

## 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*