

COREY WAKELING

Baal

How is it smashing Baal and his estate didn't return our innocence?
After all, he volunteered to sign his death papers uncoerced.

Soon after, evil sympathies grew among lilac.

Then the bureau got hungrier.

This is the dynasty which emerges, to smash Baal,
Punish him by a glee for smithereens, the dirty scowl
Of Hellenism's self-faith smeared, airborne horror. Well,

Let's agree that we both speak of David Bowies.

When he is under the judgement of platinum angels,

Kendrick Lamar my platform for omen.

We must have a stage for the stages. Otherwise,

It worsened, like ice cream in the sand.

We outed Baal the year after levelling his estate, all of his platforms,

All of his theatres, all of his idols, all of his columns, and we the people

Became the rows. Journalists and outreach were the first to recant.

The self-portraits were necessarily regal, and with no Baals

We were always sober, and sobriety attended our deaths.

Bathed in black, they mourned us dressed in Nile gold

And crowned in laurel. PCs unconfiscated were said to celebrate

Our memory. But, no sign of them, today we speculate.

Nevertheless, we still have our captive amphitheatre.
The audience, we admit, is starting to catch on to the fact
That dust is playing Oedipus and Medea.

They used to say that the holes in antiquity
Sing more like spirits when the westerlies draw in, less like ancestral
Zithers. Proof truth is immanent: listen to that lupine boo
of the whistles that cavities make in hollows.
The austerity of small rooms resembles eye sockets anyhow,
why not just make the company of omniscience.

Vision is diminishing, actually, so who cares.

When I saw Baal drawn out under the stars
And the institutions teeter, sky putrefy, sky turn ethanol,
Dirt became a grid among the collapse of stones.
My bank account engorged. Sphinxes sussurated my names.
I knew his songs would embrace my fee, in the end.
Just look at that dance of no light.

Liquid vinyl lagoon for us all.
Ice cream for dinner.