



MERRY

HILL

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ZABA TABZEN

“morality is water on the brain,” says Rimbaud.

for Helen
for the women of the Paris Commune
for my friends

to begin , author ity is spirit, semen , CASH.

as sold as a jury urn milkroot of BANK.

i stand at the banks to conduct their Dis appea rance into cruel darkwine thalassa...

i pity yous guys as candidate for death in cyst ing thieves

my inno cence lachrymal & stooped of meat ravishing pearls & yet it revolt s

buried of clay refuse sews organ-moss mybodyisabattleground i have no biz ness here

my nerves swap

with Helen

un-cobwebbing all expanse

as pigs discuss with horses the ever-darkening-thickening hemoglobin staved in iron

Paris has abducted Paris 1871 we refuse judgement. State, hereby, i leave you *some say,*

to turn to run to flow last evenings blue moon wine-bleu you plan come

for fill the kinky grave

with kinky corpse

for fill the kinky corpse

of warm CASH

warm CASH who will die in color in my liv ing bo dy living body:

a communard arrondissement.

true to my name hell i am to ships hell i am to men hell i am to polis hell i am to juridical slaughter
hell is the stamp of my body hell is implication of my force hell i am to paris (fuck him) hell i am to the
executioners of song and life hell i am at the barricade hell i am at the bookbloc hell i am the goddess
eater of mortal men hell i am the earth eater of mortal men hell i am andre leo hell i am louise michel
hell i am the destruction of paris hell i am egypt in uprise all eras hell i am of coercion hell i am femme
hell i am to marriage hell i am of dominae hell i am upon state hellion true to my name

will i end in vibration MERRY HELL with all these *fucking dudes*
sun-devoured clock ing a shard of

HORSE COCK

cause i know the reverie hap pening
mutilates each hand

to only crash through costume lavish sweetbread club officers un union of femme
is my serious task

is my pelvis inhabit cannon, the only cannon

do the richer detonate our telescoped sternum collective drag

no cop can enter periphrasis periphery perineum

of this poem.

and damned if i might judge a course of hell i hear sirens beyond whatever barricades appear or Dis

where arrondissement ends where arrondissement begins

rather, keep me away from justice in oak land

or wherever

i'm talking to you

mayday pay bills elevates to a regime how do i come

not in time not space

or wherever drainpipe of paychecks desertion of fingerless manacles the dead
brood i keep them in my stomach dripping tongues hang out of

born of an egg i stowed away then an eggshell with ribbons it smells

of egg sarcophagus i'll put your dick in a sarcophagus do not FUCK with a women who has seen
threatening letters from the underworld & faced death

they're snapping our bras under arrest here in egypt the Nile retracts then expands again

grim banqueter of your corpse where ancient wound spills slain babes into tyranny

this 'hood red and blue all flashing epileptically continuously is a women's body now we're on
lockdown now they're all watching now

hear those

heli cop tors?

how did i dis embark out of hier archy cesspool whoops of caca police state
i am the hell of women down there harsh & i won't go i won't go without my girlfriends
her of torchblow her of crystal what kind of fuckery is this Achilles and Paris all mail (along with the
rich) leave must
by balloon the only writ i made says
hi i'm still here hello i'm alive there is not much bread then again there never was



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