

DEWEY CHEATEM & HOWE

no such thing as an artist w/o ego , just put the ego to good use
make sure u remember the little ppl , account for their inane suffering
i stroke ur ego , she cries hideous tears
ur just flat soda , no dance on my tastebuds
ur beard my faithful companion , roughness under fingerpads
i hold ur flag , u hoist ur petard
forget the root word , give me the root
mermaid laid bare , razor clams sichuan style
awful chinese takeout , brown sauce so delightful in its awfulness
ur the cutest in ur family , daz like being atlantic city's best casino
crooks & their watches , it's a heist
balaclava & baklava , he has a suitcase that he leaves as he walks away
absolutely diminished , weighed against ur body
time doesn't heal anything , that's another lie they tell u
shifting as u uncross ur legs , fool's gold but i'll still touch it
u come unexpected as a sunburn , on top of a blueberry
o five-pointed star , pretty boy we are the same
there are no stars in hell , i should know—i was there
shit-stain/worm-brain gatekeepers , still overly interested in white happenings
most poetry is "white happenings" , predictable as seasonal allergies
most love poems just fkn terrible , one root canal after another
fruit most fragrant before it spoils , what have u done to my melons