

## ROARHIDE

Bidding Time, gentlemen please.

Debris dropped through slats leads arrow more debris for another slat.

I've melted all the Jeff Koons and feel no guilt.

\$\$\$\$\$\$ --- I'd like a Costco, plz

Gast Tations, too, some flags

(Toilet Adrenaline, Kidneys Afire)

----->>>> Who's at the door ????

Apprehensio i wh the hel t d wha i i amoun wha i a amount

### \$22

I'm in a dark place right now. It feels like death. Or rather, it feels like I'm in a fast food commercial. I farce a smile for the burger-camera-ream.

We're all hanging from a hook, marbled and blow-torched—frozen.

The inspectors clear us.

God eats us.

& the toilet beats us.

I am a crust of joy. You

Are the red top

And her handbag hosted high

