



WHY
DON'T
THEY
SELL
BOO
LIKE
BOURBON?

I want to see amphetamine fire sales

I'd like to see second filling stations
with goofball bibles
and hymns to a hip Holy Ghost of heroin

I must have it so that anyone, anywhere,
could consume off any supermarket shelf,
because crank is right up there with
the cornflakes

Let's make it legal, so nobody ever again
gets to be screwed by agents, or smugglers,
or dealers, or drug cartels, or racketeering cops
or schoolyard pushers

Let's all offer up a prayerwheel: roll this mega-Mandela
into sacrifice: give it to the goddess of sacred scores,
give it to a cabaret canary junkie in South Bay,
give it to my monkey: I don't care what!

I feel sick, stultified: I never was much good at
figuring out the crooked geometry of existence:
atomic bomb bred with a hydrogen baptism:
a losing cataclysm: everybody pushes candy

I just want to be "alone" with Greta Garbo: she's all
dressed up in a dense alternative trance dance
of government bondage surprise: a Freudian lesbian
funeral fantasy of bliss and trick disguise

Michael C. Ford