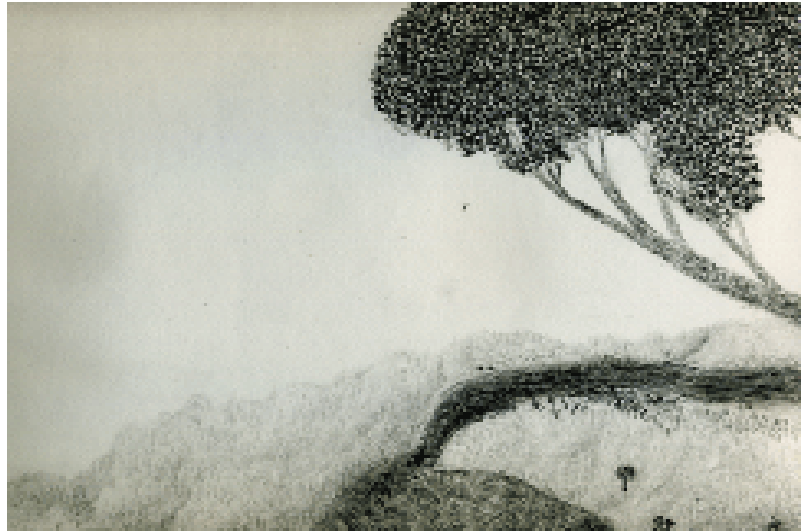


E  
P  
Allan



Beyond  
The  
Splintered  
Walls  
of  
Moon

# Table of Contents

After the year	page 4
into Eternity	page 6
Doorways	page 7
The Anticlimax of Christmas	page 9
The truth is indeed OUT there	page 10
Questioning the Scales of Worth	page 12
This Insane Blue Orb	page 13
The Gardener's Vista	page 14
Peeling	page 15
The Deep	page 17
Then & Now	page 18
After the Almost	page 19
& into Clouds	page 20
Fading	page 22
The Conspiracy	page 24
Walking	page 25
The Etheral Sea	page 27

What Really Happened to Your Childhood Heroes page 28

The Dance of the Dead page 30

One of those unwanted Jobs  
I wasn't Hungry Enough for page 31

About Sam's Ham page 34

Umbrellas page 35

Even Demons Dream page 36

Spring Poems

Awakening page 38

Impatience page 39

Yawping page 40

The Quickening page 41

The Foundation page 42

All poems by EP Allan

Copyrighted 2006

Cover sketch "First Fall" by EP Allan

Copyrighted 2005

Back cover photo "Reflections" by EP Allan

Copyrighted 2006

The contents of this book cannot be copied except in short quotations used for review or academic purposes. This book cannot also be altered in anyway.

After the Year

We stand upon the knifed  
edge of time  
                  365 days  
sprawling behind  
                  all those seemingly  
endless hours playing pixilated  
life games watching the little  
computer people  
                  live repetitive  
monotony so their pay packet can  
equal more  
                  All those hours  
firmly squashed in front of TV  
nipples  
                  pearly buff'n'shine smiles  
& broadcasted horror  
                  parading as nightly news  
All the arguments our little  
egos vomit up about  
toothpaste tubes  
                  waiting an extra  
2 minutes at a traffic light  
& dropping socks at the rim  
of the sleep hungry bed  
                  before leaping  
into the nethers of sleep  
                  eating up the time  
the unrecoverable sluice of moments  
we pretend will continue  
unabated down through a cartoon  
eternity were our tables are forever  
laden with irradiated glow  
in the dark corn  
                  time running  
against our delusions  
of importancies  
                  caterwauling wants  
& desirability  
                  but then there were  
good moments too  
                  the poem freshly  
inked down the twin columned  
page  
                  straightening the potato humped  
stiff back a row of weeded  
parsnips with their dark ragged



into Eternity

Watching the crowds named  
humanity

trundle by  
on shitake brown worsted  
pumps

pushing neon pink  
prams with dead rodentile  
mobiles jingling

over the rigid  
blank gaze only babies  
& corpses can achieve  
carrying navy would be night  
sea blue bags with white  
100% imitation genuine  
plastic handles  
faces calculating the warm  
monetary thrill of formaldehyded  
tobacco & prune juice wake  
up formulas with the after  
burn caffeine drip  
vitamin supplements  
to take up the slack  
& diet celluloid  
stomach stuffer tabs  
no more tummy bulge  
under the bagging  
sun raisined eyes

people on floss'n'shine  
tennis shoes

mortician bombazine  
I'm pretending sorrow black  
business zoots

purposefully strutting  
to New Year Sale Bags stuffed  
with emerald & lilac  
polka-dotted spandex fat  
lady thrills  
rabid battery nose-hair trimmers  
& cheese heart callipygian  
buttocks trainers

people moving  
in and out of the successful  
swish of electric doors  
pushing

jostling  
flapping  
black teeth & blood  
purple gums

into the eternity  
of poem & page

## Doorways

Things come & go through  
doorways

    stray pearly bits  
of afternoon air  
    dust motes thick with  
microscopic alien cities  
scraping up their bacteria  
diverse globes

    spiders scampering  
for warm inside mite ambiences  
wild yeast spores just looking  
for a moist landing strip  
open for colonization

    January stiletto winds  
squeezing past the rattling  
screen's frame

    panting stale dog's breath  
the sexual bits of flowers  
that missed

    eager bullet  
flies with hot celluloid  
wings to trill against  
the irritated night lit  
bulb

    old men in red  
calico shirts with sagging  
buttock pants wafting  
talcum & chewed tobacco juice  
    electric wheel chairs  
with the game board  
joy stick control mounted  
to the indifferent hospital  
grey armrest

    2 year old  
snot noses promenading  
squeaker tennis shoes  
with stop lighted heels  
blinking on & off

    ever bit of life  
unimaginable & so drifting  
through 2 vertical posts  
topped by a lintel

So why is it you  
with your dump truck butt  
lavender hair oil  
& triple chins wagging  
indiscrete semaphores  
about what Charles  
did to Maggie on the pool  
table last night

cannot  
seem to grasp what even  
tom cats with their sly  
loped mouse pad thoughts  
have manage to understand

Doorways are for coming  
& going

## The Anticlimax of Christmas

The season has been peeled  
off the refrigerator's slick milky  
sides leaving cellophane rings of tape  
bejeweled with pulpy white paper  
on which frantic writers once  
scrawled repetitive hallmarkian  
sediments

        fir & balsam trees  
litter each front yard frosted  
by ice snows

        only a few strands  
of tinsel still dangle

        & quaver  
silver peals of light & memory  
from the pitch abandoned night  
embalming silent branches  
& wait for the greasy wet  
lips of trash compactors to scrunch  
brittle needles

        still pungent  
with fairy twinkle lights  
popcorn strings  
& mercurial globes  
of iridescent reflections  
amongst the purple grey rot  
of potato peels

        turkey bones  
& the yeasty fermented  
yams the freezer missed

The lights with their would be  
pine plastic wires rolled into tangled  
clumps meant to untwine in a simple  
string is packed inside the attic  
boxes with their dusty ink  
waiting for the July oven

& the coke a cola santa  
with its 3 feet of plywood  
the back painted a dull matt  
green & with heavy wire hoops  
for the fat tears of blue  
red & yellow bulbs  
looks up from behind  
the heavy stack of boxes  
his obese button nose  
& night pebble eyes  
staring out over a slatted  
minefield of desolation  
his one mittened paw  
forever waving

The truth is indeed  
OUT there

Aliens land at night  
more at home with moonfall  
& the prickling of stars  
than the blinking rays  
of the hydrogen bonding  
sun

to unload their other  
worldly cargo

kazoos

hula-hoops

hard boiled

scrambled egg cookers  
green hair dye  
& microchip thought control  
tooth implant devices

for years they have ignored  
all those ear mushroom  
radio towers we dot  
the planet's underbelly with  
like bad assed acne

& spend indeterminately

long hours lost in debate  
could a species who purchase  
caramel popcorn flavored panties  
pickle toothpaste  
sardines

& tobacco salsa chips  
actually have developed higher  
cognitive functions

But then there are always  
the GI Joes

What Wonderful

Olive Plastic

One can always count on

GI Joe Bazooka

kneeling on his little

stiff hard ball knees

not to forget GI Joe Parachuter

Bayonet Boy

Flame-thrower

Count to 5 Grenade Chucker



## Questioning the Scales of Worth

The electric cut-throat razors  
death invented in one of his  
moments of cracked dawn  
inspiration slice  
the metaphors of reality  
into so many limp  
severed wrists blooming  
sanguine roses in the numb  
tepid bath

    the little ego  
stretched in an inane  
grin from depressed sea  
blue tile walls  
    to brown toothpaste  
caked sinks time washed down  
visionary youth into grizzled  
suicides

    All those frugal  
paycheck stubs eked from dissolution  
to fried spam dinners pretending  
multi-course sparnfrakled feasts  
all those jobs shaving the sleep  
tired stubs off the manic  
daily classrooms facing dead  
sullen minds coyly dawdling  
prepositions of place  
& inverted semicolons  
into dead iron tolling funerary  
hours through the precious  
moments life grudgingly offers  
is this what the promise  
of 9 year old sun days  
crawled into

    or could there  
possibly be something more  
something worth the 5 am  
struggle waiting light to break  
the dark satanic sleeping hills  
into milky sunblue mornings



## The Gardener's Vista

The jade miracle of peavines  
jutting cat eye leaves & octopi  
feelers from their still winter  
dwarfed forms splash green fire  
up from the pale soil

& shiver silence  
in the wind fat angel snow  
flake dance

All life struggles  
against the ice of night  
& wind

Even the spinach  
with its graceless thick leaves  
is spotted yellow

from frost  
& drought

a mute testimony  
to both this would be gardener's  
laziness & the tight perseverance  
of root & seed

Yet every summer's  
sunset end or every spring's  
slow melt rise

does not the vibrant  
foliage of eden with its life  
dappled fruit

its neon scented  
helitropium & its fire engine  
red tongued dianthus  
swell within the mind's  
window

& paint the tiny plot  
with so much ampulance  
even the moon night wings  
of butterflyed desire  
are hushed



suicidal dollars can afford  
in turn coating  
    a manic pink  
which beats the sitter  
with a splintered 4 inch nailed  
stick while lisping in the Arian  
Hollywooded pulp accent  
“You will be happy  
    you Vill be Happy”  
in turn over the stately  
calm of gainfully employed  
blue  
    & as this layer  
is worked loose with scientific  
use of the right thumb nail  
ribs start to emerge  
    metal slats which slowly  
closed together  
    Yet what if  
there is nothing under all  
these years  
    the original  
object rotted away only the shape  
of its one time life held  
together by paint  
    a hollow shell  
with a tiny dried black yolk  
rattling its ghost in the calcium  
tomb interior  
    a coffin  
not a crib for a beak  
that never bit into the quaking  
sunlit sides  
    and what if by this constant  
removal this object will crumble  
into nothing  
    nothing at all  
but I still have to know  
past the hallucination of childhood  
    beyond the splintered walls of moon  
    and out into the dark haunted  
    hills of lives long dead





After the Almost

Death the night cloaked  
bastard missed  
                    the car  
trundled down the morning  
slick asphalt & left me  
still upright  
                    & not some  
inscrutable blot of wet  
bloody bones  
                    & grey snakey  
intestines quavering  
in the indifferent soy inked  
footnotes under blowfish  
chef wanted ads  
                    its all so easy  
waiting for the lightening bolt  
to crackle down rain slick  
clothes  
                    or indeterminate age  
to creep up with hospital pink  
bladder bags  
                    waiting  
pretending there is no time  
in our self important delusions  
to actually manage to enjoy  
the curious morning sun  
the feel of shower water  
rolling steamy tears down  
peppermint or tree oil lathered skin  
the way plastic knobs from  
orange leather massage chairs  
kneads the still sleep stiff  
muscles awake  
                    while midnight  
brewed coffee milked white  
scalds the tongue to life  
no time  
                    to bury your face  
in the warm ebon hair  
the singular smell of life  
mortality & shampoo  
flaming butterflies in the senses  
of desire  
                    no time  
                            only the stopwatch  
seconds slicing down  
point zero

& into Clouds

Out over the verdant rumped  
hills of boyhood memory  
we were walking the thick leafed  
paisley of apple trees reaching  
twig fingers into August sun blue sky  
matted patches of light & shadow  
speckling the crimson globes  
with wind throbbled patterns  
which wrote the Norn's  
intent in undecipherable scrolls  
of sun & death

                    & as you emerged  
in lanky denims with twin  
moon knees

                    the landscape  
furled away into possible  
destinations waiting the stiff  
scrunch of granite gravel & eager  
exploratory boots

                    & I wanted  
to hold you back from the hill's  
steep wind waved ledge burling  
long grass hair tufted  
with rudbeckian topaz  
for there on the horizon's  
silent lip clouds grew  
out from shadow

These were no cumulous  
heat & water invectives  
formed by the scientific formulas  
nature forgets to emulate

These were the clouds  
of thought & death broiling  
with dark electric anger  
sizzling shadowy bolts  
the clouds of selfish propriety  
forgetting sanity

                    & remembering  
only the dark sticky monkey  
desires with which our little egos  
clog our souls to death



## Fading

The old man gazes out from yellow  
chintz curtains which once pretended  
white at the broken husks of summer  
under January skies

  the trees a blank  
slate waiting April's brush  
to paint green life once more  
the still chain looped about  
the old man grey tree trunk  
snakes out into the mushy  
drab grass

  waiting for dog pad's  
which leaped & shook its links  
with blank impatient dog thoughts  
panting for the release not even death  
could purchase

  but the watcher  
does not see the robin  
hopping nimble toed worm muggers  
poking inquisitive beaks  
into the lank soil

  does not see  
the fairy clouds mapping countries  
of impossible intent under the wind's  
relentless push nor even manages to note  
death sitting in the sun cast  
shadow beside studying him  
with two torn holes of night  
no the old man just sits  
in the bright curls of luminance  
staring out at the possibilities  
life once offered with its warm  
avid lips nipping against  
the peak of his nose

  the buttery  
thrill of toast eaten off precarious  
knee perched plates

  the way steam  
leaped up from fire-engine plastic  
thermoses

  a thick Bolivian  
cocoa aroma filling the silent  
snow filled woods

all the failures  
memory & time throw up against  
the arthritic countenance a perfect  
grey hole

& only the remembrance  
of dancing moonshadow  
twirling through sparse firefly  
fields

eating the winter  
sun scrawl blank



## Walking

my shoes tapping  
rubber souled rhythms against  
depressed grey walks

I move  
against landscapes of failure  
past the night windowed house  
with a flaming sweep of black  
twisted grass

& shaggy willow  
leaves rustling escaped faces  
along the itchy peeled paint  
the people which one sweated  
& ate fried fishbrains extraordinaire  
a greasy memory with yellow  
nicotine stains pasting the abandoned  
roach quavering walls

no time to stop  
& call through splintered doorways  
for the papery ghosts with their  
singular drab stories

the relentless  
tide of footfalls pushing me  
on through a kaleidoscope  
of moonless star nights  
with the dry bone tap  
of leather words scratching  
through amber leaves  
or through squishy sandals  
slapping watery smucks in the tom-tom  
rain pounding craters in the over  
flow washed streets

cars sluicing  
silver grey arcs of H<sub>2</sub>O & oily  
carbon slicks

in pedestrian  
drenching missiles  
through the grey  
silence of morning not yet decided  
for sun or rain

the empty playground's  
black bared jungle gym waiting  
for pudgy white fingers  
& shrill screams



## The Ethereal Sea

pink baboon bottom warts  
search the late night  
soft fleshy tissues for rent  
advertises strategically situated  
between trained fleas wanted  
& georgie the chainsaw  
    mass slasher 10% discount  
coupons

    & as I get up  
in the still sleeping room  
night air

    I switch on  
the blinding ceiling bulb  
before frantically searching  
the obituary columns &  
not finding any terminal exit  
events under the list of selfhood  
conclude that my heart  
& brain are still somewhat  
improperly functional  
& sometimes I stop

    the empty  
hole 3 am offers surrounding  
the house with frigid  
dead silence

    to wonder  
if all the real humans  
with their 2.3 children  
9-5 bombastic black spats  
& brief cases stuffed full  
of important meetings  
bubble gum wrappers  
& Groucho plastic nose glasses  
(a gag a minute at corporate  
war conferences)  
ever manage to have any  
pause in their door to door  
certainties

    or is it only me  
plagued with halitosis  
doubt & dreams where  
neon pink hippos don jet skis  
to soar off in the milky  
moonriding ethereal sea



broadcasting with scientific  
stats the measurement  
of your 99 cent dick  
while your paltry twin digit  
income shrives the irrefutable conclusion  
that sardine flavored lipstick  
holds more intrinsic value  
than all the precious bits of life  
you flush down daily corporate  
shit holes

& whenever you go  
to gristle & grease burger emporiums  
think of the Incredible  
Hulk as you wipe his spurting  
oil off your joyless  
sagging lips

## The Dance of the Dead

In the liquid blue salt  
infinity impatient ghosts vie  
through brown rusticle festoons  
for the lifeboats which never were  
while frozen bronze clocks glow  
in untarnished sea bottomed eternities  
preserving the final 2 25 hour  
where time would rush on  
for newspaper clippings  
& romance choked announcers  
but not for the forgotten  
immigrating poor not the faultlessly  
moneyed remembered  
while in the sunless shadowed  
night the band remain playing  
sweet swaying rhythms on the shades  
of their sea shattered pianos  
worm torn basses  
& twisted French horns  
a melodic aria of darting  
fish

    the embrace of silt  
& a last lullaby assuring  
normality  
        against Armageddon's  
requiem played so perfectly  
tears crystallize into the demonic  
inspiration continuance lacks  
& through the once grand corridors  
with teak Arabian arches  
art neuvaeu flourishes  
& gold enamored trimmings  
the sea shades of those long  
drown slip past the wires  
Medusaing through the silent  
rotted hulk

    & into the murky  
dream dark ballroom  
to begin their waltz  
their pale moon feet  
intertwining in 3/4 time  
while their faultless ebon slacks  
crisp parchment shirts  
& laced Paresian skirts  
glide forever white  
in the frozen death deep

One of those unwanted Jobs  
I wasn't Hungry Enough for

Telemarketing abortion rights  
"Hello Ma'am do you believe that you  
have the right to control your body  
What's that Ma'am why am I campaigning  
for this  
Am I getting Paid"

What a life with little red lights  
flashing police signals at key  
words for the Eickmann of telemarketing  
to hover over your booth with his bleached  
SS shirt  
thin hemp-brown tie & miserly  
sausage oiled mustache

How I despised  
his false quavering toothfairy smile  
his greasy cold palms  
& fishscale eyes  
how his voice would flutter  
"We got another 500 smackaroo donation"  
whenever another miserable  
credit card slave typed in any  
numeral with more than 2 zeros  
"Come on we can do better  
you just gotta keep the dollars humming  
through the wires like horny bees  
salivating for the honey like little  
ol' Queen Ruthy here"

& everyone not too secretly knew  
it was not a compliment to the golden  
voice but a threat if all of us  
other grey leather seat warmers  
did not start flapping our purple  
carried gums to some monetary  
success it would be the pink slip  
of equal-opportunity unemployment  
& his sagging Arian jowls would  
droop in obsquesious morosity  
"We have no choice but to terminate  
your continuance  
& yes I am sorry

about your late car payments  
your 3.37 children & your 26% interest  
mortgage but maybe you'll have better  
luck selling blood-rusted razor blades"

& now this middle-aged cow  
with her pampered housewife hacksaw  
voice

triple pig chins  
& limp dicked lacklustered  
but monetary provisional husband  
asking those atomic buzz words  
Are You Getting Paid as if I  
with my boiled potato diet  
was raking in so many greenbacks  
that I sumo-waddled to the bank  
"Well Ma'am I was at least  
hoping to last long enough to reach  
rent this month but I would rather  
clean sewers with a straw  
Have a Nice day"

Mr. Arian's testronless penciled  
eyebrows sizzled into his salad  
bowl (one size fits any cranium) do  
"How DARE you speak to our  
Valued clientele like that"

As pinkslips  
popped up Vegas slot winners in each  
pin-hole eye

Jack-in-the-boxing  
off the screaling leather chair  
I become Mr. Fee Fie Foe Fum  
as I say those giant words  
"I quit"

He produces quick as prune-juice  
slicked lightening 5 sheets  
directly from some unspellable Polish  
backwater

"Could you fill out  
these forms in triplicate"

"You don't get it  
I don't have to  
fill out one God Damn thing

I QUIT”

“But I have to see that everyone  
fills these out otherwise I don't  
Get Paid”

“Well isn't that just too fucking bad”  
I jerk the door open and as I walk  
out he follows paper flags waving  
but I cannot hear his caged whiny  
voice for the orange globe of the sun  
is settling down over the silent rooftops  
with such freedom in its inescapable  
daily routine that the entire world is mute

## About Sam's Ham

(Based on a news release on the BBC)

Do green fluorescent Taiwanese  
pigs dream of jelly fish algae kissed  
seas their gelatinous membranes pulsing  
jets of liquid blue in the sun  
rippled fathomless aqua globe  
their ultraviolet lamp lit  
snouts hunkering down in porcine  
rem wet hunts not for gourmand  
truffle treats

but for the salty  
krill's thrill

while scientists  
with nerd rimmed black specs  
nicotine yellowed lab coats  
& precision snap padded  
charts with columns of numbers  
totaling down point zero  
congratulate themselves on the perfect  
irradiant pig

& dream not  
of sweet & sour sauces deluxe  
nor of MaPo tofu curds  
with the scorching chili  
& Sichuan pepper corn burn  
the avocado meat ground between  
tea fetid molars  
but of the dissection room  
green pig blood squealing  
down the stainless steel table  
the diffibruating heart shaved  
into microscopic thin slices  
green pig veins ripped from quavering  
genetically mapped tissues  
the tongue pulled out by surgical  
clamps with Barbie pink rubber ends  
the doctoral precise scalpel  
zigzagging down its green  
salavied end

the skull plate  
sawed open green while electrified  
wires sizzle bits of emerald  
brain into viridescent splatters  
reported in mass spin programs  
as scientific break throughs  
100% proving that even jelly fished  
DNA laced porkers cry for mamma  
as the reaper hacks





his beard  
in a roiling backdraft  
“The trick is” Mr Napalm smiles  
his teeth a marbled flame  
“is to know just how far you can go  
before the gun sucks you back  
to hell”

even as the jellified  
remains combust in patriotic  
death agony but there is no reason  
to worry

this is just a movie right  
where the freshly hamburgered pull themselves  
back together for take 25 tea  
this could not possible be real  
there is no way a flashy dollared  
American operative could be  
a 15 foot smear of blood wet  
intestines with little white flecks  
of beet juiced lard screaming  
into the terminal abyss  
right

Meanwhile Mr Napalm continues  
to jellify his opponent into an oily  
sizzle the orange flames twisting  
black smoke from out his sigh  
even as he dreams of circuses  
& tiptoeing down the trapeze wire  
the whole globe spinning blue  
below the dazzled gaped crowd

## Awakening

After the smucking rains have ended  
the sun ensconces the slate  
empty sky

seed swelling hot  
& the promise of spring is in  
the jade fingertips of tulips pushing  
fat leaf edges up from the sandy  
loam next to the sudden  
onrushing spinach  
& the emerald termeloid  
pea vine's push to spread  
tendrils skyward

purple & white swab  
blooms

& encase green armies  
in gravity & wind waved pods  
Has the grasp of December  
with its ice long night thoughts  
its perpetuating doubt clogging  
the sun longing soul with suicidal  
draino swilling thoughts  
the chilling snow's breath  
clinging frost

& fairy leafed  
cloud windows sealed against  
stiletto winds

finally ended  
can the itchy knit sweaters  
& navy dark night blue cotton  
long johns

& yellowed t-shirts  
that once remembered white  
be folded away into sweltering  
dusted summer drawers  
& the cyclic hope  
of apple blossoms once again  
fill the dark chattering mind  
with their subtle bride white  
fragrance & teasing the winter stiff  
senses into spring

## Impatience

Old winter's dark moon  
breath is the last to release  
its tenacious squeeze  
over the sleeping tundra's  
permafrost heart  
& just as spring is assumed  
a settled fact of scientific  
exactitude

incubal ice  
returns night sucking the life  
blood from all those would be  
pink & sly white lace blooms  
nipping the impatient heart's  
April with its stately  
adagio of tulips  
& columbines  
& afternoon meanderings  
down damp dew dark  
bracken paths  
electrified green tree shoots  
unfolding neon sticky leaves  
in triumphal arches  
swaying in the mute sun's  
awakening

but no another  
day of itchy despairing  
sweaters spent shivering  
inside heavy blue coats  
the frozen scrape of tomb  
leather boots vying down  
frigid cement walks  
& grey dead cityscapes  
lacking even the slightest  
mitigation of crocuses



## The Quickening

As the earth wakes  
the days tumble into spring  
the pulse of March  
with its kid squeaker shoes  
white patent leather cowgirl  
boots squeezed over fat marbled  
shins bowed outwards  
perfect polished business blacks  
& soggy brown tennis with pink  
floral laces

                    takes its first  
welcoming steps into  
the sandaled summer  
how the bicycle girls  
with their long black hair  
& Scottish plaid skirts  
look fine in the afternoon  
glow

                    peddling to boyfriends  
jobs  
                    & late fish lunches  
while overhead the trees  
swell new leaf green  
& the marble clouds  
tumble cotton worlds  
in the wind tossed sky sea  
& jackets

                    & goosedown coats  
are slowly folded into plastic  
vacuum closets

                    & now the bees begin  
dreaming the honey flower  
& take their first

                    heavy flight  
wobbling  
                    into the infinite blue  
& the plums begin their seasonal  
waltz in Fb minor  
& it's spring  
waking  
day  
under the arms  
of the old winter moon

## The Foundation

Pale bricks  
                  the exact color of failed  
cement  
                  with cracks lightening  
gaped zags down the foundation  
while the thick vanilla frosting  
of mortar has oozed  
                                  from between  
their uneven stackings

“Ooh” it is such an embarrassment”  
you coo

                  “for people to see  
our house is standing on such  
a precarious base

                                  Quick  
shore it up  
                  just don’t stand there  
flabby gums wavering”  
& hand me bag after oil  
black garbage bag  
for me to pack squelching  
scrunch noise inward  
as if I were some manic  
dentist filling the house’s  
carried molar

                                  Still it seems  
to be working though now  
our foundation has become  
sizzled with cubist  
ink lines

                  Your smile is tethered  
between two dimples  
                                  as your black  
butterfly eyebrows flutter  
“That’s so perfect  
now we can always gaze  
out on a landscape of yellow  
daubed tulips  
                                  & never have to worry  
about the march of time raking  
bald ass leaves  
                                  down our walk”

E  
P  
Allan



Beyond  
The  
Splintered  
Walls  
of  
Moon