

John Maurer

Deliriant

A worrier worrying about worrisome worries
An obsessor obsessing over obsessive obsessions

A crystal chandelier falls on the stock market floor
With sparkling strip club dandruff

I am just another drug addict
Addicted to drugs that make me forget them

Another monkey with symbols that clang like clunky syntax
With my vest at the cleaners; grandfather's candies
Mother I'm so sorry
Every poem I write freezes over on my palate as afterbirth
Lysergic acid discovered aliens in my un-human personhood
fuck iT

I am a big ball of tepid rubbish
Not a diamond of something law enforcement roughed up
Grave dug eye sockets sink with sand that has its coffee delivered
A teething great white that bites at what is good and dull
And still swallows its pride with a tongue spooned with semen sputtered by whip cream canister

Work Dad work
Work so I can work
And we can both die and say at least our misery was noble in wet-flinted candor
Feathers will turn to dust instead of dusters
And won't be able to collect themselves or my own rancid marrow

Focus on the nasal-burning olives pulled from toothpicks I thought about inserting into my eye
Then you won't see the railroad spike through my sopping pink
The butcher says I slice the meat of my obtrusion too thick
The bile is dripping on the thermal foil
My drool for worst case scenarios makes me a poor criminal
A humanzee with glass teeth fogged by breathy glossing

What is your political stance on analingus?
And how it affects foreign rice economies
Or how grandmother swoons at internet ads of men frenching men
Another dead eyed father's father; a demagogue drunk grabs pussy
we just let him do it
Gorilla faced humans with the human faced gorillas
Muddling about the smuggling of heads
Climbing the rusting vine of fire escapes
Towards inferno superb with grandma getting lost in mountain forest
Man stopped praying
God got on his knees

And was made to read our prophecies about venereal roulette or felonious fellatio
About how elephants have a lot of unachieved sexual potential

About how

I have been drunk more times this week
Than I was sober in my whole childhood
God read the instructions backwards
Left a tongue thumbed bible on the radiator, a sizzling flambé
Gave us the light given off by our sweet smelling, slow burning guts

As far as I can ~~remember remember remember~~ forget
~~remember remember remember~~

What day it is, is only as important as my will to get out of bed

Everyone says I'm proud of you I'm proud of you
You are doing

It
Really do do doing it

I writhe in hunger pains because I hate to fuel the fire
Waterlogged logs leave me still too warm; especially my blood
Too alive for my lifestyle
Nightmarish sweat seeping through the floor
Drips into my tea
onto the coaster
of

My handdrawn 'I VOTED' sticker
Can't explain how my swamp ghillied species
They went bonkers with such reverence
Drowned in thirst and not even refreshingly
Impropriety property monism under slitted sheets saying
I C A N T H E A R Y O U

Because a tangerine said he wants to fuck his daughter
Fruits can't fornicate freely this way
Sticking their rotten apple cores in the hooha's of their swan spawn
Self-arson seems honorable and pleasant in aroma
Eyes coined Greekly and tongue split symbolic of young girl's legs
Head on a fucking spike in the middle of times fucking square
I tell my mother I will go to church and kneel on my way out
If the not-happening happened
The happening always happens; the universe or the great happenstance stills stands

Too much this and that
More this and this and that and that

Flamed by a crack pipe so hot my skin can't comprehend
I make love to a river nymph in a lava flow
Cum so hard that I die

