

# Alice Can Derail You in 3/ 5ths of a Second

*by* Kyle Hemmings

She connects to you  
via snarling vines  
& worm-woven tunnels.  
Emails are only a distorted  
perspective, the bastard  
child of haunted longhand.

She drops Roman numerals  
in your soup. They float  
to the top, form the date  
of your last accident  
where intersections merged.  
She sells your fake potency pills  
to the stoners  
dealing in blanched alleys.  
Lies under you,  
a travesty of mythic  
women in shakedown  
pose. Bewitched breach  
of hard contract. Blood turning  
to Kohl.

By morning,  
your semen stains  
will fade in acid sunlight.  
She nailed your hands

to tracks of abandoned thigh.  
Rise & shine brightly, Mr. Porter.  
You're just one  
of a thousand  
of her best train wrecks.

