

# Is

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They see me as a tainted seraphim wearing cheap cologne. They don't realize that their Czar is a feminist who just can't say "no". Intelligence dumbfounds me, you know. Let's skip together into the left field of the sink as we sink into the words. Your ball is pretty and non-existent and red. Is the tree of life still alive? I'm breathing in your white hubcap. Is? The hole in her window is black and dense. I can't dance. She put the words on the window so it could see my tree. Don't deflate the sun; I still need to smell the *rigor mortis*. The tortoise is threatening you, don't you see? I can see your gamma rays coming from the mouldy silver. You realise the pollen is in the signs which are pointing to the library's dungeon. I taste your screaming silence. Just another dumb oxymoron, you know? She carved my name into her arteries. Liver never tasted so sweet. Please don't start the Lukewarm War with the Martians from Texas. My lead-graphite pen is stronger. My juices are solid. How ironic. Where do we go from here? My home is ignorant, like yours. Scratch it before it starts itching and chipping. Flowers made of Corn Flakes<sup>®</sup> swim in the Mercury. Take my picture with your magnetic love. Alice forgot to say "no" in her reflective life. Laughter kills the snails. The second reading wasn't written twice. Wipe away my ashes like dry rain. The machine was invented a long time ago in the future. They worry about us burning dolphin hair. Yes? They are conspiring to fill their minds with our green ashes. You will never decapitate my soul. Home, let's go.