American Emesis

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Praise me! I am your Saint!
Partake in my flesh,
Drink of my blood!
Yet the flesh, is Dirty!
So reject my unclean wine.
Down your Molotov cocktails!
Swallow your Tide Pods!

Fuck me like you love me!
Throw me in your closet,
Dirty and used.
Your mother would be ashamed!

I am not who kills your children.
Children kill children,
with guns and pills,
with cars and booze.

So, give them to the pastor,
who puts his "God" inside them,
or give them to the military,
who gives them guns and septic wounds.

Sink your teeth
into pollution and plastic!
Does genocide taste better than DEI
when served on slave-labor silver platters?

Kiss your saint of emesis!
The bitter draught
that falls twice upon your tongue.
bitter to start,
burning in its parting.
Pick me from your teeth!
I ruined your carpet.

Eat all you want!
This will never sate your hunger!
Avert your eyes!
Enjoy your colonialist hotdog!
Maybe its rotten meat
will taste better with ignorance!