

Lifetime of beast mind flash by
Believed to be serving, I hoped
You would understand why I can
Look the monster in the marketplace
Square in the eye, aiming the
Club, jumping back as the monster
Grows claws and fangs as the
Club begins to swing down the
Death blow, and recoils into
Distorted shapes and colors of misshapen
Humanity, I noticed a heavy set
Girl with a bad complexion asked
The devil to provide her with a
Facial creme made from your
Menstration, I see you turn
To blood shot early morning eyes
Stark in the neon reality of our
Truckstop embraces, pelvic hungry
Elastic clunkings together in
Release and alcoholic narcosis.
Mindless pairs of eyes in a cigarette
Machine mirror.

The monster in the marketplace
Constructs fangs in this mirror
Of complacency the vision
Strained beyond sharpness