Another preemptive strike against submergence
Anji Reyner

I heard you snoring in the background.

In a poem about walls, every tragedy is the worst someone has seen; Madonna and Sean Penn honeymooning, for example.

I can use their real names because they’re better than the ones I’d make up. Besides, I’m too busy reorganizing a feathered mullet at the top of my voice to try.

It’s never too late to learn to dance badly with the general public people.