

The central void of every place
The central edge of every place
The greatest mines
and drones of my generation

The greatest mines of any generation
That I made, of my issuance

Empty as the world's naval
The still-dumb,
stilled, dumb,
bumbling empty point of the turning world.

Meaningless loose/pointless pendulum,
pitiless swinging void in pants,
plum-plumb-bobbing,
wrong and right no times per day,
but grandfathered and de-mothered
in case of fire it lights like a wet, cardboard match.

The central vanishing point of every place
That I made
That drone in pants, that mine in pants, that void in pants,
bare hole nothing

That vacation, miming: mid-month-winter-late-summer:
evacuating every place

That central void of every place
That massive central mass of ballast
of dunnage
of dross

Boombing dumb over every town,
the central void of every place,
the droning drone of
*nearcertainty**nearcertainty**nearcertainty*,
and close only counts in shoe-size, death, and
sugar,
and bad old boys' dumb dirty dicks,
skin stretch over droning empty drums,
evacuated munchkins*,
boombing dumb numb with no sense,
and sense in its most complex sense.

This I made, of my issuance
This greatest drones
This greatest mines I made droned over
Evacuating everywhere

Without shock, or awe, or endurance, or accomplishment,
but with
She Bangs, and whimpers, and a bomb, a drumb, hide and
shell, around the central boombing void of every place.

She Bangs, motherfucker, and you would too,
though there is no there there between your ears,
though there is no there there in your underwears,
entre dulce y azúcar,
onbothsidesonbothsidesonbothsides.

That central, stultified,
Entre dulce y miel,
With near certainty, in pants.

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pitiless swinging void in pants,
plum-plumb-bobbing,
wrong and right no times/day,
but grandfathered and de-mothered
and in case of fire it lights a wet, cardboard, match.

The central vanishing point of every place
That I made
That drone in pants, that mine in pants, that void in
in pants, bare hole nothing

That vacation, miming: mid-month-winter-late-summer:
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the central void of every place,
the droning drone of
*nearcertainty**nearcertainty**nearcertainty*,
and close only counts in shoe-size, death, and
sugar,
and bad old boys' dumb dirty dicks,
skin stretch tight over droning drums,
evacuated munchkins*,
boombing numb with no sense,
and sense in its most complex sense.

This I made, of my issuance
This greatest drones
This greatest mines I made, droned over
Evacuating everywhere

Without shock, or awe, or endurance, or
accomplishment, but with *She Bangs*, and
whimpers, and a bomb, a drumb, hide and shell,
around the central boombing void of every place.

She Bangs, motherfucker, and you would too,
though there is no there between your ears,
though there is no there there in your underwears,
entre dulce y azúcar,
onbothsidesonbothsidesonbothsides.

That central, stultified,
Entre dulce y miel,
With near certainty, in pants.

*We are again delivering a form of freedom, and rather
than in the form of young soldiers, it is in the form of
liquefied natural gas. The central void of every place_*
*We are again delivering a form of freedom, and rather
than in the form of young soldiers, it is in the form of
liquefied natural gas. The central edge of every place_*

Take mine, take everything else, take more,
munchkin
And take the hole world and holed my interest.

Because *We Runs* on fucking shit
A neon urethretic flashing motel vacancy

A dumdummy without the imagination to get
shitty
The central dumb babybaby dumbdumb of
every place

The central theft of every touching touch, robbing cradles
and graves and bleeding hearts and minds
And the central void of every place

The central, outraged matter,
Raging and ragging out every place