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Jason Hescoock

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A PACK OF MODERN MEN CRASH A WEDDING PARTY AND THEIR TACIT BELIEFS BECOME MANIFEST

JASON HESCOCK

We come seething with sophistication,
manicured, hair-gelled, soaked in cologne...
We come stumbling, drunken and loud...
We come rabidly craving to ravish maidens...

We fabricate and abuse—
the new age nihilists
We malingering and consume—
gorged with dry and tasteless fruit

We leave with ravaged women, wasted and high...
We leave with shaking steps down unclear paths...
We leave, seeking doors to unhinge,
pastures to uproot, mirrors to shatter...

We whisper gray in a smoke-filled room—
shadows sneering at shadows
We tempt and taunt the creeping tomb—
where no light breaks

We come... We leave...
The new age nihilists
Gorged with dry and tasteless fruit

We come... We leave...
Shadows sneering at shadows
Where no light breaks