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Ass sweat on the Altoid skyline

There was a time when I thought
I would make it in this life
Before the nicotine gum
Came in tuna-flavor
And the kombucha came in
Tuna cans that tasted like raw tobacco
And all the sweat
On the Altoid skyline
Wasn't more than
Little white dots

Moose ham night

If you ever feel cornered
By a large moose
In your dreams
Simply buy a ham radio
And spread mustard on it
For better frequency
Because frequently
I find myself yearning
And when I find myself yearning
I wake up in a puddle
In somebody's idea of life
Unconcerned about the fact
That I just had
The best night of my life

Cranium mansion

There's a pickle
Inside cranium mansion
The color of god
It tastes like old Tuesdays
And if you eat it
You will be granted three wishes
But you cannot wish
To exit
Cranium mansion

Potato guns for Molly and Jim

You can buy
Potato guns
For Molly and Jim
And pretend they are
Your niece and your nephew
And not painted rocks
Sitting snuggled in socks
That you bought at
The Dollar Tree

Emergency podcast

The polluted waters feel

Vacant

When you pull away from shore

And record your

Emergency podcast

On your iPhone

About how polluted

The polluted waters are

The quality of sound

I never considered
The quality of sound
Because my ears
Are giant foxholes
Full of soldiers
Too stupid for guns
They were given bass drums
A million bass drums
And their collective sense of rhythm
Is worse than
The soundness
Of their minds

**Writing this poem
on the door of a
bathroom stall after
falling in the toilet
and drowning**

I'm writing this poem
On the door of a bathroom stall
After falling in the toilet
And drowning
It wasn't easy for me to write
Because I was dead

Glue guns

You never hear people saying

“Glue guns

Instead of

Regular guns”

When it comes to the problem

Of gun control

And that is a crying shame

Because we could have a lot more crafts

In this miserable world

Instead of

Youth homicide

Air Jordans for every Michael Jackson

I wanna give
Air Jordans
To every Michael Jackson interpreter
Who has ever lived
Even the dead ones
I would scour the earth
For the graves
Exhume them
And put those sneakers
On their skeleton feet

Nubian truthers

Every nubian truther
Sprouting up these days
Is like the Donald Trump
Of Mehmet Ozs
Screaming an S.O.S.
In a new form of morse code
They learned from the dying
Sprout particle
Of their chimpanzee's
Pet hamster
I wish to shrink them
Cup them in my hands
And sing them
Back to sleep

Diegetic sound

The diegetic sound
In the movie you made
Is worth more to all the people
Than any Rolls Royce
Covered in graffiti
Floating in the massive fountain
Outside my estate
Of which there are
Seventeen
Thank you

Gremlins 3

I wanted to write a poem
Called "Gremlins 3"
That was just a little dot
Alone on the page
But my fingers
Ran out of little dots
To give to the pages
Of my computer

Y

There's a lot of talk
About gender these days
Did you know that the Y—

I'm suddenly reborn
On Easter
Like Jesus
Like a snake eating a clamshell
And spitting out the clam

I am a gender-neutral capybara
On the shores of dissolve
In the digital glitch
Of a young dolphin's jpeg

Drip game on point

A man wearing
A Donald Trump mask
Told me my
Drip game was on point
So I immediately
Wiped my nose
On the man's lapel
Ripped off his cufflinks
And stuffed them in his ears

Things are getting **worse**

I don't think
Things are getting worse
Even though
Things are getting worse

There was a single rose
On the grave of my mother
And the man who left it there
Started doing jumping jacks
In the rain

If you own a horse
And the horse doesn't sleep
In the same bed as you
Then you are dead to me

Wolverine sweatshirt

The wolverine sweatshirt
Was made in a sweatshop
In Central New Jersey
By a gamergate mole
Named Peru
I bought it for 50% off
At the store
Named after a person
Who hated the concept
Of syllables

Rango and me

The movie *Rango*

By Gore Verbinski

Is based on a true story

I know this

Because I went to high school

With the real Rango

And he sounds nothing like

Johnny Depp

Devil island

What's in a name
After you've
Dead-named the sky
Or given it a nickname
Like "juicebox 66"
There's no coming back
From a moment like that
You might as well
Take up residence
On devil island
And never
Speak to the sky again

Why you are the way that you are

If you're worried about
The way you that are
I can only suggest simply not worrying
About the way that you are
And simply focus on the is

There was a humpback whale
Named Jerome
Who refused to do sonar
And he was exiled
From his humpback family
He's now a very successful
Business man
Who farms formica
For the turkey vultures in Maplewood

The turkey vultures in Maplewood

All the turkey vultures
In Maplewood, New Jersey
Are sick of choking
On formica
So they formed a union
With the sole purpose of
Destroying
All the formica
In the world
And when the union boss
Replaced all the formica
With broken glass
They screamed
In unison

A pensive glare

A pensive glare

Like the glow

Of lit-up magnesium thong

Peppered in the billowing masquerade

Of a clown shoe

Called Detroit

When the otherwise

Intrepid penguin

Glossed over

The only pertinent point

In its notebook

The gum napkin

It took me forever to realize
That the gum napkin
Was the name of the napkin
That held all the wadded-up
Discarded gum
Chewed by a tattoo
On the arm
Of a disgraced princess
Who drowned in a beer bottle

A baby deer
Is choking on a bottle cap
As I write this

Chicken fat is the new hate speech

My TED talk

On how chicken fat

Could become the new hate speech

Didn't go over too well

Because all the audience members

Were given free

Hate speech fedoras

When they entered the auditorium

So when all of the chicken fat

I tossed into the crowd

At the big finale

Was called the n-word

I cried

Sally the sherpa

I imagined a basketball
Named Sally the sherpa
Spent her life savings
On a robotic flock
And when they revolted
And she asked the goats for help
They simply dribbled her head
And dunked her soul
In the pools of oil
That the android herd
Had pissed out
All across the land

The swingset

When the wood
Of the swingset rotted
And all the children
Broke their necks
A wood god
Replaced the heads
Of the children
With golf balls
The perfect weight
To be supported
By a broken neck

Twinkling toes

A businessman
Who looked like Donald Trump
Marveled at my twinkling toes
But not because
He had a foot fetish
Because his own toes
Had stopped twinkling
Long ago
When he decided
To become a businessman

The Marvel cinematic universe

Men of the cloth
Were inserted
Into the Marvel cinematic universe
As perplexing extras
In every scene
And when Captain America
Gave birth to twin Godzillas
They came to the forefront
For the baptism

I had a dream
My father liked me
But woke up
In a maze
Designed by a fatherless mongoose

The end

When it ends
You will hear a great explosion
And your ghost will be illuminated
In the flame
Of every
Dollar Tree Jesus candle

When it ends
A duck named Louise
Will infiltrate the zoo
And set free
Every mosquito
Sucking on the blood
Of a taco stand

When it ends
The Honda Civic
That you used to kill
A family of three

Will ascend into the heavens
And become the chariot
For every unborn snail

When it ends
The oceans will turn into mayonnaise
And all the people who loved you
Will cut new rivers into the earth
So that the mayo can run free

When it ends
Patrick Ewing
Will deliver the eulogy
At your funeral
And he will make many
Off-color jokes
At your expense

When it ends
The little box
That held all the notes

That held all the lies
You ever told
Will become a great football star
And win the Heisman Trophy

When it ends
Your parents will finally buy
That condo
Overlooking the sweatshop
Where you were born

When it ends

But it never ends
Because Dr. Oz
Has multiplied
In the bloodstream
Of the collective
Human experience