

Untitled

*I wish I could say I'd be
honored
to be a chicken working
long hours at a factory farm
knowing that one day,
in a miraculous mechanical ascension,
I'd be transformed
into a golden juicy nuggie
crafted in the faithful likeness
of a stegosaurus. To be the
highlight of a child's day.
To be squeezed and savored
between eager teeth.
To be so versatile as to compliment
nearly every sauce under the sun.*

I wish I could say.

Dead Pet Rocks

*You understand life privilegedly
as you deny faults propagated
by your inert rot ruminatings.*

*Gym rat demon accepting the priest's health drink
Chair's red velvet devouring warm jean cakes
Goosebump honks intersecting the stop sign chills
Cold hard stoners communing with dead pet rocks*