

Casey Baron

Jambalaya

They could film loneliness here

A Package

Rob them of their gaze-balls

And bedazzle it red and blue

I work I clean I write

For you.

Hypocrite!

A serious house on serious earth it is,

Your heroes bleed diamond crusted rainbows

Dripping oil too flaccid

Fish mouths push

Raisin Hearts.

Bulbous Black and grey

mine bleed Red Rocks in a still lake sounding Denver

Fake ass Poseidon symbols

said they're called *The Eagles*

Hypocrite!

She could have been Ares

Third world destroyer

She could have matched the fucking tones
of my clothes better.

I wish I still had red embalming

Oxygen

But homie you made

White-Walker perennial All-star

World defying social construct

Experiment of fine whore and travel abroad programs.

Bowels in or bowels out?

Fuck your friendship.