

L O C K J A W

‘Hier bin ich, tot, tot, tot.’

I’m going to lock myself up
in a dead man
in his insect
crust where orchids
are nothing to the insect
and might as well be
stapled to the crust
and might as well be
light bulbs empty
glass eggs inert
gas on the hidden
tape recorder oozing
through the system
music for human beings
inside their smells
ugly insane emaciated
cannibals of God
I’m sick of the music
of human beings
their tongues slide
around in their mouths
like swollen pink worms
I’m going to lock myself up
in a dead man
so they can wipe
the sweat off my face
and dust it with wheat
flour face powder
so they can fold
my hands and watch
the bruised
growing fingernails