

# Junk Pulse

*by* G.E. Simons

No Pulse

Threaded caps on thinning necks  
Now sipping sups drips spiraling  
Eat breaded meats on knees from decks  
With metallic tangs of a fibred tongue

All Junk

Shredded plasma in faintly veins  
The pugilist has lost his punch resistance  
So I swap the car for boots and trains  
Or sleep in hotels as my blood groups up in sequence

No Redemption

Anvils spill from sheds onto dirt  
The luxury of rentals in an equestrian corner  
We ate at our table, broke bread, drank wine  
She collected the fallen, the spruce and the pines

