MATTHEW AKSAMIT

SPECTRUM VOL. III

Psalms I matthew aksamit

These days I gargle knockoff Listerine when I can't brush my teeth, to get the taste of salt out.	(I KNOW I KNOW I KNOW)
(It never really leaves.)	but did YOU know that
Did you know that when I went to the hospital he came with me, too?	
What a gentleman!	eally bad guy?
I found him in my underwear, while squatting to piss on the toilet.	
And when I went to wash my hands, I couldn't look at myself in the mirror,	Can't even get the word out of my me
didn't want to see the ghoul that remained.	it hangs around my neck instead.
Did you have a family dinner that night?	
Did you wish him a safe drive when he left?	r
No, it was a late night, wasn't it?	r
My mother carried my siblings and I a little bit late,	r
and I always felt bad about that, about the extra time.	
How long did you cook him in the oven for?	
Was he early? Was he late?	R
And I know it's not your fault,	R

POETRY

YOUR SON IS A R

mouth,

R

R

	R	GUILT
How much did he weigh when he was born?		SHAME
I can tell you he weighs a lot more now.		
I can tell you how his sweat feels, dripping from his chin onto my back.		
I can tell you that assault and religion have a lot in common:		and a shiny PEARL
what's one more instance of being forced to your knees?		
what's one more instance of submission to a man who will not listen?		with the word "LOVE"

<u>MATTHEW 5:5</u>

And then Moses said:	<u>MATTHEW 27:32-56</u>
And Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.	What is a crucifixion to The Sadist?
And Fucked are the queers and transexuals, for they shall inherit PAIN and	(Ecstasy.)
PAIN and	
PAIN and	(A good show.)

POETRY

and

and

DISGUST

almost rubbed off its gleaming surface,

pale like the moon and just as lonely, too.

27

[The body speaks from the crucifix, body torn and bloody.]

BODY: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

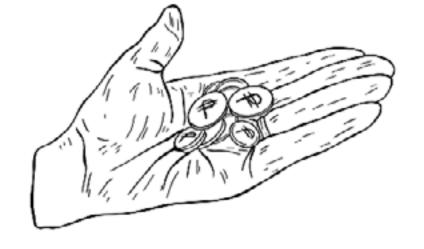
<u>MATTHEW 27:1–10</u>

There is nothing but the coolness of metal coins in your hands and vomit caked around your

blue mouth.

The world does not pause or mourn or even think about you.

Neither do I.





POETRY