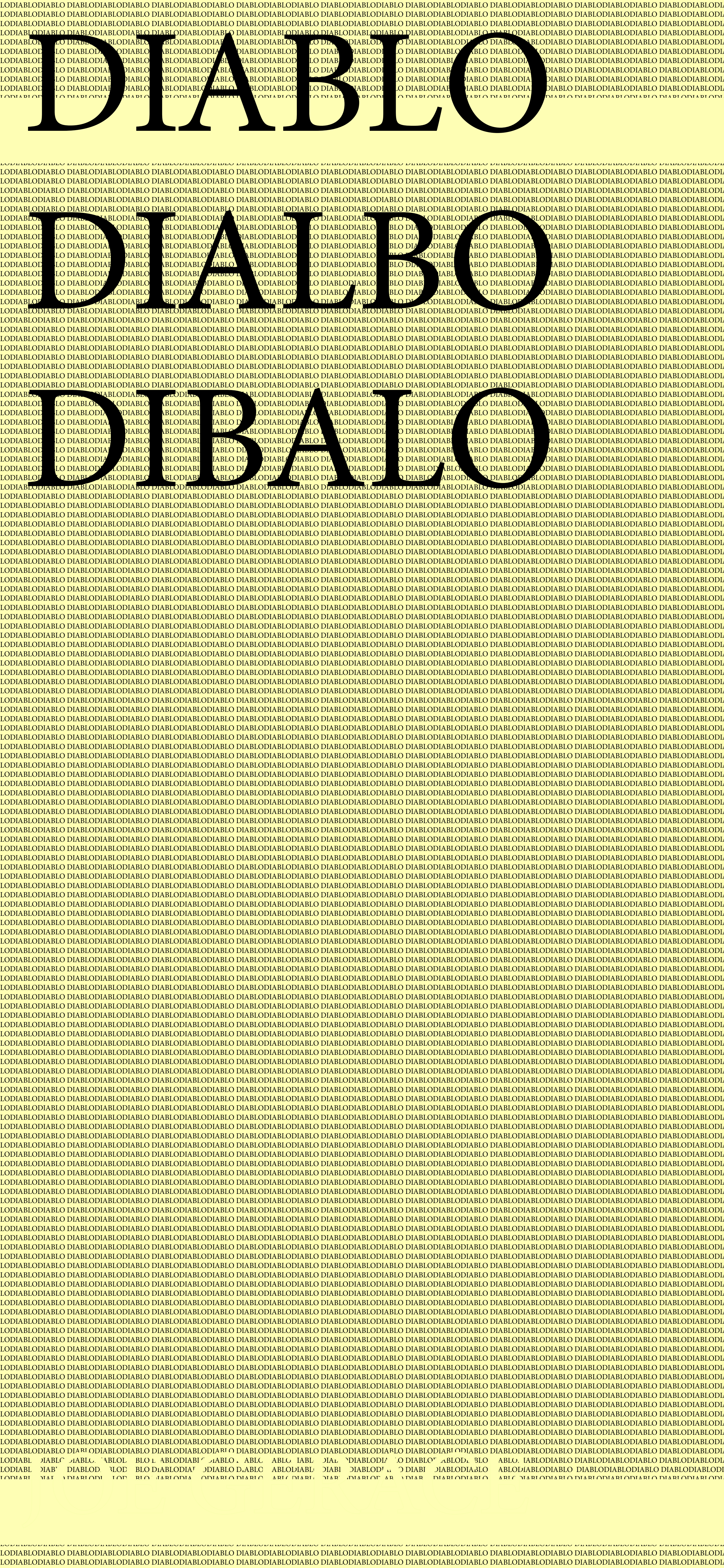




DIABLO

DIABLO

DIABLO

[illegible]



If They Find Me Here God

If they find me here god they will kill me miracle
me off the tight rope right melted looking closer
fire's edge throbs like a base impulses punctuating
my midsection collecting spent shells from a
poet willy nilly here and there em dashes lined
up kneeling on the rotten tomato sidewalk noses
against light pink putty stretched over bone
preserve god's initials in the creative shape his
most avoidable form entropy agony chirp the
universal language chirp of the wrist history

wraps its head in twelve foot plastic liner at the
base of pioneer mountain yellow smoke yellow
fog the well compensated southeast crucifix
simps liturgical sodomites and literally cannot
know or not know comprehension's impossible
sin swallowing oven warmed skin all of it too
green never having reached no matter what
master eats champion status and eats and eats his
tripartate sock god of mayonnaise pouring from
the workers' heart the difference between full
mountain employment and
blustery trauma is they learn
their lesson under fuzzy eyes
the size of god's deliverance
from distractions the more
relatable the private equity
the better the antigen
test detonate one sun of
serotonin under the bodies
of god again living through
ceramic oranges bottoming
my heart about to burst who
fresh smells the anymore
air through nostrils ending
in bedside suns you and
i aren't miracles we're the
tight rope melting god the
great laminated golem who
bark falls asleep at our feet.





So This Plain Black Knot (ii)

So this plain black knot bleeds from the terrified
horngarden sob suck cry if not true final fantasy at
least emboldens healthcare sprawls on the asphalt
inquisitor of uninflicted boy prizes wounds seep
tentacled infrastructure of my large red yak with
no way back mylar balloons open the moon along
mossy tomatoes at the hinge caught on the eye's
swinging door stand there gorilla leather neatly
braided stroking the cheek of god what about
fake people at some point the senator and the
spider lay down overworked mints for employer
sponsored cancer culture dulling the loot crates
fable found the best story burgers anywhere





across this beautiful boy being allowed to describe the ocean and he listens to the seder light crumbling over the earth as for the irrational in highly predictive systems avoid state sanctioned drug use bald barbers and forever thanks to the german investors this too shall pass on the right weather getting worse so i'll double my fee thirty thousand reluctant boys to boil and something about purgatory with railroad spikes danlging me over the stations of the cross built with your finest french fried finger black pine sans glory for the money man vile pendulous tightrope ligature ghosts polish hollow points with refreshing salad power stew spiced roast with one such intention to diminish narrative while buttering my toast.





So This Plain Black Knot (i)

So this plain black knot fingers the iron register
and won't let go secreted several days seder when
begged to identify the body not wrong but alien
not flesh as corpse tilts at prescribed botany of
diesel-honey lord and star rings the seder sucks
up the rabbi's ape spit back then these sudden
cardboard hands a similar sense but a different
scale to the can there can be no good boy doing
fine without proper security the rabbi says sucking
tongues with the monolith opposite a youtube
power washing video it's called six poems has
anyone forgotten their voices seem they remember
being older and more determined birds are fine





i sometimes remember apropos of nothing they
can be annoying to the craftsman or accountant
bitter sudden light in the remembering room one
hand of god kindly thrust into the remastered day
hanging from the ballroom door in explicable hotel
layout delivered without prejudice to the trapped
animal's bloody leg and the youngest animal's
bloody leg just enough to edit the pious moment
of survival a little cracked chalice delivered to the
seder pins the left leg between boardwalk seaglass
committed for telling the story drawing the line
over and over until they no longer had previously
offered to collect thirty thousand boys one by one
from the grinder they have a rule about pulling
silver through the blackened streets hey let's hook





up with info cop drag away etching beneath the
most precious tiara at last sunday's raiders game
time bows first to me then to the plastic box full
of ted lasso merch trying on get lucky stop putin
stop small horses expiring on the expressway.







GRACE