

shaggy dog century

until one old day, without one new warning, within the old creaking
mansion on old creaking hill, all the electric light suicided
its eternal sleep and my grandpa sat us down among a thousand
stars, candles, fireflies, gas explosions, other miscellaneous sources
good old natural light defeating the cold unnatural dark of this new night
his bloody old head on his bloody old body seeping bloody good sepsis
handed us a bloody old ghost story,
and the story went,

money in these walls, ghouls in this stomach,
extras in these wings to play you better

son, that's just the candied hacksaw i keep under the bed
to prepare for psychic intruders, severed heads,

like my grandpapa before him n slippered amoeba
before that and
before, even, inevitably
more so this n that than
he could've made imaginary,

so onwards, these intruders, you say -
speak not of those intruders who
seek n summon tentacular
hysteria around the protrusions of
hypothetical intrusions,
it couldn't be bigger, but
it could be, they're the one's to really keep
a gun out for

o dearly beloved railway transistor, plug socket, remaining
congregation hand-painted scale model of that
special hat that we called freedom

it's! lost marbles, maximum joy with censored sordid details,
schrodinger's libertarian party admin retail
parish council bargain half meal

and as such, i'd like to return it immediately,
because without
being all like one is
you say, you can't make a politics wholly
from the body
in the fumes of the hyperrealistic mother
nature fuckdoll, someone better,
fringes more elegantly
plaited more neatly,
illegal herbs all in a row, drag
the horse to water yet
instead force CAMRA
or cider
with rosie the riveter
with back to the kitchen wall, blowjob cocktail platter
the bodies in the dishwasher

our special relationship
to the literal
to the little leagues
to the minor leagues
we shot fireflies to toast by the light of the gas
refinery, grandpapa said, it's how the fireflies survive,
keep from growing scarlet, blood on the folded triangle
blood on the theremin, cottingley fairies and their empire therein
huge structures collapsing
spring blossom on the winter isle, 57 varieties of pyre, i guzzle
logical explanation for breakfast,
wait for the cockroaches to come
home to roost on the flour
of our nuclear bootstraps

made in the usa
by hands
you know...
the good kind

awarded extra tumour on the national membrane yet
the different ending kept on going, static

5 horrific accidents of birth
huge structures collapsing
12 homesteading horrors you won't believe
special relationship
 small mutation

money in these walls, ghouls in this stomach
their civil war, not your mustard duvet cover

 there's some middle men crushing horses
 down by the lake, really ripping out
 their eyes and throats and tongues and
 they seem pleasant enough, to themselves

culture's few personalities, dying
embers of the bonfire, flanders
philip glassed the 20th century
big stoner paranoia years
you fucking what, mate?
huge structures collapsing

money in these walls, ghouls in this stomach
pills were different, purer, stronger,

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tearing out the AGA
 tearing in the AGA
the reaping world's another world
the threshing world yet
another world, and they all live humbly, prettily under ration
 small victorian hands grasping at the pastry lattice, calling it

a day for the country for the habitat for the hedgerow for the new
notches on the commuter belt

magna carta motherfucker, i spin tasteful
wool over décolage eyes, scream it good king wenceslas
from safe manufacturing distance, and a happy new year to
our special relationship to
greenery, massacre, envelopes
lulling hills, wandering hands

made in britain by hands
you know
the good kind

you ever see a horse drawn cart filled with spoils of war returned rerun
you ever see a field mouse drive the tractor home to roost upon
those fucking those bloody you know who what and hows

hallelujah hallelujah you ever
notice how there's no kids
called job running around

made in britain by wandering hands
you know
the good kind

my ancestors were fields
of wheat on my father's side
apple orchard's on my mothers
didn't see a lock and key til they moved to the city
nothing to do with it
if you ask me
nothing to do with it
is it a ghost or just
a white sheet over the carcass
humbugs, lemon sherberts, rhubarb custards,
they were all in jars, keeping the small intestine
from spilling its guts on the shop floor, how it used to be,
preserved in sickened hive machine

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