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# Glazed Peyote Crème Brûlée

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# Glazed Peyote Crème Brûlée

## **Abstract**

The scavenged tin hovels and wet pits of desert dwelling skags seem deserted save for the encircling shadows of bulimic buzzards. And hanging from the sprigs of thistles are toothbrush plastic rosary beads pinched from a petrol station along with Quasimodo's prickly pear pitchfork. Little Marci modelling truck stop sunnies, twirls in her white dress; Flower girl fanging it across the waste with Mumsy and militant surrealists.

## **Keywords**

brulee, creme, peyote, glazed

## **Disciplines**

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## Glazed Peyote Crème Brûlée

The scavenged tin hovels and wet pits of desert dwelling skags  
seem deserted save for the encircling shadows of bulimic buzzards.  
And hanging from the sprigs of thistles are toothbrush plastic rosary beads  
pinched from a petrol station along with Quasimodo's prickly pear pitchfork.  
Little Marci modelling truck stop sunnies, twirls in her white dress;  
Flower girl fanging it across the waste with Mumsy and militant surrealists.

Sipping on ice cold cola daisies, with the clammy air conditioned hands of surrealists  
resting eyes; unaware of intimate wet pits chocked with constipated, mind-melted skags  
wearing muddied cotton nighties, mottled by silverfish unlike Marci's dainty white dress.  
Mumsy and Quasimodo squabble over the flat, as Marci eyes lethargic buzzards  
looming over the setting sun; screeching, '*cyanide dust bunny. Pitchfork! Pitchfork!*  
The prune fingers of skeletons embellish their chinless chicken necks with rosary beads.

*Hail Mary our Father, hail Mary our Father.* Pleated ribs toggle blind eel eyed rosary beads  
whilst condom vending machines re-rejects an inquisitive gold coin until curious surrealists  
receive *ribbed for her pleasure*, before ones pinned in the urinal by the prickly pear pitchfork.  
The other wheezes its last unflushed, *out-of-order*, gurgle to the wrinkled muzzles of skags.  
The cherry pop of iridescent delicacies wafts by scatters of famished buzzards  
while little Marci slumped on her crayoned napkins naps in her white dress.

Under the chipped table, ancient bubblegum stalactites dangle above her white dress  
and Mumsy sips her dog shit coffee with a lukewarm cringe, oblivious to rosary beads  
rattling around the fluorescent winds like feathered war bonnets made from buzzards.  
Outside the lavender moloch's nib laps up ethereal energy drinks from murdered surrealists,  
Quasimodo skillet-flips a cheese toastie; his makeshift spatula lost to sticky-fingered skags  
prowling, after fog-eyed Marci as she plods to the restroom. '*Dust bunny, pitchfork!*

'*Cyanide! Cyanide!*' The waning gibbous moon trips on the Devil's pitchfork,  
its prongs still clinging to the bloodied, tattered, shreds of Marci's white dress.  
Back at the hovels, the cracked jittery lips of lizard brained skags,  
spit stream thoughts and cannibalistic chants into thistled rosary beads,  
as they spork out the still eyes of little Marci; and the retching ghosts of surrealists  
puke out coal butterflies plus grotesque gummy centipedes for moth-winged buzzards

'*Sugarcane of green eye shine: welts of starlight vaporise Wargle's nook!*' Gluts of buzzards  
gnaw at hostile ankles and splurge on sweet innards. '*Pina Colada, pish-pish — Pitchfork!*'  
Glittering deep down the tunnels of Onkalo; Marci and melancholic surrealists  
dream of Nagasaki, Hiroshima, Chernobyl, and Fukushima. Her dainty white dress  
incinerated with the waste; its soot buried under unsanctioned size eleven rosary beads  
belonging to the god-king tridents of mutant meth-head-junkie-rapists; not skags.

Airborne surrealists slinking napalm ideals carpet bomb the blood speckled howls of skags  
hunting eternal youth in the eyes of young girls with pitchfork friendly rosary beads  
crying out to lost gods burnt by radiation. Buzzards devour souls mourned by the white dress.

PAUL CHICHARO

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