On the Moon and Other Poems

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On the Moon

What would Jello do on the moon as Ralph Waldo¹ says "forget those 12 men's² trash

it only exists in your mind and behold the specter blue earth rise beyond gray hill mounds"

> "you theological freak, see the polar ozone holes, mushroom clouds rise, that's how Nietzsche read you, hilarious Hitler invoked him"

"I do not know those men,

do they role Hermes dice?"³ "They're not gods or men, they're Devo,⁴

corporate clowns with triggers, ballistic websites capping rainforests for profit, stating self-reliance dogma, moon-dust now

as earth-dust will be graviton free" "as I sit above you miss read"

> "you mean, as you pontificate, people die in your name"

¹ Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). Transcendentalist, who wrote "Nature," "The American Scholar," "The Divinity School Address," and "Self-Reliance" among other famous writings.

² Refers to the trash left on the moon of the twelve American Astronauts between 1969-1972.

³ In Emerson's "Experience" he states that, "Some heavenly days must have been intercalated somewhere, like those that Hermes won with dice of the Moon, that Osiris might be born" (255).

⁴ Devo (1976-1984), new wave band who claimed, "We are not men, we are Devo," in order to state that they had evolved to a mechanical humanistic plateau of hybridity.

he wanted to sleep with rwanda

he wanted to sleep with rwanda nuzzle its oozing staphylococcus feel its perpetual drumming

its bleating blood pulsing out onto the hungry savannas like a goat untethered eating away the freshest growth

consuming the tuber nubs as he slept, the goat machete carves gorges for blood feud fuel, in that REM state with rwanda his strychnine sluices through big dada

and daddies hooked on slasher flicks, the desert burns far off though mcproduction proves that cash cows clear cut best for DROCkets rwanda stirs in darkness next to his automat body

of lake water, schistosomiasis permeates bathers' membrane, corpuscle worms boring lava tubes,

surface waves as hijab tassels windward lifted to life in undulating passion hidden deep below the labyrinth of cloth wounds

stirring for breath, rwanda heaves a subcutaneous sigh, kicks the night long and its bloody offspring as the wails rise with the thirsty orb lapping the shoreline of ruddy mix spreads the ibo, tutsi, mao mao, shiite, ojibway and winnebago

thin limping to liberia, a casus belli yams the sweaty hide of rwanda with a mosquito swat, monkeys' bite & kiss from the laboratory of connecticut, sluggish fluid trickles as crimson beads like death-row homemade-tattooed tears, he who slumbers takes

a kick to the shin, an elbow exposes the soft belly that blindly quakes him as knee slam the groin into his cavity with all that smile rwanda has to give, only a newlywed therapy skit would make you take this mate, rwanda? numerous tests show capable

machine-gun hands, a fatal sleep inside the threaded shell of the giraffe hat, hutus decaffeinate the kiva for lac kivu; wakes, stares across the savanna, there's nothing out there but brutality, he hugs rwanda close to his cankers, whispers, "no hippos or crocs"

Manqué USA in noxa esse

Which-a-paw hands deliver the caress

the nose pick or shat wipe

dexterous

in protest

cowed

Selection of choice

morsels

agog

from lovability

masticate slowly

swirl blood to view

legs dangling

a meal of fortune

a movement of necessity

this nonce a reminder rerum

cookies et paintings delved

The length and breadth are yours cradle it, coddle it, *id est te sua*

Such a machine that Lincoln became

from hemorrhage be speckled lilac pillow

trans from Ford's theater into floating arms

tarmaced with big ol' rubber bands

roving seamen & merovum

with presidential credenza

The snorting bush, there's mimesis of humanity

tabulae novae begins with antebellum thumb puppets

buffoonery of my captain clap ton

The banausic interlocution

de megaphone

polices the borders

how many niggles today

felicific beach rapes

peregrines reaved

boofs of purchase

kid starsearch for pedophiles

monica unmasks men

the rapacious who serve as liberators

of mary horse dung house

rummy rants:

Talos jacere Scooby Doo

capping black gold for capitals own good cutting cedar trees for Uruk's own good

off the top of the ropes

Humbaba clotheslines Enkidu

con isotope

Monocular babes wander the crystallized sand ladies and gentlemen, this embedding sponsored by Gilgamesh, the software that excretes blood from the eyes Gil Ga Mesh, the next best net server used by the army's lowest common denominator intelligence

Now back to the mockumentry

"No one has a head bigger than

Buddy Ebsen"