

Holy are the achieving aces
masked hot potato players
blaming eachother's ugly ties.
learned fashion from an embalmer.
Accounting from a poet, the bard Enron
barded bearded wired wild eyed prophet of eternal profits.
Huge vaults—defined by fivefootfive cloth walls.
The phoenix busts boxoffice records again,
making god into a corporation again,
flying into acid raves and copyrighting ecstasy again.
The pipe organ converts the masses,
the soaring pulpit
whose excuse is to be 25 feet closer to God.
And you build sky-scrapers!

omni are the achieving aces
midwifing the earth with syringes;
drunken ribosomes of wheat
increase yield for subsidies not to sell.

Where are the achieving aces
who leave the work to black spades
covered in tar at the end of the day
from paving the world over
painting darkened poems over cities
through trembling canyons of glass and shit.

Unholy watering: burning bushes of Columbia
men hooded to beasts,
humiliated Christlike Muslims Guantanamoed
praying to Mecca McDonalds, facing Miami.

Holy are the achieving aces,
We love you for our umbilical paycheck
predigested food straight into our starving gut
and ferment to make us vomit and forget.
Forbid us our earthly inheritance,
our dirt and our air.
One day the malls will rise up.

So here we are:
aces, back to back aces, high
first class jets lousy with ties
semenspreckled underwear
unbelievable pleats irradiated
cotton genome shifted shirt
sound lives iPodified
botox foreheads commodified

grey brains starched and wrinkleless.

Trumphant, these transcend, ascend
on the shoulders of degrees
from ivied masturbation chambers
theorizing while being fed
cafeteria silver spoons flying

Grave	Yard	Text	Books	Written	In	Un	See	(K)ing	Ink
Head	Stones	Held	In	Rows	Of	Ideas	Drying	On the	Vine
Held	Parallel	By	Grave	Tenders	Just	Ifying	Us	In	Death
Hoeing	Identical	Death	Seeds	With	Ink	Bleached	Garden	Rakes.	(You)

epitaphs dulled by incessant rubbings
stroking others dying words
to darken the negative space
telling the hive-mind of humanity

nothing
that couldn't be better told
by the highwayworker's spades
the taxidriver's air freshener,
the trucker's crowbar
making a living
a corner of society that belongs to them
real estate in ideas.

And so here I stand
sitting in a classroom stuck in gridlock
pergatoried in acid drizzle
my body rots away from under me
my crotch overgrown with moss.
slippery leather insole
surviving puddle after puddle after endless tunnel.
education is priceless in America,
just like Mastercard.
For everything else, there's your desk job:
tie, watercooler in the breakroom...

Many a good pen died in that fight.
The theater of war:
ink, neon paper,
mostly eye irradiating screens.

the only thing driving us are pure moments of communication
achieved in life being lived in common.
aces flipping over aces in shared agony.