

The sewers are veins with shit for blood,
and the city only ever inhales.
Trucks fly on fourlane superarteries
delivering loads of Doritos to gaping mouths.
Welcome to the Kingdom of Us:
rotting concrete,
where we could have made anything,
could have been humans on earth
but were too cheap.
Decided we were content with cheap plastic,
metaphysics,
and gutters.
summon the charcoal and chimneys,
summon the gas stoves and microwaves.
we will eat tonight, don't worry about that,
keep shopping.
keep shooting.
And someday, we'll move out to the suburbs, dear.

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my fluid seeks sewers to feed myself, my city, but foundational beams of
rotting streets destroyed my undercarriage,

the highways pulse with commodities

my house rests between skyscrapers

I can look through my windows to my attorney.

his aggression opposes what in a domestic animal, cold open space,
large enough to work with isolation?

the city is the possession, the men in it middlemanaging, cubicles.

You have to consume real estate to be human, distance, square footed,
in which a beloved kitchenette is heaven, for example.

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My sewers, my blood, I felt my city around upon me rumbling down upon
the long high superways,
I felt my mouths crying for Doritos,
And we exhaled into overbrimming cash registers
that can now buy anything,
can only buy us.

Welcome to my house, gridded and grey,
where we could have had a future, we could have been here before,
but we were too cheap.

Give me your kitsch! your scams! your hungry!
Don't worry, inhale, your fiery riots will wait for tomorrow.
we are an island of torment in a sea of white picket topped waved
American Dream.

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The city was there as I was there
flowing inside the shreds of newsprint
soaked in the sludge
of all our industrial and self secretions.
there, my bottom half rubberized, my shirt covered in shit
that steeped down from fifty stories of city.

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our sewers wrap us together
in dreamy abstraction
our faucets rip our outer skin off
every morning,
and pure waterfall flesh
cannot hide behind dirt reality.
Plumbers tie cities together
so that we may roam streets
avoiding the eyes of passersby.
our cities enable solipsistic
self images
masturbatory subcultures:
perfectly accessorized
pictured people.