

Brandon Brown / from HOUNDS BY ALLI WARREN

no bombs raining down on our heads

by Sextus Propertius

**P**eace is the lord of love,

peace 'em we lovers whine and moan

sit on me, come dominate me with pseudo-hardship

no, my pecs aren't envying

a carpet of certain gold, no just sit on me

don't needa imbibe goblets of gin and juice

or have a thousand jugs

or be a pig farmer in Campania

no, miserable Corinth, I don't care about your cash-clods.

O unlucky Earth that Prometheus fingered!

Ill-prepared he caught and egged

our pectoral opus. Ooped us.  
Not getting art, he meant despondent corpses  
from there there oughta been rectal roads  
for the *anima*  
too bad. Now we're fucked and in the ocean  
and connect war to new war.  
I'm glad Bacchus keeps his booty jive  
in my tremulous head. Super. Let's rotate,  
scope out sitting on it  
in the aqua