

(S)laughter

The smolder trapped in lint, suddenly sparked fire from the darkness, as inwardly anxious as when They exit in panic, with or without intention, one ruthless tradition of social ruination
for another.

And God laughs like children squee watching a cat chase a spot of light.

They viral increments of horrified insight after a habit of denial when two contradictory truths exist in one place, the scientific proof of global warming vs. the self-serving Republican, nay-saying the way a car free-bases gasoline refined from the bones of doomsday dinosaurs,
like the antidote's unmentioned nod to poison.

And God is bent over double like listening to a Richard Pryor album.

They Anthropocene acceleration towards extinction, like an auto-erotic asphyxiation consumed by instant gratification. An idiot's laughter, as hideously deranged as humanity itself, They buhloone-mind
go pop/pop/pop . . .

Like the imperialist age of 21st century gunshots. They crack high kissing Jesus, as They sought omnipotence, a global-ization, by way of free trade zones and drone strikes. Even before it happened, everything They never believed
could happen,
would happen
—did happen.

And God falls off of his throne, laughing out loud, in hindsight of the punch line. As They fashion a means to an end, the (es)scapegoat, the disavowed killer,
a Lee Harvey Oswald,
manipulated into an air-conditioned trailer,
turned command bunker,
in Nevada. The way Amerikkka auto-erotic asphyxiates herself, avoiding the truth They always knew, but never talked about.

The justifications,
now something feral, like the only way to get people thinking is to let them fill in the silence
left by the void-unanswered prayers
to an absent God.