

sick freaks

This land is perverted,
roads carved out, hills lacerated
Sick freaks with candy houses,
neon lawns, and plastic rocks
Blinded by dashboards,
LEDs, and wood shake
Lungs filled with tire rubber,
neighbor stares, always blank

This land is perverted,
desocialized, bodies rended
Tightrope tar and self religion,
God forbid you walk
Cross the street in anticipation,
confronting gaze of slate
Numb the guilt with biopowder,
fight what you don't sate

This land is perverted,
sickly plants, and crops twisted
Misplaced trees line concrete,
fledgling, cramped rootstalk
Caretakers and stewards,
casualties and forced converts
Moved-in settlers replace them,
pauperize and coerce

This land is perverted,
by sick freaks

Pay to have the trees pruned and never leave the house
Your grass pristine for gray water and dog piss
You don't talk or wave to anyone
Keep the windows closed and draw the curtains

Your Brown landscaper is more real than you'll ever be
Sick freaks, high horses, and white leeches
Your rat dog can't kill the Coyote
whose soul was here long before you made this hill your home