

Effigy

Jenny Toune

he came with a cauterized gag reflex & no inner wiring
crawled right off a bar stool into the chasm of evangelical vacuity
a punk like that could only homogenise or pulverise.
six wives & two pulitzers later he led the effigy of cock into temptation
trumped hemingway with condemnation
stabbed his woman to avoid confrontation
tied the whole mess around homophobic inclination
& licked words like a gigolo licks pussy:
with the toxic lips of a blowfish.
now i'm ignorant of world affairs
but i know that bullshit can be believed into truth
when you smile on a knife-edge you're cutting your own throat
some executioners don't sing when they work
prisoners of their own hyper-masculinity.
but virility was his absolution, freedom of speech his prayer
somewhere in the wilds of american literature he marked his territory
by pissing on a table leg...
somewhere in the wilds of american literature
he trumped god.