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Andrew McLean

Hurricane

Breath of Senegal,

with whispered voice you approach the islands, then a call, a shoutand holy hell to pay. Alphabetized incarnations, your latest metamorphosis crushing. It is not that you feel wrath. It is simply your nature. Your own cathartic scream drowns out the cries of native tongues. Just as abruptly, your post-visit tone becomes relieved, relaxed, rational as if nothing ever happened. As if you were waving to friends leaving a partybut it is you who leaves, your "goodbye" barely audible as you turn back in indifference

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to the carnage;
quietly wafting away until silent.
Until your next avatar.
Breath of Senegal.

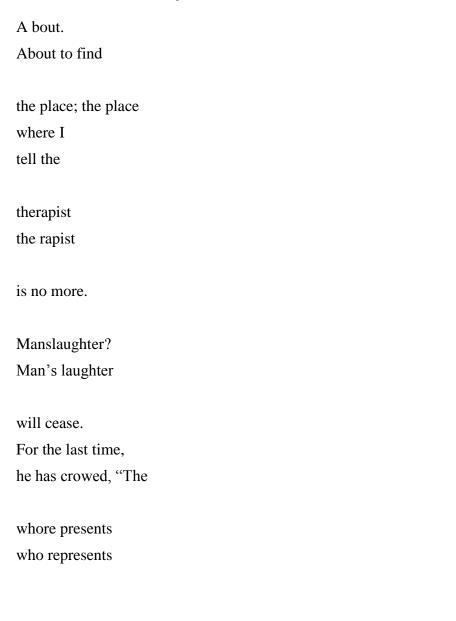
I Almost Always Cry at Costco

I almost always cry at Costco.
(It is wonderful and too much.)
Lord Costco,
Mayan-sounding King of Consumerism!
Entering your temple, I brush by
competitors and non-congregants
attempting to peek in,
(pay your dues, heathen!)
and tip my membership card
to the usher
as I whisk through your apse
into the cathedral.

I almost always cry at church.
(It is inspirational and disturbing.)
It is salvation and damnation
and too much to bear.
Lord God, heavenly king
of those who purchase
the hope of eternity
with their objectivity,
I linger across the street
with those like-minded.
I seem to have misplaced

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my membership card.	

Jawbreaker Candy



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what I want!" I will crush
his story. History
will reflect my works. His soul,
just ice. Justice
served.

Saffron

Lama, are you the shadow and the light?
Your prayer wheel and robe, simple and mysterious, offer clues.

Alms-

Monastic garb coloured renunciation! Yet, behold, the most lavish spice on earth.

Dharma is to meaning as saffron is to flavour.

They Came to Church

They came to church smelling of sex and cigarettes, brazen in confirmation of their infatuation.

Unbrushed hair of netted knots and snarls,
unbrushed teeth sporting tiny fuzzy plaque sweaters
waiting to be washed away like the sins
of the unfamiliar congregants.
(More like waiting to be torn off
like their own dirty vestments
upon return to the motel.)

They came to church;
stabbing at each other's thighs,
snickering about pew lap dances
and "not renouncing Satan."
Spitballs at the confessional curtain.
A condom package in the offertory plate.

They came to church to rub it in their faces.

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Andres McLean is a US based writer.

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