

# Terror Management Theory: The Joy Knee

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I could reach out  
and grab this world  
by the pussy

Not you  
never you  
Mother Earth

I could grab that  
lizard pussy  
that reptilian dick  
that Juicy ID

What is your fear?  
What motivates you  
to be something other  
than what you want to be?  
What do you hide from  
always?

Is there a layer  
under the terror  
of real skin, real human?

What vibration  
beats our hearts?  
Is that particularly funky

brand of electricity  
also our souls?

Hold on to your throat  
You can never  
avoid the cheese  
when crooning  
over a lost heart

Can we fear something  
we cannot see  
taste  
touch  
hear  
or feel?

Is terror electric?

