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Exogenesis

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Exogenesis

Polka dot accordion player
Waltzing four-four time for imaginary *ubermunch*
In the purple swirling motorcycle
Pit of my mind.
And I guess that's why
You drove the wooden stake through my head:
To stop the dreaming,
Releasing me in an orgiastic shudder
To descend the spiral staircase
Of nine generations of fascism
And bathe with the rest of the cannibals.

No one gets out of here alive
The children are hungry

And this is only the beginning...

--- *Timothy Dwelle*