

Anathallo, Italo

When you get up

When you wake up

Put your hands up

Pick yourself up

And you pull yourself up underneath the dugout cubby enclave of the sidewalk overhang,
cement buckled upward and the rain came dripping through the crack.

We hear the voice of Italo sing of a holy fire.

When he stomped, the dirt fell on our eyes.

Hell, he stomped.

It was a mystery to me when you crawled out from underneath the sidewalk overhang.

Cement buckled upward and the rain came dripping through the crack.

We heard the voice of Italo sing.

In the second zone of the city a baby born in the nightclub mold where goons dry heave the factory

Fire took the roof off, hollowing the carcass (licked it like a bone).

Sway and mone to songs of some pitchless praise, stoned.