

shoulder tap from The Top

dearest fallow followers,
the gigantic wee of We
may appear as alien slumlords
in heather gray suits
with fruit-colored neckties,
but we are only better versions of you;
we are actually
your saviors.

give us a kiss, pumpkin-face!
lap the infection
of garbled sub-gospel
from the collagen pumped
lips of the holy roly-poly
static status apparatus
and you'll see.
you'll be set free.

you can do it champ!
slit open your milky
mouth wounds,
re-gullible-ize
your gullible eyes,
and hype the hypnotic
hypodermic worm
that squirms your thoughts
fearword; farweird, forward
via snake-tronic satellites
in melted medicinal spoon-sized
bytes of potion/poison/passion
passivity/piss.

do it now!
take it all, until you soul-gag.
take it deep like the dirty
little world you are!
swallow the delusional deluge:
feel the tickles and pricks
of our imaginary pitchfork tandem.

and, remember little honey-lambs,
thou shalt not question
thy shepherd or piss off thy pimps.
all rights and privileges
are temporary.

show us your softness!
be ye prattle prodded
to flight or fight fright show
scenarios machinegunned
from the mysterious motherboard
techno-tit
draped in retrofit lingerie.

be free!
be collected, be corrected
you naughty goose-fleshed prey
to convenient confusion,
pray to the fear illusions,
buy into the gadget explosion,
expose your underbelly
to the handsome beast tamer
with the Siamese coaxial whip.

you will be assimilated
or annihilated.
there is no new way sweetie.
no higher calling for your kind.

crawl to daddy!
conform to canned wisdom
or confirm your planned deviation.
there is no alternative;
all escape routes have been
jammed by the damnners
and spammers that hammer
the martyr nails home.

we love you hard!
we love you like garden gloves.
deflect the thorns,
keep our hands clean,
sink into the average mean
and wallow the necrotic-patriotic
lies that buy the groceries.

be owned.
be honed.
be liberated.

smile for the camera.
this glorious moneyshot of honesty
will self-destruct
in 5-4-3-2-
love you-bye.

now wipe your face,
and return to the dinner table
like a suitable slag!
wave that pretty flag and sparkler high
or die.

may God Bless you!
but only because we say so.

—R.G. Johnson

A Winter Memory

You were the bright spot on
that lonely hill,
a small, cold figure, lit by
pink lip flower light,

sliding down that snow-covered slope
in my lap.

I listened to your
squeal of delight, white puffs
around your body
that bled into the dusk of that winter.

Your hair used to fly each time,
a burst like peony into my face,
a smooth bird on the windowsill.

Later that day, I would walk in
on our parents fucking,
our mother straddling our father,
and the look of surprise
on their faces at the sight of me
standing in their doorway.

I will never forget the way her breasts
looked,
those smack bags of red flesh,
those big bleeding pistols.

—April Michelle Bratten



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