

## Aftermath

The ceiling lowered  
and the muscle of Devil  
flexed forever, leaving a fist  
where my heart used to be.

No phone, no pool, no pet,  
and yet, above all else,  
I've found detachment.

Now is the kitchen of my discontent.

In a room where you do what you don't repent,  
I carve my name in a brick I'm gonna throw  
through somebody's window later tonight.

See, everything of empathy  
atrophied all at once,  
or maybe, inside of me,  
the little engine that simply should  
just could not, and that was the end of it.

So one night, we made plans.  
Myself, Meister Eckhart and Zoroaster,  
over beers on the back of a Genesee coaster.

We'd build a new Babel,  
only this time around,  
inside-out and up-side-down.

Optical Filters at the head  
to deaden the Divine Radiance.  
Purity Meters. Holy Plasma Analyzers.  
Ahura Mazda Detectors.  
Ehben Mozu Habonium.  
(We had a surplus of Shitty Uranium.)  
Marshall Stack Scramblers at the base,  
so the authorities could not trace  
the source of our grace.  
We had the time but without the space,  
it would take all our faith to architect.

We interviewed veterans  
from the neutral forces,  
left over from the Holy Wars.  
Bonaim Madmen. Brobdingnagian Bohemians.

Defrocked priests and born again Babylonians.

We contemplated hiring Egyptian coal miners,  
Serbian quartz diggers, Polish breaker boys  
and Colombian coca agriculturists,  
for the cracking and finely sifting through  
that vaulting Kingdom Come  
of a thundering sky god Hebrew.

Mucous for mortar, we made headway.  
Zoroaster on feral mushrooms and Genesee.  
For the Meister, sour mash spirits  
brought in from Tennessee.  
Me, I ate badly. Beans and Frankfurters,  
and listened loudly to the Butthole Surfers.

Our progress made the Freemasons nervous.  
The local Rabbi's were jealous.  
And nothing was restrained from us,  
for what we imagined to do!

But we got too close,  
as Babels tend to,  
and somehow, the fucking cops  
found out about it.

Bombs went off in our Ziggurat.  
The self-destruct mechanism kicked in.  
The foundation shook.  
The air bags broke.  
The tower took 432 hours  
until the last of the white washed bricks  
succumbed to gravity's allure and fell,  
leaving me the only one  
left alive to tell the tale.

The men in blue  
said they had a few questions.

Yeah, no shit. Me too.

The Marshalls overheated.  
The woofers were blown.  
Our blueprints were consumed  
and all the Shifty Uranium ended up  
in the hands of some PhD Jordanian.

Forget the purity meters.

Something there is in this world  
that turns on the mortals who dare,  
leaving us placid, jaded  
and deliberately impaired.

I'm a man of no means mainly.  
A poor man made outta muscle and blood.  
Muscle and blood. Brick, plaster and lath.  
Surrounded by our downfall.  
Wandering off the path.

I stand, alone,  
wringing my hands in the aftermath  
of our Godforsaken elevation which fell,  
which falls, and seems to fall forever,  
no matter what the Hell you do.