

We Happen to Rather Enjoy Equator-  
ial Divisions.

The Sun

Renders

The Polished

Turds

Blind,

Even Opaque,

Glass-

Like they are

posed

poised

un-sd

unused

I flip the Tarot Deck, a card

At a Time:

The Taxman. For Hire.

calls Death-Knell to all you dogs, you  
celestials, you star-room poets.

W/O

I seek MAGNETISM  
wilderness by/in fields  
of Man & his Kind

I seek MONOLITHIC  
free Brothers

A hymn that sings  
names

that are callous &  
brave w/o  
reason

the lizardbrain  
hawkseye  
bearsteneh  
wolfpiss.