

DANCE DANCE APOCALYPSE

oh future home foxgloves bob
nod despite heavy heads pull up
tripwires from the garden bed juice
tomatoes into pulp to spread on your skin
for youth or absolution two fat peels
for each eyelid so you can see red
red red nothing burns anymore nothing
scrapes our toes have turned back
into the salamanders we knew they once were
wriggling things pull us mush like huskies
towards the river bed to wet their underbellies
your ghosts have stopped calling your sisters
stopped biting the ivy-burned arm grown tough
with scales oh heaven keeper handsome
hyvee cashier last good cane's chicken
with the fat texas toast like a hymnal:
there must be room for all of us i won't fill out
my name tag with *dystopia* if you won't
dearheart i'll hold your hand i'll lick
your wounds i'll be the emergency contact
that can't get to the phone right now we can pray
for a little sex-peak for a little shake-me-down
for the one good club left and all the sweaty bodies
wringing each other of each wrong and raunchy
of every left-behind agony and we'll sleep so good
after yes we'll sleep so good in that hot
butter-slick most possible night