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## Notes for the Next God

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## NOTES FOR THE NEXT GOD

I want my god to hurt people.  
I want my god the skylight  
mid-shatter. I want my  
god a grave-dropped aster.  
I want my god the virus's  
mutation. Glacier, flower:  
debate the source of my god's  
extinction. I want you ejected  
through my god, to pick  
from your face stray  
shards of my god.  
I want my god a glistening  
diadem of offal. Turquoise  
bruise. I want my god to deem  
supplication the pre-death  
pre-crash high-speed lipstick  
application. I want my god  
in memoriam alley graffiti.  
Line between violence and culture.  
Quantify my god in light  
pollution. I want my god  
to fade spectacularly in empty  
windows too high to touch.  
I want my god to  
batter your heart, deepfry  
your heart, serve your heart

to infidels on polystyrene.  
Or the stranger's face she pictures  
crushing, hot, atop her lover.  
I want her lover to leave  
in a caul of half-sleep  
and search the twilit city  
for an adulterated version  
of my god. I want my god  
to turn her silk charmeuse  
to worms. I want my  
god a malformed chamber  
of the heart. Chamber music  
of the mind as it de-electrifies.  
Echoed note as you  
remember my god's here.  
My god is in the chamber.