

beetlejuice blood thicker than wine

smoke has a better chance of ascension than we do
the ads for cremation say —
we die beggars wealthy only by the arsonists
we make out of the family left behind
the old customs say —

something cannot be said.

interlocutor to interrogator, the metamorphosis of the century
begins if you invoke our beetlejuice blood

but you always find us guilty:
some ghost (fat with hand-cut coins) gives us away
you pry open our jaws to find
flawed thick ugly tongues straining past
godsent teeth
trying to launch mutiny like a parasite.

something cannot be said.

pacific salt stings less drunk
burn incense to airbrush our bloodied mouths
bite into veins and call upon
souls held in limbo by bureaucracy, bitter
like white wine left over a grave
my grandfather says —

from his mouth spills warm smoke:
something cannot be said.