

PETER BURZYNSKI  
**Ruptured Duck**

There is no consensus  
amongst the senses.  
They become their own

censors. Observe,  
then canonize, corrupt  
the national dialogue.

I'm all sixes and sevens,  
love. A bushel of tongue.  
Trust me. It's going to be

an edict, an eviction, or  
an erection. I understand  
it's fun to fail. Sunsets

run wild for fear  
of their young. Let's go  
out diagonally. Clothes

are optional. May your  
marrow be merry, may  
you die buttons undone.

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