he didn't have a grown up job or a grown up car or a grown up wardrobe cos he skateboarded to my hotel in a black hoodie. he did have a grown up distended stomach and he was coughing up grown up coffee grounds blood.

did I tell you he looked like jesus? like jesus on crack with a slimy shitstache. & we fucked & laughed & he coughed & told me about Judas Priest parking lots from when he was a teen & looked up to his meathead of a big bro & I didn't know him then cos even skidrow jesuses get nostalgic on black market meds.

but I'm no goddamned magdalene so i didn't wash his feets or anything like that, not even to be kinky cos the feets washing's not my kinda kink, you dig?

## Form of PARIAH

Who wants to be made pariah/ who wants to come home to a house sold, a spouse gone, a senile mangy dog/who wants to be uninsured and not care/who wants to dance in rain-filled gutters & sing Die kreuzen outside church/who wants a plum moonshine buzz while running from football fans and the law/ who wants not to be touched except a postman's pity two Xmases ago/ who wants to censor holidays or/ who wants to remember what it takes homemade liquor to forget/ who wants to know they're no longer young and loved/ who wants to be Grendel's mother without the son

## Form of PARIAH 2

There's no Wonder Twin to knock fists with; no crunk juice cup and no homies to pour a taste on the ground for. Just the PARIAH alone on her dirt farm, remembering her Justice League days, her rap days, high fashion days, bohemian artistry and rhapsody. Before she was cast out to the Alabamas, the P lived it up in Metropolis. She married a top hat, she married a champagne magnum; she cheated on them all with a fountain pen and a sommelier. She was dirty that way and played a drum. She'd beatbox pa rum pa pum pum; she'd bang out pa ri ah pum pum.