Feast of a Vicious Revelry

The hearse is reeling along the freeway
toward the hell of some eastside bar,
Fifteen drunken godless punks crammed
in—legs breasts arms thighs stacked in
and
Jutting out singing, shouting, and laughing,
a few of us horizontal just to fit: as
Mary’s above,
Ann’s below, full flesh singing, belting out
the top of the lungs that have breasts into
me,
"Come all you rambling boys of pleasure,
and ladies of easy leisure," her pupils are
Big black dilations; affections come like a
birth and rush in—a tidal rush to
Blow away trees mobile homes houses
skyscrapers continents planets singing
and
Singing into that rush, the magnetic tense
vibrant shock of the vicious fanged lust
that
Drives the hearse to the next shot belted out
like a banshee commanding the living to
sink
Teeth into the crux of life, to wake your
fucking souls or die pitifully: hoarded
and unspent.

Joseph Welch