

In the Engine Room with Bettie & Andrea

running free
running millions of miles
running naked
running wild
running with a hamburger
 under each breast
running to hear de Sade at the Bastille
running to make America
 think twice

in the event of a celebration
in the event of government surveillance
in the event of financial collapse
in the event of airplanes crashing
 the two towers
in the event it's just a movie
in the event America
 thinks twice

on the bridge looking over the Potomac
on the bridge smoking a hookah packed with mango flavored tobacco
on the bridge dodging traffic
on the bridge cooking hamburgers
on the bridge with a smile on their faces for no good reason
on the bridge
on the bridge with a million more bridges in mind
on the bridge & the sharks in the water
on the bridge & the sharks in America
 biting the hands that
 wield the bucket
 (like a blunt
 instrument)
 filled with 300 billion
 clams
 (maybe sharks don't
 like clams,
 just red
 meat)
on the bridge combing their hair
on the bridge without a rifle
on the bridge in America
 thinking twice

screaming for justice in Ashram

screaming for windpower & biodeisel
screaming for ice cream
 hamburgers, pizza & pecan pie
screaming for a larger dick
screaming for no reason
screaming for the cure
screaming for a new sun god in the empire
screaming for freedom in the free world
screaming for another kidney
screaming for the baby when the levees break
screaming for mines in the soup
screaming for the Brazilian rainforest on fire
screaming to keep all the balls in the air
screaming for the television to shut up already
screaming to make love when
 you're really in love
 & not because anyone says no
screaming for the best justice that can be bought
screaming for me, moi & mine,
 mine mine
screaming for America to think
screaming for the mailman to hurry up with my mailbomb
screaming for the roadless wilderness while it lasts
screaming for the president to just take a look
screaming for the police to look away
screaming for the calendar to stop
screaming for digital media & a large screen TV
screaming for America to just
 think twice

in the engine room with an attorney at their side
in the engine room seeking a direction
in the engine room watching the fuel gauge
in the engine room with Bettie & Andrea reading pornography
in the engine room eating a hamburger & freedom fries
in the engine room with a broken compass
in the engine room with a skeleton in the closet
 and Dick Cheney's shotgun
 at their backs
in the engine room with a vacuum cleaner
in the engine room with copies of *Epoch Times*, *The Diplomat* & *Washington Examiner*
in the engine room with a used condom on the deck
in the engine room with Howard
 Stern, a midget, a
 blow up doll, and
 113 eggs of silly putty

in the engine room looking for the steering wheel
in the engine room looking for the brake
in the engine room without a license
in the engine room with their credit cards on fire
in the engine room when Dworkin
 says this drug
 sniffing dog finds viagra
 & knows where to bite

Bettie answers
the last day of
my life I dreamed
a missile crisis
in America's jeans
& peanut butter
 leaking from
 its sheets;

then the dogs came
in
feasting,
licking the bedclothes
& baring teeth,
while Irving Klaw
shooting the
doggie style
ahead of paparazzi,
hairdressers & make up
crew tools flash,
a bomb
strapped
to the chest,
a bomb under each
breast

(America thinks
twice)