

# Poesy

Contributed by Peyton Burgess

## A Contradictory Catalyst

The visionary is kept up  
all night seeing  
the first Goth put on  
life-support.

Straining shoulders, reaching  
for the power chord, but not  
able to extend fingers  
any straighter, the visionary  
retreats back into sleep  
like a retarded pearl

that can't resist  
peeling off the  
hundred-year-old family  
wine labels

now reprinted, to include  
the new website address,  
where you can order  
for immediate shipment to your  
current home address.

Â  
The visionary reads the  
new article by  
the pot-bellied, desk  
reporter

with reused, wire-news  
details of the day's  
losses, it omits  
rumors of flies fatter than the kids  
they harass.

## ICING AND BUTTER BREADÂ Â Â Â Â

Do you want to eat?

No. I'm gonna take a piss  
and drive as far as I can.  
Show up in some type Northwest town.  
Everything's been a cakewalk,  
Icing and butter bread.

Last time he talked about the headstrong. He got all teary-eyed talking about kikes, niggers, spiks and crackers. Nothing seemed more inappropriate. He left so much out. You should learn to take life less seriously.

I just fucking told you. You got  
the memory of a Sunday  
morning teleprompter. It's a  
fucking cakewalk from here. Icing,  
butter bread.

## Saint Philip's Blue Tongue

Add something. Or people trampling  
over a garden of purple and blue  
pansies, consumptuous,  
or better yet, the best of luck to them.  
But bless your patience  
Saint Philip, sitting on a  
Magnolia limb, feet dangling  
like a toddler on a swing.  
And I, waiting beneath for  
a taste from your melting  
blueberry snow cone, thank you.