

Dylan Krieger

90s nightmare

right now this dank molasses-muddled cherry is nurse
enough

an offering worthy of my holy of holies, no bells left
unjangling

cryo-sci-fi sarcophagi, cyberpunk monolith of stiff tinsel
and spit

i faceplant on the pavement after getting ousted by the
bouncer

how is it that rainbow stuff we're all made of pots its
gold so far

below ground? what do wittgenstein and the dumpster
behind

long john silver's have in common? both contain brazen
snakes

warm martinis drunk from plastic cups—i'll stop to sob
into a

a broken payphone if that's ever my lot—and if it's not
broken yet

we can fix that—here, look at these pictures of my kids
before

i kill them: an evening with the criminal equivalent of
track lighting

if it's already the future and all the VR slaves wear vinyl

the long run will soon slow to a crawl—distorted voices
of

our asshole ancestors, gather round, spell out your
surnames

for the seance stenographer, and i'll repeat into the ether

hear ye, hear ye: we have liftoff, but not at all like you
foresaw

least of all the liftoff

and then you pull a vanishing act like
what this hanging really needs is an apostrophe
a panhandle of bonfires in lockstep with
a jaywalking constellation

macerate my beetle sleeve like
it is worth the tooth holes
mince me into meat far as the naked orb can need
even in this stuck pig costume i cannot unseat my heat

some transfigurations take place in work boots
and a mumu on a tuesday
no one will remember your off-brand toxicosis
stoned for keeps into the microphone

there is no story
i relate to
no heavenly body left

to be made new

date-raping an angel made of beeswax in the coatroom

maybe it's just the altitude but i think i'm turning into

the trash tv screams of my very worst phosphorescent
fear

and there's nothing you can do about it but levitate
electric

asking the strands of manic stratosphere, wtf is your
excuse?

Dylan Krieger is a repository of high hopes from hell in south Louisiana. She collects your lips mid-sentence and sews them to all the other lips of the world. She is the author of *Giving Godhead* (Delete, 2017), *dreamland trash* (Saint Julian, 2018), *no ledge left to love* (Ping Pong Free Press, 2018), and *The Mother Wart* (Vegetarian Alcoholic 2019). Find her at dylankrieger.com.