

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

