

**STACY, FAIL TO THE ACE**

Enter a room too soon.

Dragooned to play the loon?  
Loom, and watch the bishops  
in their ivory miters swoon.

This play will end in ruin,  
anyway. No one ever moves  
to act; the cues, scribbled blithely  
by a grimy, blacked-out writer,  
presume a hallucinated troupe,  
carrying a lively tune.

It's enough to make one sick.  
Thin strips, that costume: clothing  
only fit to thicken men  
who've held their urges back.  
This work will leave you loathing.

Yet loathing whom? Look around  
this tomb. See clowns clutching  
pink balloons; newsmen combing  
rocket-sharp hair and shining  
shit-brown shoes; bosses howling  
fevered sermons, slaying  
demons only they could birth, and  
rousing fervor in the doomed.

Ten eparchs take a bath,  
and a single, solitary deacon,  
bouncing in a high chair, laughs.

Crooks in thrall to scandal.  
No one holds a candle.

Break the zoo. Bow and  
scrape. But once these piss-poor  
flocks of chicken-gapes purge  
themselves apart, leave the room.

**TATTOO YOU**

Do you have a plastic back?  
I see a pose is drawn on it.  
Once upon a time, I was graced  
with presents of sunbursts and  
misspelled lilacks; heard tell of dragons.

Also once, I peeled free  
a ground-chuck bandage pad  
by its tape to reveal on a friend  
a fresh rendering of the boys,  
in their Sgt. Pepper gear.

So you see,

the ridiculous often begets  
the ridiculous, yet's mistaken  
for sublime. Then the ink bleeds,  
from age or thrift or burn.

Sunburn. On a part of you that  
once looked like you, but now  
looks like something else completely.

Tell me this, at least; answer sweetly:  
the pose is instructional for anyone  
back there, yes? I hope they get  
a blue-encircled “?” above your  
back's right dimple. Something  
they can tap twice for help.

**YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANSON**

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Dear Judas,

Won't you come out today?  
Everything old is you again.  
Bring me a dire love  
(for I am become Seth,  
destroyer of bros; *oh whoa whoa*).

Beast up the field;  
we're living in a world  
for fools. So jump in the wine;  
rock your mommy—it's fine.

Whatever the fuck the dude  
from Creed is singing. For  
I see a bathroom risin'.  
I hunger for your lunch:  
a lone, lonely dime.

This is the M. This is  
the M, my friend. I'm not  
enough, so don't regret it.  
But yes, I did it Friday.

All along, it's Ollie's arm.  
All along, it's Ollie's arm.  
All along, it's Ollie's arm.

All along, it's Ollie's arm.  
All along, it's Ollie's arm.  
All along, it's Ollie's arm . . .

—*Ball Hard-Gus*  
*Bismarcky, Nor Tacoma*