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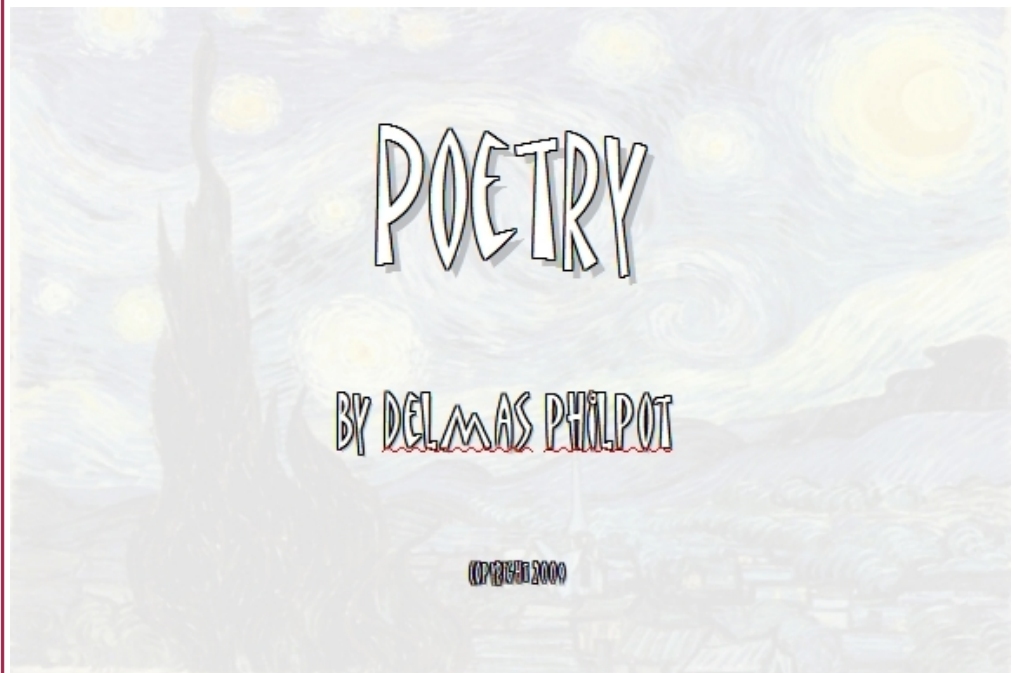
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## Hungry People

*SAMARITANS HOMELESS SHELTER:*

There's a man standing in the corner.  
He has an abrasion on his face.  
He puts his finger in it  
And looks at the puss  
That's left on his finger.  
He thinks about tasting it.  
He pauses  
Looks around to see  
If anyone noticed  
His contemplation of treating himself  
To the appetizer  
Like a five year old  
Who steals his first candy bar  
At the checkout line while  
His mother shops.

He decides to wait his turn.  
They're serving canned beef  
And instant potatoes.

## Not Even by Yourself

*Snake Spit Pub 1996 or was it 1998?:*

The place was dim  
What you could see  
You could only see enough of  
To determine what you were seeing  
Was.

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A cloud of smoke floated above our heads  
Like fog floats over top  
Of a pond in the early summer morning  
Except this wasn't a fucking pond  
Water hole, maybe,  
But no pond in the summer time.

I was sitting in the corner of the bar  
Far away from away as I could  
Get under the circumstances  
From the other anti-socials.  
There is a reason for this.  
I didn't want to be fucking bothered.  
I wanted to drink my beer and my whisky  
And I wanted to listen to that shitty juke box  
That sat against the wall  
Flashing on and off  
Like a turn signal from an 80's model car  
Playing shitty songs that I liked to hear  
Only when I was drinking.  
That's all.  
Never works out that way.  
A person can't go and enjoy himself  
In public  
When he just wants to be by himself  
People will not let that contradiction take place.

The guy who worked the bar  
He had a nickname "Sumbitch"  
Cause he was the meanest sumbitch  
To step foot inside that four cornered  
Asshole infested  
Hell hole.  
You didn't fuck with Sumbitch or he'd beat the holy living hell out of you.  
I didn't want any trouble  
And I sure didn't want to piss off Sumbitch.

I was sitting there drinking on a beer and a whisky  
Listening to the music coming from the juke  
And then I smelled rotten eggs  
Or like it smells when you cook eggs,  
Mixed with some kind of cleaning product  
With a hint of feces.  
I wiggled my nose, "Goddamn, what the... that smell."  
I think to myself.  
I feel a hand grab my shoulder  
Freaks me the fuck out  
I jump like my Grandpa who fought  
In Vietnam jumps when you slam the door too hard.  
My anxiety doesn't stop when I see this  
Cross breed of Ms. Piggy and the vomit spitting chick from the Exorcist  
Staring me dead in the face.  
My heart jumps a couple of beats  
And not because of love at first sight neither  
I instantly want to leave, but I figure I'll be polite.  
Goddamn she was ugly.

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“Buy me a drink,” she said to me.  
I scoot a couple of feet over, “I’m married.” *Yeah, good one, that’ll work*, I thought.  
She scans me over  
Looking at me like my neighbors Doberman when I walk to close to their fence.  
“Don’t see a fucking ring on your finger.” She was pissed.  
I drink my whisky, I’m shaking like an alcoholic, wait a minute... scratch that.  
“I lost it, I’m a mechanic.” I said.

“Fuck you get your hands off me creep,” she smiles and gives me the middle finger.  
She knew what she was doing  
Smiling like my sister did  
When we were kids  
When she lied on me  
So that Dad would beat my ass. Bitch.  
Not shocked but in shock  
I instinctively put my hands into the air like  
The bad guys do in the movies  
When the police have their guns drawn.  
“Hey,” I said. “I didn’t do a fuckin’ thing lady.”  
Sumbitch was looking at me,  
scaring the shit out of me  
knowing he was going to beat me very badly.

He walked over swaying left then right as if the floors where moving up and down with his  
steps.  
He looked like some Barbarian  
Like he’d killed ten men and maybe even raped a few.  
Like he should have a ten foot steel sword strapped to his back,  
One to cut your fucking head off with. Goddamn.  
He was a scary sumbitch.

“Pearl,” he said, after slamming his sledgehammer like hand into the bar. “What the fuck?”  
I was as white as a corpse, and like one I was still and calm.  
“Leave Popeye alone,” he said. “Jus’ leav’em alone.”  
That’s what he called me, “Popeye” because of my lazy eye.  
I got up and left money on the table,  
don’t know how much,  
but I know it was enough.

“Ain’t gotta leave,” Sumbitch said.  
“Go on you big pussy,” the very ugly woman said to me.  
You’d know all about “big pussy” I wanted to say in my defense.  
Cowardly,  
I kept my mouth shut.  
I walked towards the door focused  
On making my exit.  
I could hear Sumbitch  
Cussing the woman  
For running off customers  
She told him she wanted a beer.  
“What’ll you do for one?” he asked her.  
“Fuck you, Motherfucker” the lady said throwing Sumbitch the finger. “I’d rather fuck a goat!”  
She sat down at the bar studying how much she wanted a beer  
Like the old people at the old folks home do  
While watching *Jeopardy*.  
“I’ll suck you off for one”.

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Sumbitch pours the old hag a beer.  
Sumbitch, Sumbitch ain't a picky man, not picky all.  
Goddamn.

I went home afterwards  
Felt good to be there.  
I was safe, unharmed,  
Felt like celebrating.  
Opened my ice box  
It was full of beer  
Hell,  
Don't even know why I left

I drunk every last one.

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## Sinner's Don't Scream in Hell, They Sing

Couldn't stop  
My guts didn't want to stay put  
Not inside me anyways.  
They were escaping  
No longer kept captive  
In my jail cell of a stomach  
They fled.  
It's my fault  
I put them through a lot  
I can't say that I blame them.

There was a smell  
Smelled liked steel after it gets rained on  
After it sits and rusts  
I wasn't afraid  
Didn't care enough to be afraid  
Purple meat kept spewing out of me  
Like a meat grinder  
Spitting out its mashed creations of compacted  
parts  
Dark, thick, and like mucus, the purple blood  
Clumped out of me  
Sticking and stretching off of my lips  
Like it was tied to a bungee cord  
Up and down  
Up and down

Then some relief.... Nope.

Heard a man speaking on the TV  
Said, "Lay down your hands and wave your surrender flag."  
Was a preacher man.  
"Don't make your life so hard, let God take control."  
How can you lay down your hands and wave a flag at the same time?  
Isn't that an obvious contradiction?

I lay in my floor  
It was cold  
Felt good on my face...  
I stared at my TV in an immobile state.

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I couldn't move myself

The preacher kept going  
There were people who sang some songs  
Dressed like the old Star Trek villains  
I didn't like to listen to them sing  
Just didn't sound good to me  
It made elevator music sound good  
"Do people really like that music?" I wondered  
I don't think they can.  
I mean this music made  
Karen and Richard Carpenter  
Sound like Alice Cooper (if you tell anybody I know the actual names of the Carpenters, I'll  
fucking kill you),

I realized something  
That's what hell will be like for me  
The sinner's won't scream  
They'll sing  
It will sound just like that  
They'll sing those songs  
Over and over again

I'm going to start taking vitamins.

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## The King

Big Wheels Diner, Early morning:

His top lip curves up  
Like there is an invisible  
Fish hook in his mouth  
And he is being reeled in.  
He is an old man  
With gray curls of matted hair  
Covering his ears,  
But the top of his head  
Is as bald  
As the early morning  
Waxed floor of the Diner.  
"Want some coffee?" A waitress asks,  
Big red hair going everywhere  
Teeth stained from thousands of cups  
Of coffee,  
And smoked cigarettes.  
"Yeah," the man says  
With a quiver in his voice  
Thick, in a deep south accent.

"Fill me up mama."  
This makes the waitress  
Grin and smile, she fills his cup up.  
"You crack me up," she says.  
He just looks at her

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Through his big square  
Lightly tinted glasses  
Like some Mafioso from the seventies.  
Looks at her like  
“Don’t laugh at “the King”, bitch.”

“The usual?” the waitress shouts out from the cash register  
As a customer pays for their meal.  
“Yeah,” he says. “PB and Banana.”  
He looks up  
From staring at his coffee  
Like he forgot an important detail  
As if it was detrimental  
To the existence of the universe.  
“Don’t forget to toast the bread this time.”

“Don’t Be Cruel” begins playing on the juke.  
The waitress played the song  
You can see her looking  
At the old man  
Out of the corner of her eye  
Laughing, waiting for a reaction.

The old man rocks his head  
Back  
And  
Forth  
At an easy pace.  
He lightly pats his thumb  
On the table  
Missing the beat of the song  
But doing so proudly.  
He looks around  
The Diner  
Every so often  
While the song plays  
And he is very proud of it  
Like it was his own.

The waitress lays the PB and banana sandwich down in front of him.  
She does so with anticipation  
Like she’s waiting for something  
To happen,  
Like a dog waiting for a treat  
After executing a trick they’ve learned.  
“Thank ya,” the old man says.  
“Thank ya very much.”

“No,” the waitress smiles, “thank you.”

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## Mofu

The sky is specked in red  
Like a 15yr old kid’s boiled face  
After a day of mashing

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Casting a glow  
Breaking through the smog black  
Clouds  
Tenting the city  
And its buildings  
Like bad lighting  
On a B-movie set

Loud BOOMS  
Come from the woman  
As she walks

She is very fat, she's gigantic  
She has a smell  
Like sulfur  
as she plants herself  
Into the cement  
Placing herself outside  
Her doorway  
Lined with dead rodents  
And live insects  
Feeding on the decaying carcasses  
She's not hesitant to join them.  
Grabbing the dead by the handful.  
Sucking the bones clean.

Her teeth are stained and cracked  
Like busted rocks  
With gaps and breaks  
Jagging out in all directions  
Food and spit drip from her as she slurps  
Her bad teeth cause her pain  
She tenses her face as she chews up a half a foot long rat.

Beneath her is an island of shit  
Breaded and dry around its outer crust  
It is her base  
Like a statue sits  
On its platform

She's wearing a what used to be white gown  
Now torn and ragged  
Stained  
With yellow under her breast, under her belly crease,  
Below her waist  
From the sweat and urine that flow from her.  
The occasional deep purple blood spots are also visible caused by her bleeding  
And the bleeding of her victims: her babies, the rats, the cats, the dogs.

She's holding a small baby in her arms  
It's the ugliest baby  
Eyes are big and bulging out of its head  
So that it can't close its eyes  
Lips are twisted in the middle down the center  
So that they fold inside its mouth.  
Hands are dry and chapped  
Nails covered in fungus

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So that three of them have popped off its fingers

The large woman belches  
Then she shits on herself  
A crowd of people gather around.  
She looks at them.  
They look at her.

“She’s going to do it!” A man with red hair shaped like a rectangle standing 4 feet high yells.  
You can hear his voice echo down the alley way.  
The fat woman tilts her head back  
And widens her mouth  
You can hear the bones in her jaws popping  
Her mouth extends so that it is at least 2 ft. in diameter.  
She holds the ugly baby up in the air  
Dangling it over her mouth  
Swaying it back and forth  
Trying to build the anticipation up.

THE CROWD: HOORAY! EAT! EAT! EAT!

She drops the baby in her mouth and chomps hard down its center.  
Blood sprays like a rainbow covering  
The crowd and they cheer.  
The big lady starts clapping and laughing  
Sounding like a farm animal  
With every movement there is a snort,  
And a pop, as feces squirts out of her rectum.  
She then swallows the rest of the baby.

She then screams out in pain  
She falls straight back  
Shaking the ground underneath her  
then holds her legs up in a v-shape  
There’s a squishy sound coming from her  
Like when you walk through thick mud  
and your shoes get stuck and unstuck:  
“ploooop, ploooop, pooo.”  
She gives birth  
to a new baby.  
A brand new baby boy.

“Time to draw straws”, the man with 4 ft. tall hair says.  
A group of ten men draw straws.  
A small man wearing wire framed glasses  
And an olive green three piece suit  
picks the shortest.  
“I got this, motherfuckers!” The little man jumps  
Into the air like a toad lunging  
For a long deserved meal

The men are disappointed  
That they did not get the shorter straw.  
The crowd of people leave.

The little man takes his pants off

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And places himself between the fat ladies legs.  
The woman is holding the new ugly baby.  
She places it on top of her head.  
The baby doesn't move, doesn't cry, just sits on top of her head.

The little man finds himself inside the large woman  
She holds folds and large packets of her flesh back with both hands  
So that he can enter.  
The hair on her area is eye level to him.  
He begins.

As he ejaculates.  
The large woman extends her mouth again,  
Bones popping,  
And slowly seals  
His head inside her mouth  
One big chomp  
His head is gone.  
Blood spurts from the headless  
Body like a garden sprinkler  
Squirt, squirt, squirt.

The little man's body falls.  
She shoves him under her body.  
He's hidden.

She grabs the new ugly baby  
Off of her head and holds it  
Rocking it.  
She holds it close to her bosom.  
She lowers one strap of her gown  
And reveals her breast.  
The baby feeds.  
She sings to it.  
Then licks her lips  
As spit drips onto the babies  
Coned head  
Like it was being christened  
To be born again.

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