

Galactic Bow Shock Romance

by William Owen

Somewhere outside of the future I am seeing
Weinberg, the duplicate failed
mimeographed onto the front of ourselves
compromised composite grown from a codependent blastocyte
talking to the boxes on the edge of tomorrow, collectible
crystal lined follicles
harvested at the peak of dissatisfaction
produced in orgiastic frenzy in response
to extinction level libidos

Weinberg's become the other half
of the disappointment imperative
both of us are considered little more
than packing peanuts
surrounding a giggling Fat-Boy
on its way toward destiny
fate gone doppler
discomfiting us
then deafening us
then making our ears bleed
until we take up holy trepanation
one touch was never going to be enough

