

Barking Flag

Ahhhhgggg... Whao!

Boom! Ripped off from the blue by military jets, clouds in the sky are so low that the sun seems a rampaging lawnmower!

Is this poetry? American postmodern poetry... Is it, or is it an easy talk? Who knows!...

Growling clouds, barking sun. *Tide is still*. Drafts on the street: Is it an aircraft? Woof! (Burning throats, air saturated with unburned gases: *suffocating wolf!*) Woof! Bark the ICE. *At... root-city!* Atrocity under the sky, *a state of atrocity!* Whimpering wind.

Ahhhhgggg...

Wrecks of dwells: *guttled*, ruined rabbit hutches, *and open-air chicken coops*; whose smoking, charred organs hang like amulets: *humiliated soul*, maternal womb devoured by a cooped drone, *cracked uterus* (coagulated talismans). *Shipwrecked cities*. Notch into the true nightmare. *Get into the nightmare!* THE NIGHT

OF REALITY. Whoosh! Whoosh!...

Ruins of bombed-out apartments!

(Yipping madness!) *(Sobbing sadness...)* Ooh!! Spin-off series of your balls, rabbit hutches and chicken coops. They strip them *off*. (They comic-striped them.) *Off!* (*Off.*) Wolf! Half a howl—half a howl of howling bastards. “Yowl yourself, Mr President!”

Little girls with whimpering mothers; whimpering thoroughfares. Tide is still. Growling clouds and barking sun. Drafts on the street... on street... on the street... *Full streets!* Street...

Ah-ah ah-ah, ah! (Laughing.) Whao!

Bullshitted bastard! *That's crazy!* (*Easy crazy.*) The bastard number one. (*Is this poetry, or just easy conversation?*) Who knows?

When the S&S barks at the end of its supersonic nose. (*And so, and so, and so on.*)

Who knows! His hypertrophied head of a megalomaniacal narcissist encased in a cap with "USA" or a filthy "MAGA" screen printed! *Yowling moon*,

and it's only midday. “*Gnarl, gnarl...*” Cry the stars! (Is it an aircraft?) Sound barrier. Babies with moaning mothers! (Is this... poetry?)

Aborted baby before 32 days on the abdomen via cesarean section... *Is it, really?* Boom! Boom! A cloud, a cloud... Then a belly ripped off from the blue by military jets! (*Or still... Poetry.*) US one's.

Lyrics : Jeff Graig.