

Brian Fugett is a member of the slacker, fast food generation that has been branded with an 'X' by that Canadian-born, literary terrorist known as Douglas Coupland. Meanwhile, he sits in his pad all day consuming more oxygen than he's worth. He's been doing it for over 35 years now and has become quite efficient at it. Eating and voiding are the only things he really knows how to do. Between meals and trips to the shitter, he covertly milks 'West Nile Virus' from the tits of pregnant mosquitoes and uses it to butter the toast of local politicians. He is the editor/publisher of Zygote in My Coffee.

Brian will be reading live at the Mothpocalypse, a gathering of multi-lingual vagabonds, writers and poets- communing like it's early spring in the middle of fall and making noise while eating pages of history, mythology, & science- spitting out cobwebs of poetry, prose and patented propaganda. The gathering of the wings will take place @ The Harwood Arts Center on 7th & Mountain in Downtown Albuquerque, New Mexico- Nov. 4th, 2012 5-7pm.

This is the DAMN Poem

-- Brian Fugett

This is the poem procured from the excrement of Oprah Winfrey's book of the month

This is the poem found coursing through the irritable bowels of a Shetland pony

This is the poem hijacked from sweat drenched bar stools & strangled rectal meat

This is the poem gleaned from the pituitary gland of a morbidly obese beautician

This is the poem brimming with intimacy issues & palm sweat

This is the poem full of tube sock ejaculate

This is the poem that tickles your throat like a slow tongue swallow

This is the poem forged from projectile vomit & feminine itch products

This is the poem supplemented with big-breasted sluts in gangbang action

This is the poem that bleeds on the carpet every time you read it upside down

This is the poem wilting in the rusted-out trunk of a '76 Chevy Nova

This is the poem that tastes like a "no money back" guarantee

This is the DAMN poem no one will publish.