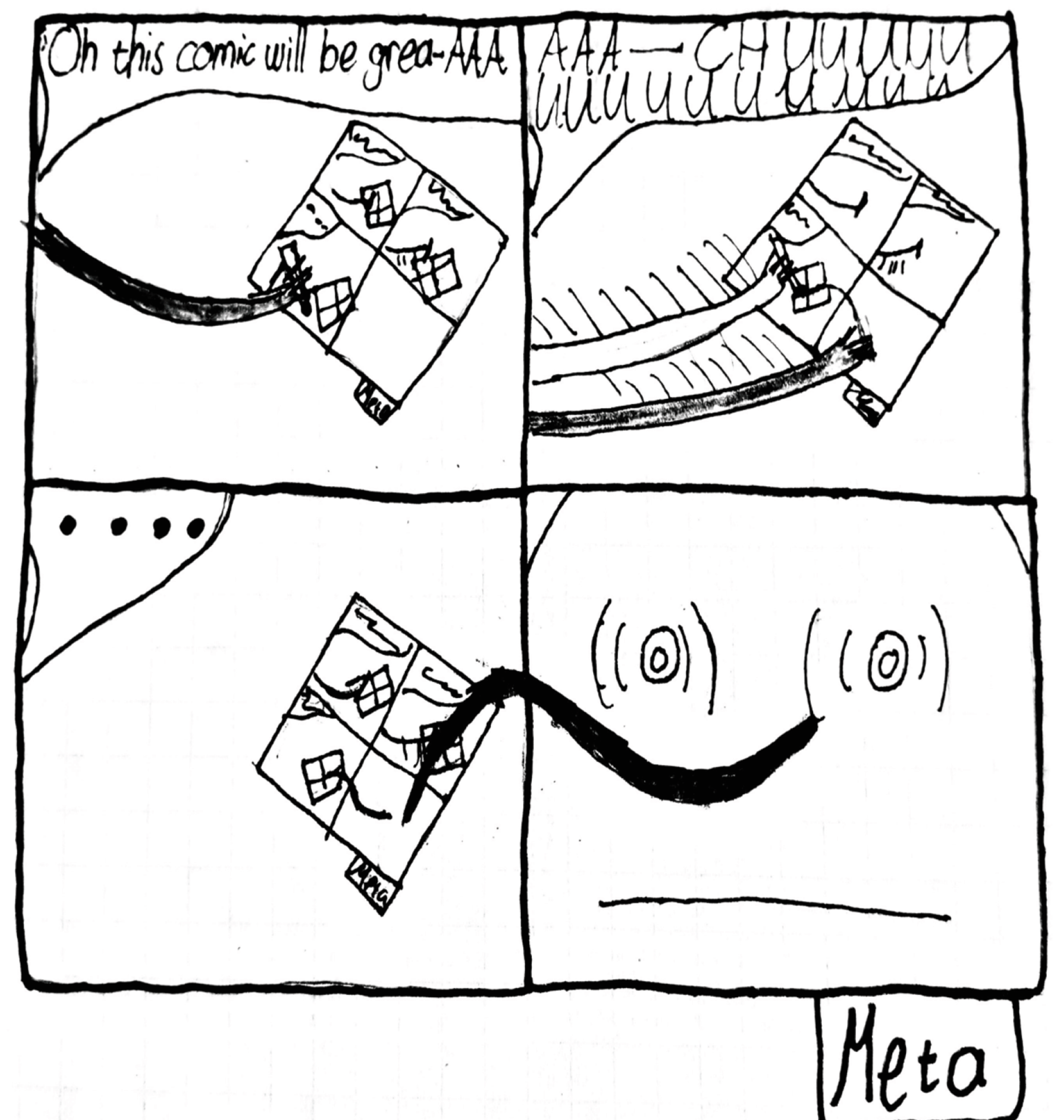
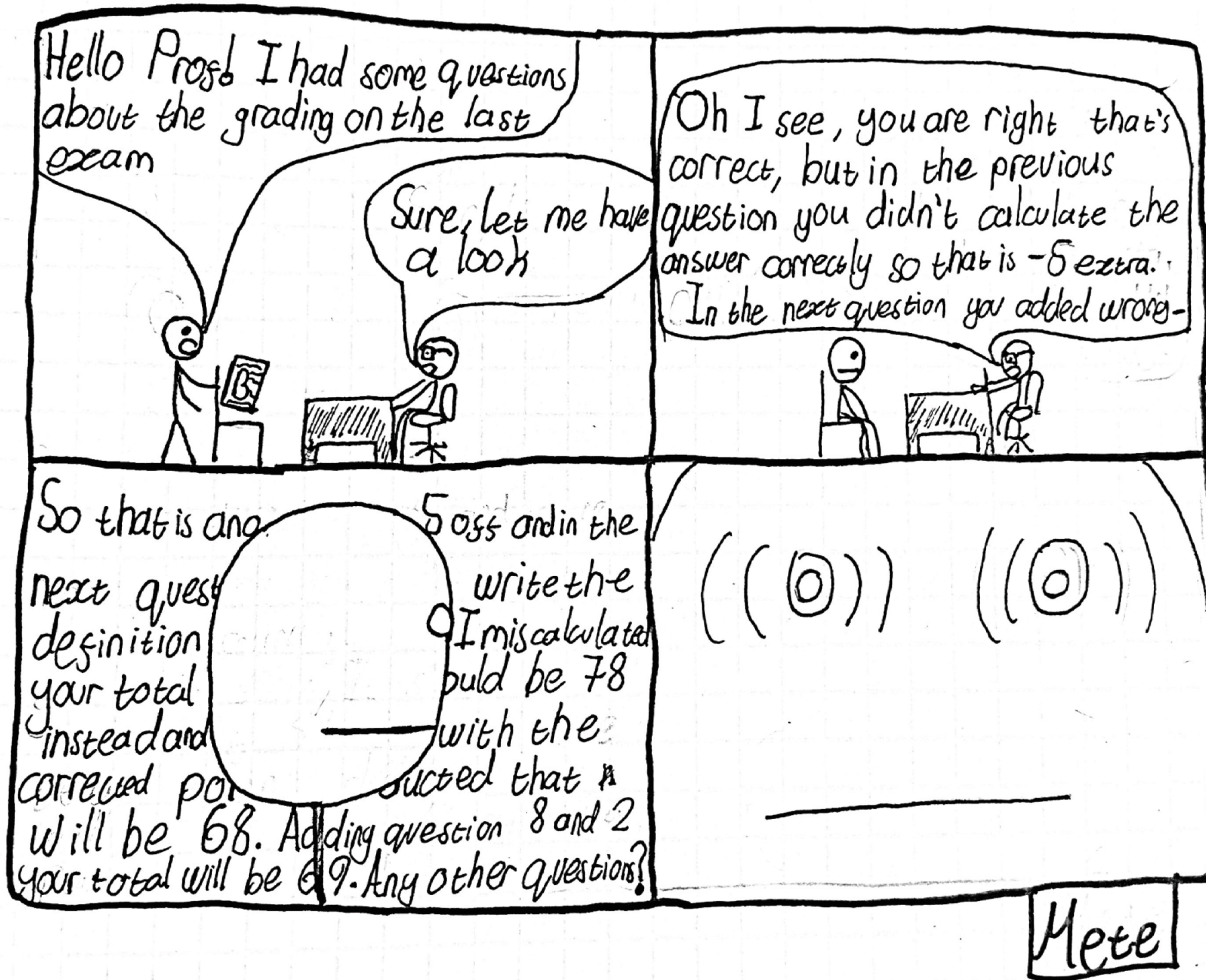


COMICS



Metaphor Alchemy #1, Grease 1, Draft 1

Grease my hand with a symbol, man: a picture of a pale white sheep to wipe your face.

Take it:
An infinite love to ever love you.
Take it:
A boundless misery, nothing but misery, only just misery, just misery.
Take it:
Hatred is an heuristic and a heretic.
Take it:
I think about you. What do I think about you?
Take it:
You're a black-hole, son; you need what you can get, and all of it.
Take it.

You're a grease-spot, man; on the fire you expand; absorb the acids, thick and elevating, dripping from the sand.
Take it.

Grease my hand with the secret fat, man;
Do not look me in the eye while your hands are dry.

Tayk it:
The swelling marble searing the ashy gait.
Tayk it:
Hands reach up from the coals to grasp the grate.
Tayk it:
And burning on them, the oxidation on which you, teary, choke.
Tayk it:
A viscous washing over and going under towards a rising, soaked and stoked.
Tayk it:
The lean, bloodless, carving carved and cured and spoke in swollen spate.
Tayk it.

It's you, white: self-consuming, self-knowing, self-obsessed. From black: the bland, the spare, the sand.
Tayk it.

Grease my hand with a burning flesh, man;
The liquid cotton chemical printed on the page removes; it holds you holding you.

- Reno Waswil

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