

Michael
Robbins

I went down to Nag Hammadi.
What's your name and who's your daddy.

Hamper's full, the laundry's dry.
These pots might have some jinn inside.

That whale must answer for his crimes.
He ate four trainers and some lions.

Devil horns and nothing else on.
Matthew Murdock, Foggy Nelson.

Foggy notion just crossed my mind.
Trouble ahead, lotion behind.

Get with the program, mandrake root.
Let raven croak and howlet hoot.

A liver, observe, is eating an eagle.
The liver is me, we learn in the sequel.

Sometimes an eagle is just a cigar.
Mock on, mock on, Truffaut, Godard.

A bout of sniffles, something's off.
Turn your head to the side and cough.

Daughters and sons, dollars and cents.
Cat's in the cradle, dog far hence.

About that soufflé, a word if I may.
Roadside abortion, curds and whey.

If it's romance you're after in Phoenix,
just ask a teen girl for a kleenex.

Could you finish up a little faster?
You're old enough to be my sister.

My battle cry is Nevermore.
I give these suckerfish what for.

I ruin them. I'm through with men.
I build the new Jerusalem.

This earth, my sole inheritance,
spits up its precious lubricants.

I kick an empty gas can.
Behold: the next-to-last man.

