

chicken little considers the sky again (a parable for our time)

by Ed Higgins

oh, sure i'm still running around like a heads-up/off/prophet/profit/fit trying to cut off my very own de/(con)instruction and all other sordid a•void•able & available /a-Babel-Trumpish towers of post & toastmodern doom/daze/haze re(altho)guarding our environment in/ex/&/anterior terror too sometimes•always all afrightful with me//henish looking like this diminutive incarnation of Kali only i'm in a bantam suit or else looking all-a-fright in a head&heedless moreorless banshee keen/for/keening shrill before the sky's death knell noi•some or just write-it-off (if you dare) darkest noir over•us•all! or to be exact, that is, of man/woman/chicken too kind-ah-so-dumb. really. so youbetcha any/old/witching/way this omen•amen•ahem•alarm of mine surely assures our sky will will soon be falling trumptumbling twisting howling hellish or gone rumbling under a black-cloud of ig-nor-even-sense of truly veritas, verily.

ok, eerily too or/and, get this, just-adjust-for-just•ice. back fright/fight dust thrown/throw-up into our frail•fray•feckless•fey faces like dark death//aces of ominous, yup, inspades while attending/to/attempting/to down-daft & de/feet/feat nightmare of immense as in tobe•chickenshit•downer over/under/all-around these scaly-scrambling hen's feet of mine too scratchings caw-clawings while carrying/crying/cravening on in my fumble feeble way past every damned/doomed miscreant justice killer(s)! well, we will not be box(ed) up/ended in disheveled feather-ruffled time-for trumped-up or just down/down to our very own apocalyptic downtheriver•plucked•soooofucked. oh no, i persist/(in)sist.

so as usual i'm still running around here/everywhere rear/
guarding this dumbstate of our not making room4doom so trump(et)
that always-ever-you-can.

