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Tertium Quid

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“Poetry is a life threatening force” - George Quasha

Ballet of Hyenas

Sowing chaos as modus operandi Only to leave such a craptacular legacy This daily trumped-up ethos scummy with such Sick exclusive deals & outrageous overreach Caught up in Denial's Vortex these vainglorious smirky assholes impregnated with a Fool's payola Yes this could be some real choice philistine wreckage Done up by the hypotenuse of taint & lubed with plenty of jerk oil Damn the scruples & scrap the scrutiny These would be the bellicose echoes of alpha-hypocrites ...

Another empty epoch where despair becomes the collateral damage By flogging the citizenry which has to eat One Big Sad Sandwich Is this called trickle down hypocrisy? Monstrously messy moments of New Improved Fallout smeared with the factually false Events now become disastrous reminders In these days of fray that reboot more futility by Using presidential butter for the post-election lube Crisis itself has now become a by-product of the Klugeocracy & with the sharing of dark money now brought to light Yes the colors of amateur cheaters are fully on display ...

Big As Life & Twice As Ugly

Moments of everyday forensics
Duly entered into reality's ledger

What is enhanced by forward life
When the devil runs interference?

Associates are scattered like dull shards
Where today's future remains unfinished

Hand-me-down days through the rift & roil
Maintaining life in this curriculum of weeds

Larger-than-Life felonies uphold these farcical
Fallen standards of our collective trajectories

Still Standing Nevertheless

My blood was left as evidence
When life became full of hiatus
A continuous run rate of failure
Did not exhaust nor even deter
Any full preservation of longing
Or even desire to taste the dawn

Asymmetric hours were replete with
A moral dearth of comeback heroics
Backed by any strange manner of self
When illness was a only a mask worn
Or a beating heart felt under clear skies

Future gifts of duration became borne
By taking oneself out of the crossfires
Of agitated generations going fully feral
& by quaffing down more longevity juice

Ahead suddenly a fugitive sky appeared
The defiant contours of Identity's terrain
Ground destiny as an inflection process

The Coefficient of Alone

Under evening's inexperienced clouds
He heads out there to walk his shadow

Upside down living in the strange days
Existence thrown up against a destiny

Hours needlessly never annotated
As plenty is connected to the invisible

By realizing one is ephemeral dust
Then the unexpected takes its shape

Solitude helps to erase the unwritten
Via an isolation under agnostic winds

Sometimes by sitting in the open drift
Time gets ruled by existential slippage

Long shadows palpitate in the gloamings
Transcendent gears under this wide night

Discordant Weave

Transparency
Is not a fetish
When there's
So many
Fish to fry
Mostly on days
When a crew of
Nobody
Shows up
Looking ready
But not steady
Defiling themselves
Upon the shifting floors
Of some retail purgatory
Manically consuming
Petrolized nachos
With twitter fritters
While they
Invincibly lurch on
Under the thumbs
Of the invisible
Numb Masters

Lateral Drift

Morning broke, hungry and raw. Night had inadvertently left a less-than-zero severance package. Smitten with reversal, lunch promised to be some kind of real punishment. A high octane precarity loomed large then as the petty crimes of your laughter began to register. When the well began to fail, sure as shootin' there would be hell to pay. The sad haze of disappointment somehow became blown *on* course, only to grow sadder than a wombat's tears. And yet, even Irony refused to die, living on in its fights with the Inconclusive, while thirty years of unevenness continued to trend. It was a time when even identity might be a candidate for disease of the month.

Not Occam

People who speak in
Profligate sentences

Or optimize their
Scarving at soirees

Most likely will never
Grasp the underlying

& conscious meaning that
Would be Occam's Razor

Existential Wear & Tear

Personal air becomes necessary When one stands outside among the living things Registering symptoms of much larger issues All beings get clobbered by time Eventually becoming more brittle than old vellum Or perhaps all becomes rife with silence When consciously *not* defining the hours spent Intrepidly enduring the fray & conversational entropy ...

Time is more than just another convenience Or consciousness just a stream of fragments & Even with all the mangled perceptions, ontological fallout & elastic dread All the shards of bullshit lodged in a desperate flux Like some dystopian life done up in technicolor As some remain enslaved by maintenance of largely futile efforts throughout the curse-laden hours ...

A Ratio of Clamor to Truth

Akin to a book burning inferno As we get a full taste of apocalypse
The torque of lying tongues When found in pieces of statement
Which promote the spewing of mandibular manure Via catapulted
bullshit of imperial hubris In this Stumble Era with raw words
inflicted Such a weighted mess of intentional fray Piled crazy on
crazy Drowning in fresh disorder ...

Through a clashing tableau The deceit of empty folders shows
Openings done with a stumble What gets done with the blade of
futility Sponsored by feral signals with elite symptomatics That
promote an "ideological wasteland" Of pre-fame, post-truth
presidential vomitus The Prez has become a random confusion
generator Grappling with the Fake By now flowcharting the lies It
thereby feels imperative the delusions must be locked up ...

Misspoken Beast

Beware the oily voice of the media huckster
Saturated such as it is with soiled vainglory

“Sure does shoot from the lip doesn’t he?”
A careening narrative of political forensics

With real dumb plans to torch the swamp
While we moan against a gross overstep

Clarity trumped in a mouthing of roiling bluster
An Opaque Empire held by Xenophobic Fools

A deplorable image of deadpan incompetence
A Superior Face full of high hubris & pretension

Heavy meddle promotes the trust exodus
As when the entourage upstages the boss

An insurrection done by massing of the dopes
Seems to be a particularly American disease

The Hydraulics of Error

Classic incompleteness achieved as Time's patina overlays everything, Uncool mistakes tending to spew like a ruptured cyst, Such a big mess going down right now @ Amalgamated Botch, Inc, A status quo full of hurled breach, Nothing but shade in a constant backfill of refried lies, A beggar's banquet of daily moronics, These militarized hearts of highly deluded monsters, These unwatchable clowns with their golden shovels & the typo-riddled tweetstorms littered with the false & frivolous, Mental poverty gloats in a dystopic array, While an idiocy locked down tight throws dollars at a sinking ship ...

Listening is Not an Ideology

What is then lost on the general public
What is defined by acute contradiction
What shows up only on delayed replay

Listen again when the darkness breathes
Able then to grasp its raw surly relevance
As only the questions are inflection points

To be fired for having unacceptable voice
When left with a delaminating interiority
Integrity of the Unsaid remains the thing

Gelatinous Embrace

You didn't see the revenge of the swamp coming
You suited up in your cowardly gelatinous persona

Festered with such an imperial gloat
An imperious gloat of douche glamor

Your privileged frottage done up in the dark mode
You can't hold on because of that hypocritic lube

Grifty times are upon us, as the putrid wafts
Nil success by rain shine & a stench-fascism

The awesome creep before us farcically invokes
A bilge-mouthed moronics of The Bastard Canon

Internal Radio

Anxious signals drive the personal scan
Supplied with sighs to break the silence

Worthy emitters sought for the inner dialog
Auditory hallucination suddenly happens

Digital winds blow in electronic moonshine
Like some nocturnal stroll out in the ozone

Tertiary Buttons

Attempting to decode the harsh episodes
It might be futile, it may be unnecessary
One strives not to end up too stranded
Like an orphan umbrella left on the road

Winter seems not to be the best of times
To be a wet disheveled creature out there
Subjective survival regimen is achieved
If and when one goes wide into the night

Days of outliving the money doesn't matter
If you don't really have any to start out with
Cursing like a tumbleweed when there's zero
Life on the streets as a life-threatening theatre

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