

Alias Fonds, 1

My feed says Justin Bieber has

COLLAPSED! —

iffy small caps, trickle-down stats,
the algorithms of our mass
demise.

Keyboard scurf
only disconnects;
spectacle minus affordance
equals
the heartbreak of
browser fatigue,
like low pressure sex talk,
no push.

Reduce
x-coefficient variance
to maximize coverage;
say what you like
it works, it really works.

You wish
you could become
perfectly disgraceful.

Nobody can be touched
too much.

Oh Justin Bieber we
love you get up!

Alias Fonds, 2

Girl, the unrequited urge
that like a rented Lamborghini drives
my green age drives my love. Girl,
the world is cold and cruel, but not my love.

Girl, one mug shot trades my look
for shredded light, a stoichiometry
of something more than broken
dreams. Girl, let my look haunt your leaky dreams.

Girl, I have tried to become
my own puppy, a cartoon tattoo inked
down my left forearm. Girl, let me
trace your human name onto my soft arm.