



The
Landfill

EJC

THE LANDFILL

by Big Sal

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The Gasp

Guard redemption from a lesson of depression cut like linens at the ending of the sea,

Start ascension like an engine as we mention other lynchpins on the fencing of a tree,

Man's preaching to his word with a glass of honeyed lime,

Hands reaching through the dirt just to pass the bloody time,

Near the town's faulty sound is a meal for the mob,

Here the clowns salt the ground when we're killed on the job,

Stash the rest in the blast when they'll meet us an adieu,

Gasp for breath in the ash and the secrets of the stew,

End it all when we die in the tomb of a god,

When we fall from the sky like balloons that have popped,

Send the weakest of the winners if we feel the death between us,

And the scene is for the sinners if the silhouettes have seen us,

Press our mattress into peat like it's bleachers in a puddle,

Dredge the ashes from the sea and the cedars from the rubble,

Thoughts of hope underlies what these beasts will pawn to hells,

Watch the ghosts come alive as they feast upon the shells.

Carnival of Survival

Am I more convinced a bag of bones is the leeches in the lye?

A contortionist in catacombs as he reaches to the sky,

Gift the charms to the male that will burn with his error,

Twisting arms like a tale as it turns into a terror,

Talking points will suffice for the writing in our pockets,

Popping joints like they're eyes as they're sliding from their sockets.

~~~

Lost in broken double doors like a deli armed with thyme,

Watch the ocean bubble forth from the alquitar of time,

Fear the crowns of a hundred where the tyrants stone a man,

Here the clowns they are hunted as the giants roam the land.

~~~

Share this relevance with corpses as they tell us of their pains,

There are skeletons of horses that will gallop on the plains,

Turning tourist so demand will have pardoned what I buried,

Burning forests bloat the land where the carbon is then carried,

Prepared to preach to pests in a pose to punch a pussy,

This air that reeks of death since my nose is just as crusty.

Some Weird Dance

Often frags kill the trust and the targets that are noted,
Walking bags filled with pus like a carcass that is bloated,
Wear defiance scarred to sleeves on the fences with a splat,
Where the giants sharpen teeth like the senses of a cat,
Etch the skies that never dress a poet in a preachy robe,
Petrified in reticence to throw it on a greasy stove,
Stripped from the magpies that live when the day dies embossed in the dots,
Drip from stalactites while ripped from the bagpipes or tossed in the moss,
Hear the sounds clink their quota like a stable for the puppies,
Here the clowns drink the soda that is labeled for the yuppies,
Something rusty comes to touch me in the pieces of the picture,
Bubbly uglies bloody money with the cedars on the river.

~~~

Ghosts upstream from the beasts in the winters like they're seeds,  
Hold the wind in your hands or your pocket like a micro,  
Host the kings at a feast with the sinners in their seats,  
Pull the pin where you dance as you drop it like a psycho.

# Middle Ground

Try and hop into the future if they free you with the few,  
I am walking in a stupor as I'm seeing what they do,  
Near the towns cold as elves that are boxing up their fascists,  
Here the clowns hold the helms and they're stalking with their axes,  
Cut a piece into their ounces from the water or distillate,  
But they breach into the houses as they slaughter all the children,  
In the bastions burnt but loved from the amber to its tenants,  
As their axes thirst for blood in the manor like a menace,  
Skies are bound for the kelp with the solemn cycle stopping,  
Slice the crown from the scalp of a fallen idol walking.

~~~

Spill the dam unto the Styx where the leeches are as molten,
Seal this hammer to his dick when his Jesus is a golem,
Build a banner from the bricks of the pieces that have fallen.

~~~

Throw a party stealing frowns as they're hunting with a pistol,  
Snow that's hardened built the towns with the summer as a symbol,  
Yo I started killing clowns since I'm coming for the middle.

# Shiver Me Fucking Timbers

A coin that halves in Hades as it's cooling down and shit,  
The point was acting crazy like you're pulling out your dick,  
Throw your thumb into the saw blades with a whip lashing at you,  
So, we're coming through the hallways as we're bitch-slapping statues,  
In the winter when as smitten with a drawing on the side,  
It's the timber that is sickened as it's falling from the sky,  
Stall the crows haunting toads with the stigmas of the dragons,  
Hauled in loads through the roads on the rickshaws and the wagons,  
When the kings learn of sinners and they're made up for a war,  
It's the dreams burnt to cinders while they wake up on the shore,  
Fallen hells sick and bitter and the green dead as me,  
All the shells sit and litter when the scene sets the sea,  
Lift the veils of the wrong dawn with its falsifying fissure,  
Lick the shells of the shotgun as I'm waltzing in the river,  
Phony pricks will picture me as a bloodied and scenic sight  
Holy shit a sinner sees, but just fuck me for thinking, right?

# Welcome to the Wasteland

Swear the world wants to know me in the death of hollyhocks,  
There's a girl walking ponies while their flesh is falling off,  
Whet the stones and do battle when they're feuding with the yetis,  
Yet the bones they do rattle while they're cruising with machetes,  
Summer time is for hope and the salting of a lime,  
Cutting vines like they're coke as they're falling in a line.

~~~

Disrespect in the flesh to end the plagues sold to kings,
Disinfect; disconnect; disengage older things,
The Demerol in action in a wetter cove of passion as the bridges drop in dust,
A chemical reaction that is never told to ration if the hinges rot to rust,
Raid the brook in Hell again when our reasons are adjourned,
Take this book to tell a friend of the pieces that you've learned.

~~~

Split the sticks into cinders with an Eden in the meadow,  
Flip the switch on the renters when you reach in through the window,  
Avoid the violent heavens and sell them to the same man,  
Enjoy your lifeless sentence and welcome to the wasteland!

# Cold Churros

Share the gruel and doubt a shadow with the madness on display,

There's a rule about the piano that you practice what you play,

Reaching through a sky and vale,

Even though the time would tell,

Feasting on a rind and whale,

Beast it on a ride to Hell,

This reasoning is easily the godless in a claim to fame,

The seasonings are free for me but cost us what we came to gain,

I have since treaded destinies emboldened by their only scars,

I sense the dread and dredge the seas to hold them in these holy bars.

~~~

Bed a hooker where you met her with the sins of men a dentist,

Spread the sugar in the center with the cinnamon for seconds,

It's the beauty of the hells that gives us chills like it's ice,

As it's rooting through canals to dredge the filth from the pipes.

~~~

Body blows soldier over with the elements abundant,

Donkey shows bolster voters as the elephants are hunted.

# To Live and Die in Art

Evaporating trust leads the sermon down the gale,  
Coagulating dust beats the German out the tale,  
There're rogues at the feeder that will choose a dawn to bloom,  
Stares morose as the meter that they noose upon the moon,  
News impudent in the room with the filth that seeds the streams,  
Views translucent as the loom in the silk that weaved the strings,  
In a field of wheat and springs that we glued the vermin to,  
If we still will bleed the wings would you lose a verdant view?

~~~

Pharma in a suit with the weather in a public drain,
Karma is a cube that is tethered to the rustic chain,
Prisons call it art with the secrets to their hustle,
Prisms fall apart like the pieces of the puzzle,
Squeaky clean as concentrates with weed as strong as atom bombs,
Crystalline conglomerates will feast upon the vagabonds,
So, skip and fly the city where another something starts,
To live and die in whiskey like it's motherfucking art.

Synod of the Serpent

Woe a crook's toys and habit with his ketamine and men,
Yo the Wolf Boys are at it but they'll never breathe again,
Wear out fear's perfect sash like adhesive on the rubies,
They're out here purging hash like the streets from in the movies,
Though we grow up without Oxford we are living out the Jungian lore,
So, we show up with a Mossberg while we're kicking down their fucking door,
Giving pain tinted on blouses where controllers are so intricate,
Chipping paint from in the houses like our molars on a syndicate,
Sequels differ weight from precedents like poems where the people march,
We will dissipate the dissidents and blow them with a single charge,
Sign me as a CEO finding where the Ouija rose,
Find me in the seedy roads dining on the leafy prose,
Rhyming isn't easy though; I'm just in Capezio's,
Fight them like Emilio; riding on that greasy stove,
Dying on the T.V. shows; crying for the meaning most.

~~~

Drown in rains like they're sex while unearthed with the coco,  
Now their gang lies in death while submerged like a photo.

# The Night Cometh

Betty White in an etching in a dance to the beat,  
Every night was a blessing in the sands of the street,  
Told many funnies dead as something in a spirit sold,  
Old Lady Lucky said she wasn't for the lyrical,  
Bound for sounds that razed the bridge and toasted it to bigger men,  
Trounce the doubts of raising kids and post it up on Instagram,  
Cut the ramen from the basement with just one bite of the building,  
But this woman that had raised him was the sunlight on the ceiling,  
Drown in depths that are bloody as the crimes he committed,  
Now with rest for the lucky in the pines of the wicked,  
A knight on a horse when in tandem with the Devil,  
The night cometh forth from the phantoms of the fennel,  
Just shoot me next to kill me if I'm hunted as I falter,  
The beauty left the building like a husband at the altar,  
Tend to stow away such hell with the curtains that are white,  
Then this Old Lady Luck held his burdens as she died.



# Hellfire Effigies Burn the Brightest

The scion sawed the hearth for the dead friends on the weekend,  
Here the werewolves fade,  
The giants clawed the earth for a semblance of their freedom,  
Where the redwoods quake.

~~~

Mouths that hum the sound are adjacent to a quay,
Clowns are hunted down as we're chased into the sea,
Coasts obliged from the shores when a sequel would insert two,
Close your eyes like they're doors to the people that would hurt you,
Throw this noose on your god when the acres meet the valleys,
So, we cruise through the fog as the raiders sweep the alleys,
Show a humble son his power when he's happy where his heart is,
Blowing bubblegum in powder from the candy that they market,
We are shooting through the body as we're smoking on a bone,
We are cruising with a shotty 'til we're hoping that we're home,
Traitors write the spell where the sun will sear the tongue,
Gangsters cry in Hell but we hunt them here for fun.

~~~

The scion sawed the hearth for the dead friends on the weekend,  
Here the werewolves fade,  
The giants clawed the earth for a semblance of their freedom,  
Where the redwoods quake.

# Kill the Messenger (Take the Cannoli)

My talent's in my troubled plans while passing by the lake of fear,  
She balanced on my ruffled hands and asked if I could take her there,  
Call me when I'm simply doomed by standing in a dark day,  
Waltzing in the wintry room and dancing as the stars fade,  
She sold me to the bad police posing on a baby's tomb,  
She called me just to staff disease roasting in the waiting room,  
I'm broken like a saintly broom that's mopping up the shitty sheets,  
I'm toasted to this crazy tune and watching as the city bleeds,  
When smoking on soliloquies to teach them of a finer day,  
I'm hoping that it's really peace that's reaching for the right-of-way,  
Find a seal to pull the helmet off if smoking isn't half of this,  
I will kill the bull and count it god while coasting on your canvases,  
It is fun to feed yourself when you're burning out your ass,  
She had come to me for help but I turned her down and laughed,  
Teach your son God is tethered to the only other godless,  
Leave the gun hot as peppers by cannoli in the boxes.

# A Dilapidated Conundrum

Culture is a stinker and a keeper of the peace,  
Smolder in the clinker with the cedar and disease,  
Thoughts will lock them in their rooms in the valley where they built their sheds,  
Watch it blossom as it blooms into algae and the silken webs,  
Silhouettes still as dead as a country in its clashes,  
Feel the dread fill the bed as I'm crunching on the ashes,  
Bear the simple circle leaning like the tires that are furnished,  
There's a little girl screaming from the fires of the furnace,  
A hundred-thousand lives as they fall to the rebels,  
The house then comes alive as its walls are the tendrils,  
Snowy pearls crumble proudly on the inlets of the region,  
Yo the girl chuckles loudly in the visage of a demon,  
A path that's paved to marvel at the business of her tenants,  
A mask that's made of marble is malicious as a menace,  
The world spins and speaks when its answers are in typos,  
This girl sits and shrieks from the rafters to the rhinos.

# Dance for the Moment

We're tapering the sun spots and nearer than the giants calling,  
Awakening to gunshots and hearing that the sky is falling,  
Etch us in the nameless trees whenever we will stay asleep,  
Dredge us from the grayish seas and heavens when they lay us deep.

~~~

Lick the glaze from the loom when your habit is in trouble,
Digging graves with a spoon and the hatchet with a shovel,
Find a town to build another when you're covered by the science,
I'm the clown that killed the others like the lovers with the lions,
Bricks to lay and wicks to see like a cigarette in symmetry of an innovative mall clown,
Inundate the industry of an internet or idiocy and anticipate the fallout,
Tie their hands up in the loom; find an urn to haunt a tree,
I will dance when in the room; I will burn upon the sea,
Giants standing in the ocean laying bait up on the wall,
I am dancing for the moment they are praying that I fall,
Eyes of love drown in the copper with the noose that tied half the wrists,
Rise above out of the water like a crucified Lazarus.

Bubbly

I devise the lies I try to write if the giants rise to meet 'em,
I revive the skies and dye the whites a Dionysus Eden,
A seal of the war lifts the crown with the finches,
The steel from the door hits the ground with the hinges.

~~~

Jumping is a miracle when bubbling on the mirror's wall,  
Rusting in a parable when nothing isn't fair at all,  
Stories with the sounds that are sick of slaving on December's knees,  
Pour me but an ounce of liquor waiting on the winter breeze.

~~~

The kiln has gained what called it wrath to sing its name and chain its arms,
A film or frame of fallen ash will seem the same to waning stars,
A soul shattering the quota in the town's painted cellar,
An old factory of soda where the clowns came for shelter.

~~~

The corn is dead as trees selling weapons to an ostrich,  
A storm that bred the breeze held the heavens as its hostage,  
Throw us subtly in the sequel in the grottos of our grief,  
Though we're bubbly like the Beatles with these bottles on the beats.

# Where the Monsters Lie

A child that is twitching when –  
Her smile isn't getting bent,  
As vile as the sickest men,  
That pile in the wicked den,  
This isle will not live again –  
And dial where the ditches end . . .

~~~

We'll keep 'em where their feet are in when preaching to a synagogue,
We'll deem 'em what their demons did when decent as a demagogue,
Swear this circus learned its purpose where the needles bleed a beagle,
Where the churches burn like birches and the steeples eat the people,
Let the broom lift the room and kiss the wall on better nights,
Skip the tune, rip the boom, and risk it all in redder skies,
Dull the sword in a battle when it's softer than the lace,
Hold the fort like a candle with the water to your waist,
Find it's something in an Uber with an offer for a captain,
Time for hunting in the sewer while we conjure up a kraken.

Suicide of the Sun

Sick liars sip ire where they're sitting when it's ten below,
Tripwires spit fire while they're limping by a wendigo,
Tatted on me like a daddy as the mommies teach us peace,
Capture carnies with the candies as our armies reach the beach.

~~~

Grasp the plants in a sunset that comes when we hum,  
Clasp our hands as we run red as rum in a drum,  
Deck the homes or seize the west in the burial's ascension,  
Destined roads eat the flesh like bacterial infections,  
A shake-up of the justice with the curse of a gun,  
Our makeup is as crusted as the earth from the sun,  
Saw the pines by the bridge in the death of the rest,  
Draw the lines of the grids in the depths of their chest.

~~~

Bury faith in itself like a soda that has cherry,
Carry blades like yourself when you're hoping to be buried,
Load the rounds seizing breath like the wild for a while,
Most the clowns meet their death with the smile of a child.

A Draugr's Ode to a Lily

Haul in an accomplice while they're stalling on their haunches,
Crawling on the conches if they're falling when unconscious,
Apps were bundled with the channels for the last of our funds,
Castles crumble like they're candles but collapse like they're lungs.

~~~

Reveal the knife blade in this complicated state we feel,  
Distill the nightshade on a concentrated blade to kill,  
Cool this hell in its heat in a spat with the giants,  
Pool the gel by your feet in a vat for the science,  
Split a soul like they're peas with a fine and solemn lover,  
Dig the hole from which you breathe as you cry and call it, "Mother".

~~~

Better reach the rooms where the rain is sent to dry,
Pleather beats the plumes like a plane against the sky,
Go endorse this in the markets where the millis are the weapons,
Growing orchids from this garbage and the lilies with the lemons.

~~~

With your god and child arrested when an endless night is needed,  
It's the krokodil ingested when the hematite is heated.



# By a Campfire Darkly

Know a different man is half this if he's crumbling on the coasts,  
Yo the internet was savage with them coming for your throats,  
A hidden batter with a hit while a sewer pooled the hair claimed,  
It didn't matter what you did when you were full of fair game,  
Mount a venture in a bit when we've trodden on the prior,  
Now I sit here with a stick while I'm prodding on the fire,  
Bless the sheets of our Venus; best the beasts with a saw,  
Rest in peace with the phoenix; test your teeth on the gnaw,  
Dredge the trees from the secrets; guests appeased in the raw,  
Flex your knees in the deepest depths of seas like a jaw.

~~~

Toast a glass to this picture; hope it lasts for the craft,
Soak the wrath in the liquor; smoking grass 'til it's ash,
Freeing turtles fused to ties with an aptly bare hurrah,
See the world lose its life while you're standing there in awe.

~~~

The envisioned dust of wells in the rain to quake the plains,  
They imprisoned us in hells but we came to break our chains.

# Poshmark

Birds kill the bees and boast of peace to an army,  
Words ill at ease to host the keys to the party,  
Breaking bones with a yank and a charge for the bomb,  
Treading stones like a tank in your march to the Somme,  
No one felt it was perfect; let me force through and flee,  
Loading hell in a turret; ready forts from the sea,  
Slap the pyre with some bramble where the shadows prey on sound,  
Padding fibers in the flannel while pianos play us out.

~~~

Share the spot of this set-up if we're bonding in the breeze,
There's a dog in a get-up that is talking to the fleas,
I won't slow him down a bit with a shit list or a hit list,
I don't know a clown that lives in abysses or the bridges,
Fleas abandon when he bails to the piles of the whales,
We are stranded as we sail to the isles of the vales,
Summer built a merger with the lovers where the lummoX lived,
Some were killed by murder but then others by the sun abridged.

Time Falls Freely

A crease sealed the glasses with the next plan sprung,
The streets filled with gases like a dead man's lungs,
If the tunes sang the same in a mesa or a crater,
And the booms came to bang like a danger for a painter,
See the fear swallow truth when you guess the risk and crime,
We are here fallen roofs on the edifice of time.

~~~

Wilt the last of the yields when we're drastic and real,  
Tilt the glass so it spills on the blasts of the fields,  
Filter ash from the milk when the task isn't sealed,  
Film that ass when it's killed on the grass of the mill,  
Caution peace just a little as the devils rape their soul,  
Watch it bleed as it sizzles and the tendrils take their toll.

~~~

I feel the stronger liquor in the cider of my drinks,
Time fills a longer river with the nitre at the seams,
Drag a cow to the ends of the lockup in their poem,
Bathe the bough in the bends when they're brought up and they're broken.

Sunken Porcelain

The brook's noise would loathe its mouth with rain from in delusions,
The Wolf Boys approached the house and came unto conclusions,
Same days it hurts to know that tomorrow whets the blade,
Rain ate the earth below, but the sorrow never stayed!

~~~

Grass ahoy as they killed her where the china stand lies,  
Cast a coin in the silver of the blindest man's eyes,  
In a garden lost to toads with their quotas for the green,  
If the cart went off the road with the sodas in the stream.

~~~

They're replacing fucking souls with a ghoul in any fiend,
We are chasing what we hold; we are holding every dream,
Get the same toothpicks in for the last of the tasteless,
Yet the gang uses skin as the masks on their faces.

~~~

Six tastes that lack terps are rolled up for the high heads,  
Skin frays like cracked earth that's culled up from the dry beds,  
Such is sound lost to grace in the soft of this torn bed,  
But this clown walks the wastes with the honk of his horn dead.

# If Only Zombie Bread Nourished Us

Seeing through a guru when his habits sign his doom,  
Breathing on Nibiru where the planet's pines will bloom,  
While defacing in their cities with a weed sack of eight grams,  
I awaken in the fifties with the streets black as lace, ma'am,  
Cut a round ham that fed me on the sullen gunman's guard,  
But my clown hands are heavy and they're holding someone's heart,  
Sorting through the gore when you're repelled as the smells waste away,  
Organs of these foremen are then held in a brown paper bag,  
Time that sat down in its cover was a curled sack of shite,  
I'm a sad clown of this color in a world black and white,  
Find the stones in your saddle when you want to dote devotion,  
Chime the bones that will rattle when you're walking over oceans.

~~~

Relentlessly as crazy as the heartless when they chase me,
Forget me but you'll place me on the tarmacs with the daisies,
Pounds of pearls preached to pines in the pricing of their bread,
Now the world sees the signs while we're rising from the dead.

Quaking Aspens in Eden

The rain missed our home with the last bits of verve,
The pain hits the bone as the wrath hits the dirt,
In the palm with the pain when we're gone in the night,
It's the qualm of the vain in the calm of the fight,
Share your last humble words with the petals that are sacred,
Where our masks crumble first and the devils are then sated,
Mr. Winner, are you bitter that this litter has a trickster?
It's a dinner with a sinner with the shimmer in the winter.

~~~

Pictures write your name on the splinters with deceivers,  
Rivers dye in vain in the timbers or the cedars.

~~~

Paint a poppy on your god in adornments of a vagrant,
Drag my body like a log through the forest of the flagrant,
Dreading ire when it wins and the scenes are as fatal,
Setting fire to the limbs like they're wings of an angel,
Water winters burning much on the scene's displayed stone,
Watch the cinders turn to dust as they lead the way home.

Tread the Ground of Circus Tents

Giving honor to the devils when they're humble as they speak,
Kicking water as it settles in a puddle at my feet,
Steer a soul to hold its tomb when smoking on a spliff of fears,
Here I hold an old balloon when hoping that it disappears,
A mirror in the classes slain was fearing if the gases came,
I'm peering in the glassy pane and cheering at the grassy game,
When voting for this hopeless prick and evenings are the dads in charge,
I'm hoping that the soda's sick and leaking in these laps of ours,
Stall the end, December dies, and lullabies are ready too,
All the men in enterprise as walls comprise a deadly flu,
December bled its embers red to send a desert as its trees,
And end the dead with men that dread the tentative at peace,
Chime the sound through the cove where an eagle will oblige,
I'm the clown in the road where the people will survive,
Lift the wrath and all fear from a monkey buying whiskey,
If I have to fall here, then they're fucking dying with me.

Sin City, USA

Burn the town; burn the city!

Turn around; learn of pity,

Serve a crown urns of fifty,

Spurn the sound; burden many!

~~~

The love that wants to fight is down to murder you in town,

This glove that once was white is now a dirty hue of brown,

All the bluffs and the praise fear the artists with their flair,

Collar crooks in the caves near the carnage and despair,

Eden drowns ocean sounds in the fault and the soot,

We the clowns smoke the ground where the salt had once stood,

Drown these pussies in the glade on the boats with their bomb vests,

Now they're pushing with a blade on the throats of their conquests.

~~~

Grow a crop; seed the ground!

Know a lot; see a sound,

No one stopped me inbound,

Showing cops need a clown!

Flow

Dawn is ours; I mean we, we dispersed what we fenced,
On our march to the sea we unearthed what we sensed,
Seek the sovereign, sober devils in the whiskey that they drown,
We had trodden over temples and the cities in the ground,
Tether worms to the dreams of the fakest herbivore,
Desert storms were the scenes where they made us worship war,
Find a gun in the club when the silence was our ways,
Grind the sun to a nub and the violence to a phase,
Spare a room with a window when they're coming in from Venus,
There's a womb where we're widowed while we're running from arenas,
Gift a bow unto the winner where they'll find us on a saddle,
It's the flow that's in the river with the finest of the gravel,
We can die for their credit or an omen on our arms,
Seeking night for its respite like a woman for her warmth,
Skim the skies filled with dread like they're tyrants with an Uzi,
Dim the lights 'til they're dead since the diamonds are a doozy.

Chitin Rots a Blade

Parched and sipping from the brim raw to torch a tent of fleece,
Carve the wicked into scrimshaw and parse the men apiece,
Lift a bagel from the table with the ladle in the miso,
Kiss an angel on the navel that is fatal to the lethal,
Blot the gems in the depths where the ink spills on a tree,
Fog the lens with the breath of the phenos in the sea,
Send a slaver's answer to the shackles boiling blood to fucking bleed,
When they came for camphor in the candle holding up to what could be –
Talk to devils for a day as you're walking off their weak ploy,
Lock the levels into play like you're tossing lobs of *Meat Boy*,
Wash a mogul of the soul that his big boats are stranded in,
Toss the opals in the hole with the slit throats of mannequins.

~~~

Falling salt crowned the fall-down in the hall of their pains,  
Calling all clowns in ball gowns to the fall of the games,  
Swear the poem torches ice with the diamond washed to fade,  
Where we throw the darts of life and the chitin rots a blade.

# Symbolize the Solstice

Cart the trays through the lair when you smile at a god,  
Mark the blaze with a cairn in a pile on the spot,  
Laying birches in the well for the Sunday at the end,  
Playing nurses in this hell while we're hunting for the men,  
For the witless in a kinship with the inches that are lost,  
With syringes on these binges and the pinches of the moss,  
Spare a spell of the lofty view in a cell for the locking too,  
There's a hell that we're walking through and a pal that we're talking to,  
Banging prose in the roads and a kiln when you fuck her,  
Hanging foes by their toes in a film by the fluffer,  
Praise defeatists by their name like they're rowboats or a cichlid,  
Faith depleted in the fane by the photos of the timid,  
Tear into a sick friend that carried you through shit when the road was buzzing summer nights,  
Therapeutic hitmen will bury you at Big Ben and hope it doesn't come alive,  
Arm the bums with a whammy for the beasts hunting secrets,  
Karma comes like a caddy when you least fucking need it.

# Live for Something More

Live a menace in your pity prized for pebbles of your creeds,  
In the remnants of a city dyes the devils with their deeds,  
Set aside a better link to the passive help of funds,  
Where we try to get a drink but the acid melts our lungs,  
If you pick a summer breeze from the liters of the drinks, then you feast us on the moon,  
It's a city under siege with the cedars in the breeze and the liege is on the loom,  
See a devil hit the breaks in the hallway's free-for-all,  
We will never brick escapes; we will always see it fall.

~~~

Listen dodos that are pigeons, you were meant to cull a loss,
Living photos like they're legends and the mythical aloft,
Where they seed the lake rock with their cress in a bloody war to end,
As they beat the great auk to its death on the fucking shore again,
See the course that lost distinction in the graves from the wrath,
We are forced to watch extinction from the blades of this grass,
Whet the sun when we ride on the fucking ashen embers!
Get it done when we died but we're coming back to end this!

The Comedian

Find a soul, pawn to Death, and your last years are gone,
I'm the sole comic left where the sad tears are drawn,
We will run back and lead you where the needles greet the ink,
People come grab your pinot while your egos need a drink,
Dine at dinner with intentions of a sacred place to fear,
I'm the center of attention while my painted face will smear,
Try to sip the rum while laughing at the monkeys in the zoo,
I'm a little drunk and happy but it's nothing that is new,
Stall my fears of death and angels as the added fear is steeping,
All my peers have left their tables and the janitor is cleaning,
Take this gun to the cops when their mama's on my dick,
Scrape the gum from their slots and the commas from my script,
Trade a pawn for the right king with their old love a phantom,
Bait the dawn from its hiding with the whole club in tandem,
Drown a hundred in the creeks while they're hunting for their black cats,
Now I run 'em in the streets as I'm coming for the last laugh.

Phantasm Plutocracy

Win the round, hold it down, and the lyrics bless the dumbest,
In a town full of clowns where the seriousness is punished,
Wicks would burn the old weed when I'm buying what I bear,
Hit the turn at full speed when you're flying through the air,
Fuck our days on the shore when we're chasing the lore,
But these nations at war were complacent before,
What it says to implore is then wasted for more,
Gut the blaze from the gore when you've tasted the sword,
Skin the skin that's from a model in an evening on the lake,
It's the djinn that's in a bottle as he's screaming for escape.

~~~

Lay it down and turn around when your anthems aren't as humble,  
Blaze the town and burn it down from the phantoms to the jungle.

~~~

Breach their hells in the war where the smallest death is sold,
Sweep the shells from the shore as they call it pest control.

~~

In an idiom from Cali where they paid us for the dream,
From Bolivia to Bali and the places in between.

A Snake Called Cerberus

Fall into a field with a book and your thoughts,
Crawling through the silt and the soot and the rocks,
Hear the sounds of their rage when you brace for the fights,
Here the clowns are on stage and the snakes are their mics,
Pour the paints drinking men like they're rain on a dune,
For their fangs sinking in with the blame that will bloom,
Rip the skin and face too from a dam of their teeth,
It's a sin to waste food when you plan for a feast,
Miss the trauma like a slaver with the ether in a sandwich,
Kiss your mama 'cause they'll take her and they'll lead her into traffic,
Share this state like free beds while they're marking walls to get them,
There's a snake with three heads that is guarding all the venom.

~~~

Told the land I'd build it right on the softest blade of grass,  
Hold my hand and kill the vibe where the comics pay their tabs,  
Throwing names out of their graves when they stay up for free art,  
Blow your brains out on the page 'til you wake up and restart.

# Miniguns and Moons

Show the shimmer in the city if it's losing out on my trade,  
Woe the hummer with the mini while they're cruising down the highway,  
Share a sound made from bubbles while the outlaws are voting,  
Where the clowns drag their knuckles since their clown cars are broken,  
When the ground quakes, you hear that the town sinks in two,  
And the clowns shake in fear from the clown things they do,  
Hit the ground with a spade as you drown in the tide,  
Let the clowns dig the graves of the clowns that have died,  
In anointment of the blessed like a pest of mills in bags,  
It's deployment of the best while the rest are killed in rags,  
If an eagle touched the ground, you would pluck the butter, human!  
With my people hunted down and this fucking hummer shooting,  
Cradle fetuses on hit lists when the foolish are in bed,  
They will beat us to the finish with a bullet to the head,  
No one's block bled to send a severed something to their wife,  
So, we'd drop dead and end up never coming to our life.



# Sad Clown, Dead Man

Send a hope that's sky bound to the heaven I sensed,  
When the smoke has died down like my brethren avenged,  
Lend a rope and lie down as the lynching commenced,  
Dead and broke like life found in the depths of the lens.

~~~

There're murals that revere me when they're learning dust survives,
This world is so dreary and it's burning us alive,
With no sips from the drink as they word you to the page,
In the pits or the clink as they turn you to a slave,
Stick a bone in their eye as you blind his whole face,
Live alone 'til you die at the ripest old age,
Throw some sun near a day two when you're drunk on the tea,
No one comes here to save you in their funk to the sea.

~~~

Clear your nose and your lungs of the filth you imbibe,  
Here's a toast to the ones with the will to survive,  
Fear mimosas and drunks when the bills have arrived,  
Cheer the ghosts on their hunts as they kill for the mice.

# Remember Me

Seed a worthless year with value often pissing down a win,  
Heed the nurses here that tell you not to pick out at your skin,  
Pour my smoothie of emotions on the spoons of alma mater,  
You're the beauty of the lotus as it blooms upon the water,  
List the enemies of old like a lying smile can,  
Kiss the memories I hold like a dying child's hand,  
Few would set me up for nothing yet my fears have never died,  
You would never see it coming but my tears were petrified,  
We are burning like we're devils as this hell will dawn inbound,  
They were turned into the pebbles as they fell upon the ground,  
The dice then won't win for later if they're classy as they come,  
My life as an entertainer wasn't flashy but was fun,  
Bust a round and hold my gods killed in bed as pain is filthy,  
Just a clown that sold his props 'til the feds they came to kill me,  
Carry me in passion to the thought of her in shallows,  
Bury me in bastions by the gossamer and gallows.

# Strands of Debt

Sip disease from the cider if it wasn't chained to lies,  
Rip the teeth from the Piper if he doesn't play his pipes,  
Slay the souls where many stay while we're running into dangers,  
Pay the tolls in any way when we're coming for the gangsters,  
Boast to victims seeing prison that your piss is in their pinot,  
Ropes and ribbons reach the rhythm if the risk is in from Reno.

~~~

Dance in halls like a grave as this hole leads to giants,
Strands of walls in the wraiths where the lull beats the lions,
If you're nervous when you curse, then at least fit to start shit,
It's a circus in reverse where trapeze is an artist,
Cups for painting on the coasts with a keto lime apiece,
But we're hanging by the ropes as the people find their seats.

~~~

Hit this dipshit hippie where a piggy plucks sticks,  
Mix this slick-shit whiskey in a Dixie cup, pricks!  
Sell this god's old nation to a fucking few wild hares,  
Hell is not location; it is what you do while there.

# The Few That Got Away

Suns will dawn in time on a town to paint a portrait,  
Once upon a rhyme there was a clown that made a fortune,  
See, the stone that's tossed in sand isn't playing as a victim,  
He was known across the land for his preying on the women,  
Cut an autumn urn of ash from the cedars reigning all things,  
But he got his turn to dance when the reaper came a-calling,  
Round a town dumped in hells with the evil crawling further,  
Now the clown hung himself but the people called it murder,  
It's a toss of the doves in a view of softer clay,  
With no loss of the love from the few that got away.

~~~

We don't fear a single nothing in a drop or glass of juice,
People hear a little something and they want to pass a truth,
Days gone will kill his fortune with a happy hell awaited,
They want to feel important while they're acting validated,
Fear a town rich in fodder as we burn it 'til it's black,
Here the ground shifts to water and they turn it to a fact.

Bugs Mooney

Implicate the ghostly town with reanimated paracers,
Vindicate the holy ground with decapitated characters,
Bear the hand of the past with the money in its place,
There's a man with the mask of a bunny on his face,
Lend a wing ripped and singed from the riddles out of wind,
When the drink hits his lips and it dribbles down his chin,
Therapists at their rate in ascension when they're gone,
There he sits in his state of depression and the calm,
Pass the jar's open mouth in the lobbing of a stare,
As the bar closes down and he's rocking in his chair,
Fear the fun when we picture you a Mack truck on a stop,
Sear the sun as it slithers through a crack up on the rock,
Near the dam dousing vales when it's staring down the catfish,
Here the man tells his tale while he's clearing out his hat tricks,
Cut this ham cooked 'til brown in bed hitched to sluts spooning,
But the man stood his ground and said, "Bitch, I'm Bugs Mooney!".

Eternity in an Hour

Take the traitors to the taiga laid in basins for their danger,
Make the Maker from omega made a maiden in a manger,
Wrap the shores in ragged storms to say it wrong or raze the dawn and break the wire,
Capricorns with jagged horns will take it home to lay it on a lake of fire,
Though the rounds bleed a cradle in the darkened blood and sheets,
Yo the clowns need a table just to sharpen up our teeth.

~~~

Pack a pistol as I picket for the tanks to bomb their cover,  
Sacrificial and acidic as a vagabond or fluffer,  
Shoot the state that spawned to suffer on the bridges to the back of windows,  
You could bag a blonde and fuck her with the sickest in a sack of symbols,  
Know the song asks for tune while the piss cooled the hellish light,  
Though the dawn masks the moon with a fist full of malachite.

~~~

Bill Nintendo for forgotten stages way old in the throes,
Build your temple from the fallen faces failed from your foes,
So, listen up and spread drops of the pieces where they hated you,
Imprison us in dead thoughts and the leaflets with the weight of dew.

Floccinaucinihilipilification

Pertinence will purge the gifts of urns to give a burning pit a lacquer tone of bozos,
Hirquitickes are serving dick to burn a quick and turn the spit or pack a bone like photos,
A hotty's body still fills up the basin in a sewer cell of hell as cryptic as sex that's selling roses,

The floccinaucinihilipilification of the supercalifragilisticexpialidocious,

Burn the leaves in the room with a heart on its sleeves,

Turning beasts to balloons isn't hard as it seems,

Bet you sleep in a hammock when you grovel to the broken,

Yet you reap what you planted by the pommel in the ocean,

Let it ring on the door with a ping for the poor when they battle for a pea,

Let it sink to the floor as I sing to the core of an apple and a bee,

Blow up the bridges and don't come to play,

Smoke on a piston and choke on a rag,

Go run a prison and show some a grave,

No one to listen and no one to save.

~~~

A frown that hangs from grace in a scene that is submitted,

A clown that paints his face doesn't mean that he's committed.

# Preach That Power!

Fears allayed in a town trading drugs taken down,  
Years decayed in the ground made my gloves frayed and brown,  
Cut the stones from the creek or the mansions I creep,  
But the bones they will speak to the phantoms that sleep,  
Tears will plummet from the pundits when they said this was a set list,  
Here I rummage through the rubbish when I'm reckless as a wreckage,  
Stack the blades and build a tyrant with his children in their cribs,  
Back a ways we killed a giant but we killed him with his kids,  
No fine evening as a date with the swaying of the moon,  
So, I'm seeking my escape while I'm praying to my tomb.

~~~

Show our breath will head to bed if death is loveless in the mentions of our misery,
Though I left the dreaded debt that dredges judges from the edges of their history,
In the faces shaped from Play-Doh and displayed now on their soccer tees,
It's a playlist made of Plato when you're played out on your Socrates.

~~~

Announce a long-day function in the hallways clean but lewd,  
The clowns are always hunted if they're always seen as food.



# Cup of Oolong

I bump past older poets with the thanks to add when gone,  
My cup hath overfloweth from the banks of Babylon,  
Songs of swans that are so slow when they're set in sanity,  
On the dawn of the dodos when they're dead as Damocles,  
Dead and mourning to rot seedlings with a mammoth and a real one,  
Yet the warning is not heeded and the damages are still done.

~~~

We touched the sky when hard to find in cover where the ashes were,
We must have dyed sarcophagi in colors of the ragged fur,
Burden queens with better lives to learn of kings that set aside an awesome crown or love for you,
Serpentine insecticides will burn the wings of any flies and wash them down the gutter too,
Serve the cream to bless the pies or stir the scene of deader guys that water down another view,
Tourmaline to test the ties with words that seem the best advice to stop in town and govern few,
Fuck the folks that drown on longboats where they're hiding when the night comes,
But you're poking down the wrong roads while I'm riding on the right ones,
Put the boot on when you race us to the passerines as bigots preach,
Cup the oolong with the geishas where the tangerines are timid trees.

The Barge

Teach them all to read again with caskets weighed in stones and leaves,
Breach the hull and eat the men or gasconade your own beliefs,
Shoot the sky with human pride and help the moguls rein them in,
Do or die if you would try a malapropos main attempt,
Tell the void that Hell will hoist its hellish spikes to break the sea,
Maladroit as helping boys that fell from bikes and scraped a knee,
Impalas all alone take the finches where the map is,
The smallest of the stones makes the biggest of the splashes,
A song for the hall that we long for at all when our peace is in prose,
It dawned on the wall where we've gone when we fall to the trees in the grove,
Here the businesses have ended where these big things have come,
Where the citrus are scented like the citrines of the sun,
Broke through pity like a bottle where the citizens are sick of wind,
Float a city and ensemble to then vilipends the villains then,
Still we see men on the border while they tell us of their olives,
Build an Eden with the mortar of a Hell that we demolished.

Road of Homecoming

Defiance plants in grounds where we're plotting for the battles,
These giants grab the clowns like they're bobbing for some apples,
Light the shed like it's salsa when you swallow what you found,
Bite the head like it's halva when it's falling to the ground,
Lost to mortals hanged in mud with this Frodo Baggins humming,
Watch the torsos drain of blood like Komodo dragons hunting,
This caltrop was born in you to now walk the corner too,
A meldrop of morning dew will now lock the storm in view,
Raining in the lead wells to drag it in and lock the door,
Hanging by the dead shells to tag it with an octothorpe,
Fastest fists will move far to catch a fish and do harm,
Lattices and lucarnes are half of this on new farms,
Hook it to the skies in the water of the country,
Look into the eyes of the monster that would hunt me,
Love the seamless taste of sex to teach the land who to kill,
But I beat the race of death and reach my hand through the hill.

Outro

Thank you for reading this digital book and for lending it your time. All I ask at this point is if you enjoyed what you read here, to pass this book file to a friend or someone you know that would enjoy it. Spread that love! Also, here is a list of my current bibliography for anyone interested in knowing, all available from Amazon except those noted with an "*":

1. Playing in the Dark After Rain (January 2016)
2. Pressed Flowers and Other Poignant Poems (August 2018)
3. Splatter Paint Where It Makes You Happy (February 2019)
4. The Lavender Lotus Part 1 (May 2019)
5. From Stone to Keep (June 2019)
6. The Grim Noir of Samhain (July 2019)
7. Akimbo (September 2019)
8. The Lavender Lotus Part 2 (September 2019)
9. Insta Garbage (October 2019)
10. The Landfill* (November 2019)
11. Searching -4- Soapboxes (February 2020)
12. Mercenarium, Vol. 1* (March 2020)
13. The Last Lammergeier (May 2020)
14. My Brother's Reaper (July 2020)
15. Nata de Coco (September 2020)
16. How to Sweat a Sunflower (November 2020)