

## TENCTONESE

horrifyingly  
all the achene on your skin blast-out like nails  
A punch-in-the-nose is the hammer  
no  
a punch-in-the-face

look at that  
it's the bed-of-nails  
vomiting forth from your pores

you appear as a strawberry

that's quite a struggle I think  
as i cut myself down-to-size

the size of a small particle of carbon  
and black  
as a scriveners pencil

I am ready to go inside

i gape open an achene  
stretch-it-out in all directions  
like a dynamo-suspended jumping-jack  
and travel without much of a struggle

if god could turn tricks  
happiness

you appear as a strawberry

you look at toddlers  
the animal has drawn a human you think

only head eunoia  
only head good-thinking  
only skull in euphoria

here i go with my composed talk  
made like i made music

i am inside you  
i roll myself into a ball  
and at the speed-of-sound  
chop down the orchard

shades of pink-smear

against denizen flesh

it's the ultra-flesh

inside  
testicle-shaped tendrils snap

the reaction is violent  
like an engaged hollow-point  
french-kissed by a neo-nazi scum-sucker

powerful as fuck  
as a Tenc-tonese

internally  
you bleed an orchard-hue

you appear as a strawberry

upon my exit  
i feel great

i think  
another faceless tragedy

you see  
the real face of the system  
a hand that gives but refuses to grasp  
is but a mirror-maker  
an electric-retard  
convincing us that we all need some sort of  
healing-mask  
asking us  
how do you feel after seeing your illusion

evil come  
evil go

ogres reside inside  
the gall-bladder of a scream-o Clive Owen

i have to go to Sacramento and train to be a stunt-man  
do you want to come along  
or do you just want to exist as my  
smile-warrior

now that you're  
dead of brain  
i suppose i could make you whatever i want

what youthful satanic ecstasy  
what poetic and evocative  
bong-mist