

AMERICAN AMERICAN

chill, you're on Navajo blanket upholstery, smooth as a winter genocide. suck in the ambience: dual-dead cigarette lighters, skid marks of carpet masquerading as dust, sweet stink of fresh bondo and gasoline. got your brand new snub-nosed M-5 with the graphite grip / got your high-mag Glock under the seat with an MP-6 carbine and a buttload of magazines / got your flash suppressor, tactical lamp, Leupold scope and two more Glocks in the glove box "just in case" / got your tac- sling loaded with fine-grind Alaskan Thunder Fuck and a trash bag full of cotton skivvies / got your black hole sunglasses, hard-scrabble hair and a nose for big government creampuff social justice bullshit / alright: fluttertap the gas, brush two wires together and take on the Great American Road, land of soul-killing Second Amendment infrastructure projects and skies beset with a disturbing pre-industrial blue. now you're ready to inherit the bong-glitter ducktaped bundle of worldclass mahem dying for a little relief / from a woman like you.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry



Gonna Pump This Smoke by John Elkerr
16" x 20"
Lithograph