

# Sleeping Bag Whiskey

*by* Peter Erich

Swigged all the nips from the wild turkey, forgive me obscured  
illusory and share this sleeping bag.

What is big and delicious when everything is silent?

Purpose is a complicated camp friend and complication is  
anxiety for the next telegram.

Is there no way to enjoy the mailman?

Debated like a pea shaped battery placed into a watch opposing  
time. Restless, sweltering bodies with different answers running on  
acids, positives and negatives and passive, syrupy blood and right  
now there is no base drum.

Nips stand on my lips, careless ellipsis big and delicious. And at  
the end of the bottle everything becomes a brass band, the  
train passes, the ragged animal, indelicate, as everything arrives at  
once.

I want static. I want static.

