

## Dukes Up

The Easter egg hunt  
inherently cruel  
religiously obscene  
“I see one.” “Let me get one.”  
tears. like that.  
an epiphenomenological account from like organisms  
teasing @ the homegrown  
in a banged-up locker  
that convince me, at the end of darknesses  
that I want to enjoy being family-kept-spilling  
I never understate  
& demonstrate daily  
the capital shock then “wooded  
& won by wireless”  
weeds I thought more beautiful tilted  
like a panix’ serpent  
calming  
core doubts. it’s been a little rough.  
pancakes at midnight  
pancakes at day  
Medieval reenactors  
dragging  
that one aria  
from Turandot  
around your eye. forever closed  
the tingling of clean, crystal lights  
then laid back down. don’t rot: sayeth Beaker  
the tendered non-capital evening  
a third wave: Starting fresh!