

PSALMS FOR BABYLON (1-3)

i.

why do we blow in strapped on sideways skyrockets of green night—geeked, numb, wasted mumbling psalm-fragged Tupac's "California Love" thrumming our ears, why always a C4-packed white Opal revved crazy, flying out of a sleepy palm grove outside of Baqubah, only to twist up a red pagoda of hexavalent chromium *tyranny's end, an untamed fire within us?* Listen and your fleshrags will not fall like gray snow in the wind. *Ziyah* (scratch the broken zither).

ii.

why do we rumble strapped shirtless moon-dusted, hung with thousand-pound Tomahawk cluster bomblet solar fuckrays of PBX-135 for bleeding out rooms and prayers and prayers of rooms, why do we blast across lost seabottom Shinar, locked in stinking chem-mopped five thousand scrapwired trucks, drenched in sandbag visions of Adams chasing ripped naked Pamela Anderson Eves in Venusian nightvision greenglow *freedom will come to those who love it?* listen and you will learn the graygrit pumpstations of Rumaylah by heart. *Selah* (*sell all of you*).

iii.

why is it always another AK-packed white Toyota pickup careening across a tomato patch in Tikrit, giving up its super-clarified cauldron of human souls to Betelgeuse, why are we the shirtless bumpgrinding Shadrachs, Meshachs and Abednegos on dusty Bradley hoods as slow-mo whooping Baghdad schoolgirls in blue skirts and white dresses toss fruitloop panties in the air scrawled with *bring it on, bring it on, bring it on?* listen and the face of your daughter's daughter's daughter will not shine with the spawn of pigs. *Ziyah* (*kiss the fluted horn*).



Face of Fear by John Elkerr
3.5" x 4.5"
Ink on paper