

borrowed titles

a clock work wonderland
naked alice
engulfed in flames.
“oh, beautiful boy,”
she says,
“love is a dog from hell”—

tweak

sickened

howl

choke.

“it’s bigger than hip-hop,”
said the shotgun to the head,
“from a to b and back again
you get so alone at times
like ham on rye—
dry.”

the liar’s club proclaims
“dress your family in corduroy and denim!”
but
the boys of my youth
don’t get too comfortable—
on the road,
kissing in manhattan.

magical thinking
and the invention of solitude;
like a wolf at the table
with barrel fever.

“oh beautiful boy,
love is a dog from hell—”
she says,
“but these are the metaphors we live by.”