

# Arousing Argot



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-Krishnamurti

# Arousing Argot

Audacious from inception,  
my tongue was never chaste.  
Innocent minds permeated

as my words detest contraceptives.  
Scores of their bastards discharged  
into society's confines  
to pervade.

Compelling are they  
with pleasing provisions,  
enthraling enunciations and tantalizing terms.  
Hear lustful letters amidst dynamic diction  
and persuasive pronunciation.  
Tempting timbre and rowdy reverberation

conducted

by expressions eager  
to conjugate succulent syllables  
with vowels lacking virtue.

Esteem my exclusive bestowals  
that procreate  
from lewd lingo.

# Soul Snatcher

Yet again I snatched a soul-  
it may have been a derelict;  
for it was summoning me from the shackles  
of a shopping cart.  
I arrived just in time...  
carafes and cans had already begun  
copulating-  
a torn leather glove was mounting a pashmina shawl,  
tabloids were debauching  
a child's shoe and a bottle of gin  
was wooing  
a half eaten turkey on rye.  
Cornered, amidst the rumpus  
is where the soul was situated  
demanding vindication.  
That's when I snatched it-  
without regret  
I'll be pleading no contest.  
It's home with me now  
preserved  
with the other remnants  
of my contraband.

# Notes from the Transit

The occupants are  
Interchangeable shades and varieties;  
sheeps ornamented in upper crust's ideals.  
Above the mumbling of couture labels

resolute electronics reject any personal exchange.  
The guy to my right scans the newspaper hastily  
only stopping to regard the pictures.

Words have become trivial.  
Prepubescent girls probe through their masking tools  
for the perfect shade whilst a woman on her cell  
disputes the fee of her required medications  
and pricy co pays.  
A frail gentleman with crutches boards  
though his fellow patrons pretend not to see him.  
Their spaces are precious-

too coveted to give up  
for an ailing stranger.  
A teenager scolds her colorist-  
her ashen locks aren't platinum enough.  
The inevitable breakage and hair loss are inconsequential.  
A youngster points his toy gun  
at the new boarders

screeching  
"BANG"  
as they pass him.

No one seems to notice.

Next stop brings aboard a fleshy couple  
whom are greeted with glares of repulsion.  
“Can you say SLOTH?”  
Some jerk shouts from the rear.  
Then a middle-aged female embarks

toting her backpack of identity.  
With good fortune she nabs an empty seat  
next to a kid with headphones on

belting out his ill circumstances;  
“Too many riches  
too little hoes”

Thankfully the next stop is mine.

# To Our Veracious Victors

Faces covered in ember depravity  
Lips sworn to charade  
Obtuse mouths, resounding motives of revenge  
Devoid hearts beating to the sound of retraction  
Souls cloaked with deceit  
Feet stumping out innocence.

An epic deviation from

Faces masked in mourning  
Lips vowed to fact  
Partisan mouths, crooning their reputed anthem  
Replete hearts pounding to the sound of accord  
Souls overt with altruism  
Feet that volunteered to march for our freedom.

Hauling their finest artillery  
the heroic ones advance towards darkness.  
Flames fly from the inferno ignited by greed.  
With their heads afloat they swim-  
Through the hazardous currents,  
That were erected via gluttony.  
On to the futile bridge-  
Held together by corruption and schemes.

Debris flies as they bash illusory glass to revive us-  
And show our 'leader' his repulsive reflection.

# Soldier Awarded Purple Heart (and denied Cheerios)

He was fearless  
proud of his country  
went overseas to serve.  
Predictably the tragic circumstances ensued.  
Wounded in the line of duty, he was shipped back to the states.  
Physical therapy is helping, though he's unable to sit or stand for more  
than two hours.

I went to see him, as soon as he was released.  
He had been neglected and was experiencing hunger pains.  
I took him to *Bush's* Supermarket.  
His stomach belted out the national anthem  
as he placed his cheerios, milk, and banana on the checkout stand.  
My heart wailed when they gave him the sum of his purchases.  
He ran his red, white and blue credit card through the machine.  
Denied!  
Rejected!  
*You don't have enough to cover this sir-  
milk alone is \$500 and you have chosen Skim..  
That will be an extra \$50.  
It's not covered under your plan, I'm afraid,  
Nor is this banana-  
The co pay alone for this fruit is \$40.  
I see you have coverage under part 'United and States'  
HOWEVER-  
of America  
is what you will need if you ever want Cheerios.*



# The Refugee

A mock-up of mind-  
a gambit of society;  
shed from skins of discrepancy

taps on my door.  
It's sheltered now;  
emancipated from sheath's perils  
that disrobed its intent.

I take it in-  
plucking out  
tangled dreams lodged in disappointments  
and convictions jumbled  
amid mistrust.

I caress the muzzle-  
of disintegrating credence;

mildewed from tears  
that clung to redemption.

Assessing me with cynicism  
it rolls on its back,  
submissive and consumed.

# Tantalizing Transgressions

We rendezvous on Tuesdays after group.  
He leads me to a vacant rubber room.

White ambiance divinely contrasts my depraved essence.

He reveres my neck, festively ornamented with failed attempts  
of crucifixion and my mauled arms  
that cove diabolic veins, salient and ripe for entry.  
He covets my parched lips  
that can only be satisfied by putrid extracts and  
inhales my succulent bouquet, rich with mania and delusion.

Delirium tremens arouse me so I command him to bed me.

I turn submissive when he tickles my hysteria  
and tantalizes my cerebrum,  
serenading me with tunes  
of elephants, caballo, Al Capone,  
pink panthers and dexies. As we conjugate,  
doctrines and creeds dance beside us.  
He's such a convenient contender for my depraved conduct.

Footsteps-  
Our perversions can't be revealed.  
I run for the courtyard.

*Good bye doctor...*  
I whisper.

# Back to Debase

It was during my third death I wrote this.  
Tired am I,  
from titillating adam in eden  
and crucifying Hestia.  
So back to carnality I come,  
pregnant with my latest elegy.

Bless yourself with the  
unmourning rosy claret of your bestower-  
then seek me out.

Who begat fulfillment?  
Still not you.

Follow me,  
pursue my path,  
kick aside the dogma and diaphragms  
and profit from my words.

Their tantalizing tune has been known to  
impregnate your naive minds.

The odor of corpses decaying and rotting,  
as they relish political oppression-  
leaves me famished.  
denial tends to shrivels my lips;  
nourish me with moonshine and roe.

Submissiveness makes me spasm.  
Endow me with a nicotine trigger,  
to alter the affection.

It was I who defecated during my baptism.  
Free will allows it.  
gentry contend my words are their enema.  
I'll savor that.

Sadly now I must recede-  
slithering back into the mankind,  
outfitted in virginal white  
to ease my impureness.

# Pillager of Live

The fatal torrent inevitably proceeded  
propelling man into privation  
triggering them to scour remnants  
for  
fragments to nurture  
confiscated spirits.  
Grieving hearts want  
answers,  
minds probe  
for rationale.  
Slaughter prolongs  
while resolution  
stays covert.  
peripheral wounds  
narrate  
tales of disaffiliation.  
Saline accosted by kerosene  
washes over the land  
in quest of rescue.  
Submerged  
are the heroes  
buoyant are the deluders  
grasping to anchors of delusion.  
The enforced ethical authorities  
simulate signs of armistice.  
Doves linger in the brutal sky;  
wings  
ornamented in crimson targets.

# Carbon Paper of Night

The damaged bird suspended  
on my shoulder laughs  
gratingly.

It's a vulgar night  
the shade of humanity  
surges

fierce as rampantly  
like abandoned desires .

there's a facsimile  
of the redeemer's eye.  
It's presence penetrates

deep-  
exposing cloaked flaws and indulgence.

Each worlds distinguished  
via severed cores that are

as filmy as principles.

Fertile stars nurtured by their warrantee  
align to form an abstract of a haven.

## Stealing Selves with Jake

My friend Jake is always embezzling identities.  
Sometimes he'll let me come for the search.  
He's adamant that we go to this particular market.  
Evidently the best are kept there.  
You can hear them weep when they're taken from the shelves  
and haphazardly thrown into shopping carts.

Jake just abducts them and pussyfoots out the door.  
He says his cause is justified  
since he does it for their sakes' and I agree.

All these mechanical people with perfectly decent identities,  
ransack the store for new ones.  
It's shameful, parents making their kids try on identities  
that don't even fit, be they the wrong size or color.  
It's all about the brand names.

The lines tend to get lengthy on the weekends  
as Sunday's papers have coupons.  
Buy 2 identities and get the 3 half off,  
special clearance on dubious identities-  
the list  
goes on.

## Appetite for Affliction

Celestial beams of annihilation  
slither through his asylum.  
He despises light  
claiming it rapes his conscience.  
I'm perched on a primal casket  
which harbors remains of innocence.  
I chain smoke Japanese cigarettes  
and knock back cheap elixirs-  
as I gaze at him adoringly;  
mesmerized by his pain and corruption.  
I lust for the taste of his tainted lips  
That he irrigates, with adulterated liquids.  
I beg for him to drown me in his juices  
that radiate his impalpable affliction.  
I reach out to stroke him,  
craving to be infected with his madness.  
He riotously pushes me away,  
spewing obscenities in my direction-  
which makes me want him all the more.



# Fetter

The Delphic oracle continues  
to cast shadows

upon my slavish trust;  
expertly tailored to tally  
the systemic throes-

resultant of reckless fidelity  
to my derivation.

Subsisting in these;  
perpetual first fleshes  
of morning-

delivering castigation  
to identity and entanglement  
to detain and confine

the reproaches of mind  
veiled in repositories.

# The Failings of the Flesh

(Inspired by Cowper)

Tragic flaws seduce all wight;  
Intent sequestered a sea,  
Tide staining coast with briny contrite,  
Coast uncovers our debris.

Thy current's reproach may weaken a bit,  
Obscurity drifting away  
Bar pitiless peepers incessantly emit,  
Thoughts led astray.

The dreamer lands with doctrines abound  
Ignoring his emphatic design;  
Delusions serve to confound  
To his reflection must he consign.

Oftimes tis farce that becomes inured,  
Irrationality allocates minds to fuse;  
Pain nor suffering have they endured,  
Fitting notions the victims of abuse.

Speculum allows those to discover  
The merit they've never known,  
Self ardors then rouse apt to uncover,  
Visceral revulsions they now atone

Sole distortions kindle forged glow  
That will soon suppress;  
For only conciseness can bestow-  
The rest is just excess.

## About the Author

Serena Spinello is 27 years old and lives in New York. Her poetry has been featured in over 50 literary magazines, journals and zines including: The Literary House Review, Clockwise Cat, children churches & daddies, The Houston Literary Review, Conceit Magazine, 63 Channels, Sien en Werden, The Centrifugal Eye, Lachryma: Modern Songs of Lament and Zygote in my Coffee. Scorched Earth Publishing, The Flask Review Perspectives Magazine and The Verse Marauder.

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