

Watching Paul Mooney Hum Amazing Grace Post-9/11 While Eating Hot Wings From Crown Fried

don't try this at home (by yourself). we're at war & i'm American (again), sleeping at 8 like shit. new, visibly cankered. coy. mythologies locked in before morning coffee (there's an order to this).

a working list of what makes my teeth white? dick. chicken. everything but solitude (it's unbearable—*twelve niggas going to flight school* bad). & repercussion is so certain (but you knew that). peep the joke hiding: i leave him a blues & he leaves me for dead. who knows about being (pathetic yet) functional. you got shoes, i got shoes so i suppose we should be intimate. maybe just moan (at our echoes). it's mostly productive with a punchline involved. (i haven't smirked in weeks.)