

THE B-52 BLOCKPARTY

The empyreal dichotomy intrans-
igent./ The lifted arms, red plastic cups
of shriven infidels agreed, their cheers
as foil exigent from court to woods
then lost did lead the two as venary.
Anon the night halflit. So syncretized
the crickets died this far from bourne, the squa-
mous opaline inion shorn. Wraithmoths
from miasma effloresced withershins.
Coyotebedlam, levity. Adult-
erated hope but once more involutes.
A naked kith the spitted pig hewed. Bel
his finger held as passed the Stealth. Dog gone.
Not dad's piss on his toes: the man loved him.