

chicken little considers the sky again

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 towers of post &toastmodern doom/daze re(altho)guarding our economy in/ex/&/anterior terror of too sometimes•always all afright with me henish-looking like some diminutive Kali only i'm in a bantam suit looking all-a-fright in a head&heedless moreorless banshee keen/for/keening. shrill before the sky's death knell noi•some or just can't write-it-off darkest noir over•us•all! or to be exact, that is, of man/woman/chicken/child/ everyone. really. so youbetcha any/old/witching/way this omen•amen•ahem of mine assures our sky will will will is falling tumbling twisting howling hellish as in all Kansas gone rumbling under black-cloud vengeance of truly veritas-verily.

ok, eerily also or/and get this: just-adjust-for black fright dust thrown/up in our frail•fray•feckless fey faces like dark death//aces-of-ominous. yup, inspades Dorothy's nightmare of immense downer over/under/all-around. so these scaly-scrambling hen's feet of mine scratching caw-clawings while carrying/crying/ cravening on in my fumble feeble way past every damned/doomed Mcdonalds, Jack-in-the-BoohooedBox, KFSeeeee those damn chicken killers! well, ok we all are box(ed) up/ended in disheveled feather-ruffled time for our very own apocalyptic downtheriver•plucked•soooofucked.

but as usual i'm running around here/everywhere rear/guarding this dumbstate of doom.

