

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.

