

Beast #3

A Poem for John Sinclair

anon.

1969

BEAST # 3

A POEM FOR JOHN SINCLAIR

we are lonely

we will attack you w/ our smallest uttered parts

we will move w/ the mask of darkness w/ simple weapons

& slit the bellies of yr women

we will replace each foetus w/ a phoneme of our loneliness

a barely uttered beast sound that will take root

and grow until yr women's bellies explode w/ bizarre totems

that spring forward to devour you

.

we are desperate

we will attack you w/ our darkness

night fills the vast cavity

behind yr eyes

we are

there behind yr eyes

we are there

ARMED

w/ the huge rats
that inhabit our
neighborhoods
ARMED
w/ cracked bricks
from our
rotting tenements
ARMED
w/ grenades
THIS IS YR WARNING
THIS IS THE INSTANT OF ABRASION
right now the jagged textures of our weapons
caress the sleek walls of yr inner skin
we are there
in the vast cavity behind yr eyes
we are the desperate darkness
WE WILL BLOW YOU TO PIECES FROM THE INSIDES MOTHERFUCKER
yr eyes &retinas &irises &brains &ligaments &stringy tendons
will splatter on the streets in huge bloody masses
they will stand witness to the celebration of our dark holy
(universe)
.
we are a lonely desperate conspiracy
we are united
we shall have our beastly way

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fifth Estate

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