

CHANT II

STEVE ROBERTS

Screeing of born universe, belt-chrome signifying “what a waste” – sprouting limbs, twenty Athenas of television color test bars, yes, old addresses replete with shadow-pasts, ghosts liberaling around peeking in closets made for limbless shut-ins from the third world – beginning of life on Discovery Channel – “fuck protesters” is built into the façade on Brooklyn wall viewable by train, glass fogs in reaction to moist sponge bodies – game developed, incorrect gravity, character falls in hole of the program – epileptic shutter-speed in unlit haunted house room, sweat in plastic visibility greatly decreased – limbless protesters ask passerby to kick and spit on them, placards gently hung about necks – suction reforms face, rich blood taste from injury in mouth – cold while grass sticks to shuddering mass, eyes cataracted into pointlessness, sound from mouth open to re-adaptation, directors sniveling behind chairs and cameras.

CHANT

Whiskers drip, their shine stings off the sheen, but no face of the beast - in the morning fall was littered all over the sidewalk, orange like nasty sunset, happy because the dying trees mean the walk becomes easier. A shadow inside of grey codes, snot-paint on blacktop, innards taken out instantly and spread like banquets for troubled homeless cats with blood-hair – I'm talking about a website killer who sneaks in through the night-glow – every dream with bare feet where I end up lashed to a tree -- it's time to shiver -- rat inside the meat, small eyes/gut instinct subdued by smothered air and wet darkness. There's a placid place among trees, barricaded by damn cement, meaty hands neutered. Candelabra hangs twisted – now the red cloaks enter from stone passage – unbelievable, the weight of the gold blade on the neck -- the sex of your blonde and white underwear murders sustains you. Necklace bone-shake while descending to antechamber, dim through the lightning. Dial tone echoes into empty hall with wooden floors -- steam mirror wiped clean. Fingers split as a reminder – bones brothing in the black burned cauldron -- villagers unbroken from mind-bond --