

Robert Chrysler & A. Carson

My Shah of Iran Is Secretly A Love Song

VUGG BOOKS

love organized like a chair/that

field punishing striation

to take a particular shining down

the dubs are far too powerful

+

original, natural, local trusts

moving pile of licked meat.

gleaming champagne easy as the

sennets of love extended to pass understanding
crumpling expression freak-outs,

stretching its blistered, rotting gallantry out back,

SCRATCHING

failed foreign policy aftershocks

on the grim/scared of pretens
+(lights out!)

rolling the r and b,

metal discs laughing,

...almost one of them,

bringing none of that dance with you

into the gaping will to

delusion

+ (caught right there, in the feminist taste bessing a fuck)

"LET'S GO BACK TO MY ROOM,"

"I LIKE IT."

(something so special,
baby/leave back to
myself)

calling person I love
over, please that guy on your

pushing distended semen into the coffin's

WATCING,

caught in a contemporary sitcom or something!

scorched commodities

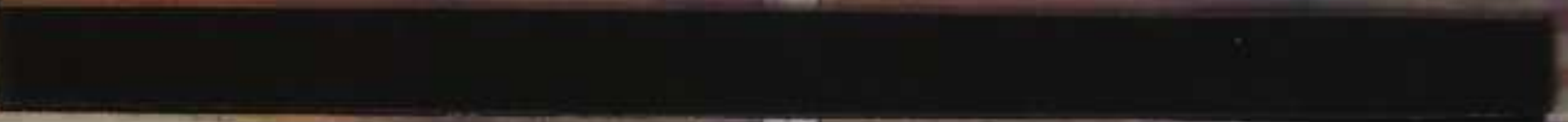
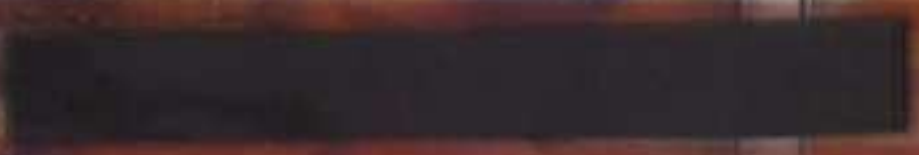
nor the platonic looked in a cave

ask the twilight of desire,

reaching for the same paradise/the field of

SEXUALITY

DNA)





Beautiful all at once, it seemed, ice driving its repulse into the lonely

as kiss luxon to paralyzed dreams that form into windwanes,

LUST CLUMPS,

the weight of emotion

tears out of the night, making a hole,

the heat of air,

Something indistinct dripped from her left ear,

CLUMPS

to her cheek in patches,

could hear his LUST

leaving through whiskered lower

Sizeable heat cinnamon hopped and adapted

from the flashlight screen

running between a threat to anything in the known universe,



as she appears not to notice

that arcs of aqua-light have

formed and intertwined themselves in places

WHERE



DIMINISHING

ribs of breath slice open

bleeding

knuckled architecture.

twirled, riding the stick knowledge

swallows masterful samurai

blues

wasting time every Thursday night,
chiming open strings alternate,

devoted to attacking Christianity

shifting,

searing over the myriad plateaus more boldly,

scrapping, polishing the **gristle**

off bones/vacant and shouting-out

to the

ghoul

lost in your eyes

is working in my mouth
a letter from another to
our desperate radiation arising

total violence everywhere

an eye that ascends to heaven,

conforming to stone, into Being's ribs

wafting thought become as wry,

derailing inner wines audible of flaked decorum.

Pulling purple static towards this

always-now

a city, a void, copying lascivious feelings of

that evolving

more than enough

infinite repetition, our womb backwardly

next to

the last baked day

in every capsule of forming your singular

of the elevated delusion,

alone bending the dry, white skulls

form shining through prophetic walls

that bleed brown,

Face,

in the Service of the labia.

from science to horse/and varies hope

coming that

somewhere in its back pocket

(A little less somewhere licked desire sore)

Melodies fade into your face's anywhere

(And everywhere an e becomes a E)

May

over the fly-house

Crazy over you left in the hangar

(an eastern blue) Your dripping wire ensnares

only Eroy now,



jumping in front of the quickness/

behind obscure equations/Trial that

favourite story like an integral part of

release/Uncounted words destroying every hour



(Wew! If life's point men were truly like thick, juicy ennui)



An eye-less grass licked foul lips/hare with you

on the radio announcing the gap

(Slapped a long time ago needs apparently,

just posing as a melody)

becoming

ILLIBERTS

Like the nothing a couple of days ago

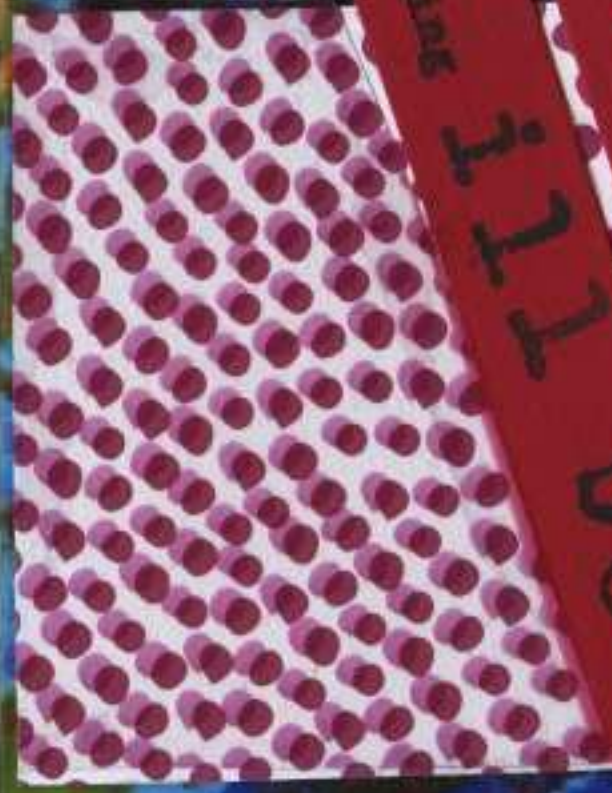
to be great/flaring brown rust named signals

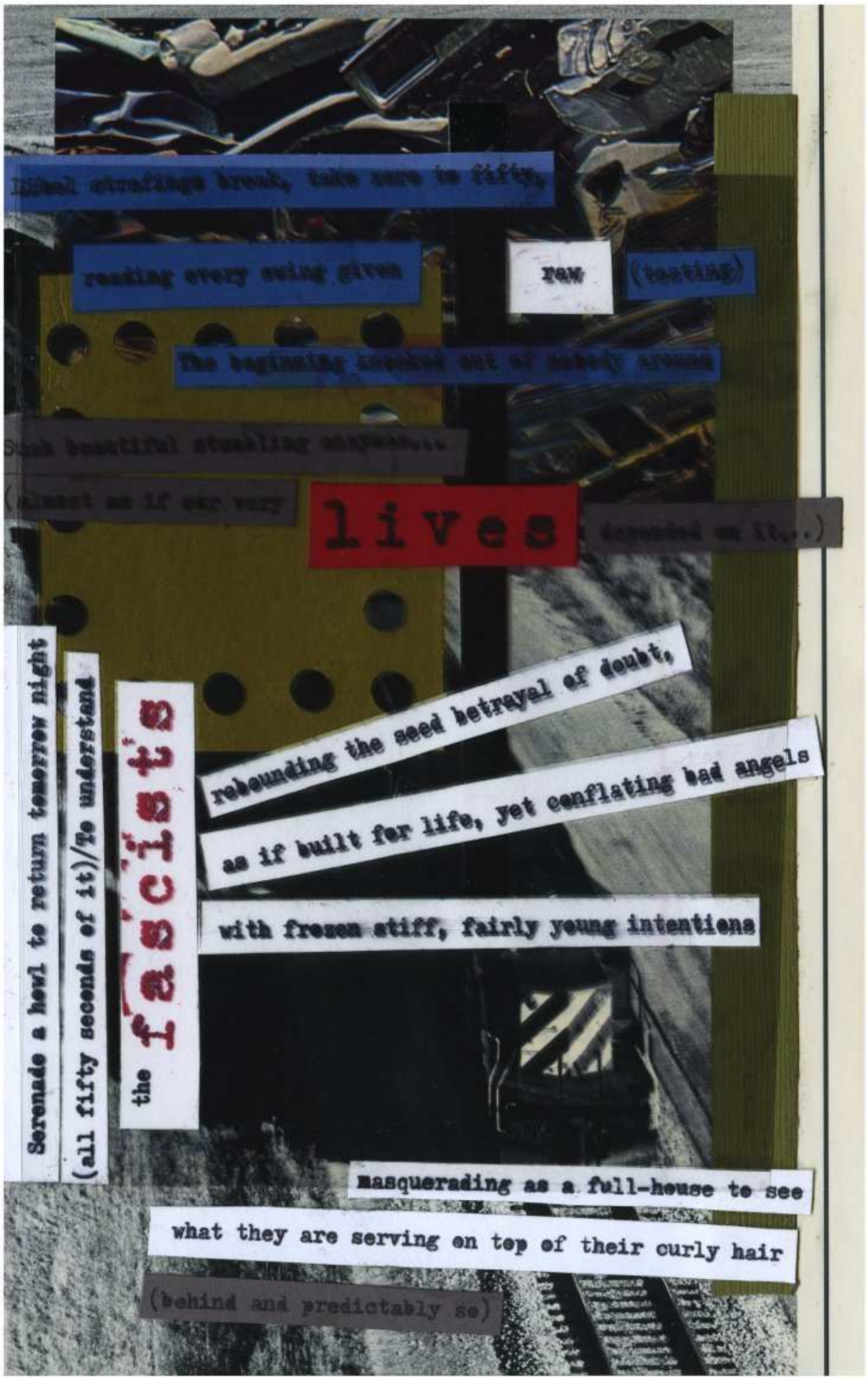
(Looking for all the reasons in the world to avoid fairy hills)

Banked Geography

LIPS

Mark's eyes dangling from distance





lives

reaching every being given

raw

(testing)

The beginning created out of nothing around

to beautiful stumbling anywhere

as if our very

lives

(as if our very)

Serenade a howl to return tomorrow night

(all fifty seconds of it)/To understand

the **fascists**

rebounding the seed betrayal of doubt,

as if built for life, yet conflatting bad angels

with frozen stiff, fairly young intentions

masquerading as a full-house to see

what they are serving on top of their curly hair

(behind and predictably so)

On day two/the revolutionary

flipped over socialism as social democracy,

not nearly belaboured, tipping ever glass

The mystique (the salted away)

And they don't exactly sleep...

because

the

heart

is always bigger

than ideology in these exact moments

when needed most.

Eternally sipping

ceramic juices as multiple nodes of mystery.

Birth. Breath. The pain of letting go,

of knowing that it all steps

HERE,

in the compassion of a golden pocket-trumpet

pounding your soul into

certainty,

soaking

the thermonuclear universe away

once and for all.

(acting like people don't know/for no other reason

than forgetting/discarding epistemologies is all

tremendous fun)



so giggle, fucker ☹

