

“What Is The Name Of Your Dead Horse”



CHARGE TO THE SEA / *image by Amalie Flynn*

We start again:

With promises made for silver pass, platinum deferment,
tithing calls go out to the faithful wealthy,
subscribers to the graveyard newsletter.

Minute Men race for lifting choppers.

Laughing to say, “Your war this time,”

Buffalo Soldiers rattle dice on the hangar floor.

Bayonets strike when the Continental Army razes
river villages, hospital ships at the pier.

Raid command reminds, “Steel does not discriminate.”

Camping at desert’s edge, pilgrim rangers
lift prayers to the Judges, purity rings
glistening at rifle bolt and bandolier.

A burial procession pays praise,
follows a lynch knot regiment
through an air raid evening.

The River Sheriff wipes his cock

on a daughter's dress, washes his hands
of a prisoner's dreary clamor.
Bare feet twist in broken glass.
A favored son wobbles his feeble penis,
pees in a hunting field distressed at his trophy.
With bodies in a ditch,
evidence concealed in the weeds,
we have lessons located in news video.
Take a lie, a grifter's spittle,
as the plan to beat a jury to the border.
Cross of Honor raised and burning,
The River Sheriff gestures to his girlfriends—
the weary one and the captive,
passes them a check and a signed bandanna.
The Humvees load under shelling.

In the February shock,
the Millennium March is a charge to the sea,
freed inmates a scarecrow caravan.
Drones departing overhead,
we find vehicles at the shoreline,
water lapping at burning suitcases.