

Steamy Cemetery I Understand You as No One Understands the Dunningest Rudeness

Tim Earley

Whose hearts are also absinthe.

Whose feathers are also absinthe.

Remaining toxins shall be flushed through the spirit of the arteriole
bird.

If you refer to my gift as potlatch again I will enter into your life a
serious feminine remembrancer.

A serious henceforth negation and bury your child-wags under what
mamma called madame mudfoot's misery.

I have drank until I was quite inhuman.

Ant meat is a strange death in this space habitual that we groom
together and achieve a fashion of moist comfort.

I love you conventional hole.

I love you near total collapse.

My brain defiance floss itself with shit-wirez in the hey my girl
swoon of romance boulders.

Outsourced spirit arcing out toward the next available horse tribe.

I tried to attend to majesty.

But then I read Robinson Crusoe.

But then Pappy put out his "pure Vermont" cigarettes on my head.

The Hope Provided By the Dog Hero is Decidedly Posthumous

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Crot iterate plum and stormgloom.

The battlefield looked like a tennis court the tennis court looked like an induction maze the induction maze looked like a barn the barn looked like a field of bones singing in her face isn't universal confluence amazing and versatile.

Enflower the zeft.

I lay my dead peepaw in an assigned groundspace.

I had earlier radiated out.

My video games fund accrued mostly pennies and so then despair.

We walk along together.

I can't even look at you.

The boisterous music of infidels concerns me.

My cogito is fishlike.

My odor leper pepper.

Were I to renounce something it would be my father's gastank, his eyeglasses, his kindly ventures up the hill.

Sacridisal plumbing of operative sorceries.

Torture is a mild interest.

I have latched onto your sexual coordinates with a throat full of wolf molecules and the eyes of a sleepless crooner.

My dermafix wig so janky.

The accumulative material warping.

Rigid casualty of dead crowface now we can finish the movie in peace now light strafes fog to flog to colony to form.

The new furniture bears away all our sixties' loneliness.

Cap-N-Bolt Gun the Easiest Way to Dislodge a Rival from Tree God's Favored Tree Haus on White on the White Fire the Parchment Flares

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Inside the frog

A bulb of pablum

Inside the frog

A greening heaven

Inside the frog

God's a tadpole

Inside the frog

A slick craw

Inside the frog

All the lightning bugs

Inside the frog

A gray little abdomen

Inside my brain

The words are albumen

In the moon a boot boot

A boot boot face

A boot like you

Root root train

Diddy diddy you bastard I'm through

FEY INFINITE HOLLOW HEAD

I get down on a pogostick

I get down on a logosstick

I get down with a frog

We sing paired syllables

Our throats are moats

In the grog

My Mama's hair

Stretched to heaven

My Mama's hair

Stretched to heaven

My Mama dusted out

All the trailer's croop

My Mama she fisted Jesus

A cavalier loping

The River Jordan

Inside my boot your boot

Inside my penis your penis

I beaned a frog with an acorn

To make him mine I beaned a frog

With an acorn to make him mine

I sawed on the bones of the nearly dead

The mud was orange inside my head I sawed on the bones
Of the nearly dead
My Grandpappy came
Back to me in dulcet dreams
He had new lungs, he roared, he flew around
He whittled sticks, he looked upon me with the look
Of a late model Stonewall Jackson
he ate lots of pigs
he said don't listen to those wildies listen
To Good Christian Boys who don't roll smokes
His eyes were full of demon shit
His eyes were full of demon shit
His eyes were full of demon shit
Inside that frog
A Cricket inside that frog the impending death of
The forest round song
Supine I had dreams
I spun in the dark
I burrowed a mole into the hole of my covers, I spun
In the dark in heaven I knew no one, in heaven
The alcoholics pulped their graves out from beneath their legs
They All had tails
it was a soiled place, it was burning

It smelled like an oiled baseball glove burning
it smelled like burning
Satin had cut off the sleeves of his jacket
Satin had cut off the sleeves
Of his jacket, I left my hat like a jacksquawk punk
In the rain of ashes
Inside that frog my future
Series of dimes
bright spoke of machinery
My father betimes drove a truck
he drove outright
Through the hills in the back of his truck
Coital piss ants
teemings of worms
packs of antillic whores
gulags of tiny flowers too infinitesimal to fuck
when I was six my uncle kicked my dog to death
I watch him from the shitty window
my uncler kicked my dog to death
Blood was all over the ground
That was pretty much everything
a little narcotic in his pocket all his red days.