

SHIT ERA

and they were all tied up
the dramatists—
by night
or something equal

and this was about
killing kings
mostly (though twiggy sits

and models halternecks
in a very generous grey

which comes before
that paper dress minimalism
that offended so many
and I suppose that
this is just a fact

era of shit.

and some waiting
to be accused
of fetishizing

and some that
won't deny—
obfuscation

true: I have a handsome
idea of what's going on
but it involves worry lines
and all

and are you guys flirting
with yr runny cat mouths
at this wood table in
those wood chairs—

grinning from both sides
and smiling w/ yr eyes—
every Wednesday at 8pm
it is basically

the same
exact thing

or
should I look away
because I am bored
or am I bored because
I look away from yr
runny cat mouths

empty empty empty

an era of shit.

as time passes / in

passing we get
the 'squeeze'—
 yes, theatrical
so we can all go home
and practice our cadence
the shared one—
yes ma'am
i practice a lot

“i have a train whistle
made of pine
and *sprint like the wind*
when / if I am tired

finally, an aggressive quote
from a hero:

“tyra banks' picture
in an old lingerie
 tree

it was the era of shit.