

The Queen of the Underground

by Bill Yarrow

Birth is profound, but decay is more profound. Study decay, says the Queen of the Underground.

The sacred body is corrupted and needs to be purged by words, says the Queen of the Underground.

I am the Demon of Release, says the Queen of the Underground.

I am the Mistress of Reveals, says the Queen of the Underground.

I'm currently between religions, says the Queen of the Underground.

I want to see how ugly one can make a poem while still keeping it beautiful, says the Queen of the Underground.

The thirst that can be quenched but not vanquished—that's what **I** hunger for, says the Queen of the Underground.

Today's editor wants his pound of flash, says the Queen of the Underground.

I know a woman who made a necklace of her child's baby teeth, says the Queen of the Underground.

I am a mere icon, says the Queen of the Underground.

There is no such thing as transitive voice, **BUT THERE SHOULD BE**, says the Queen of the Underground.

Apple Loan Neon, says the Queen of the Underground.

Diode Niece Scion, says the Queen of the Underground.

I got a telephone in my pajamas, says the Queen of the Underground.

Hurt my eyes open, says the Queen of the Underground.

Don't be that way, says the Queen of the Underground.

All bending ends in breaking, says the Queen of the Underground.

The kitten is in the mail, says the Queen of the Underground.

Fall on your knees, my ass, says the Queen of the Underground.

The Queen of the Underground says, "The Poetry of Bullshit is Dead!"

