

# You deserve to be choked around your lying throat and this how it happens, slowly.

*by* Angela Kubinec

you become an antly queen, wrapped in a state of endless convulsive  
reproduction

stitches from an seeping incision peck at your nightshirt, your left  
ear compulsively itching

an anvil magnet hurls toward your face, drawn by the force of your  
dental metal

curdsandwheycurdsandwheycurdsandwhey stuff your face, your  
rush to vomit thwarted by a locked door

a stroke-like Brain Gong summons a huge bubbling soldier cloud  
your eyes cannot penetrate, and ruins your complexion

letter strings, bits and vowel sounds, thrashing commas and  
consonants, squeeze your hairless neck, nightmare images of which  
you deserve to be plagued

    tied securely by my hand for you  
    and my joyously adept skill at the keyboard

