

Proton Donor

Every day I swallow the acid –
yum yum yumyummy –
fill me up, Buttercup,
with Catholic dinner cruelty.

Rikki Tikki ratatouille,
how does your garden grow?
With water and bees
and plenty of weeds
and drifts of purest snow.

Lysergic, valproic,
sulfuric, hydrochloric,
aqueous and corrosive
magically delicious –
diasporic calculations of caloric,
a neutrino casino epic and historic
(divine bloviation of Christ-less Christian nation).

Nectar of the gods,
a pantheon entire unto itself
with no one to worship, no one to smite.
Now I lay me down to sleep burning bright
in the forests of the night,
my nature red in tooth and claw.
Rest in pieces of eight
(silver and Tonto too),
not in Kansas, Kentucky, or Kuwait
but caged beneath the zoo.

– Jeffery Greb