

You deserve to be choked around your lying throat and this how it happens, slowly.

by Angela Kubinec

you become an antly queen, wrapped in a state of endless convulsive
reproduction

stitches from an seeping incision peck at your nightshirt, your left
ear compulsively itching

an anvil magnet hurls toward your face, drawn by the force of your
dental metal

curdsandwheycurdsandwheycurdsandwhey stuff your face, your
rush to vomit thwarted by a locked door

a stroke-like Brain Gong summons a huge bubbling soldier cloud
your eyes cannot penetrate, and ruins your complexion

letter strings, bits and vowel sounds, thrashing commas and
consonants, squeeze your hairless neck, nightmare images of which
you deserve to be plagued

 tied securely by my hand for you
 and my joyously adept skill at the keyboard

