

*[This work uses the form of an '[exquisite corpse](#)' to create something unexpected and surreal. Enjoy!]*

NOSEBLEED by Jeremy Kings

Smoke in the night like a cascade  
Of meaningless numbers and a pox,  
Killing all of the comic strip artists.  
She says, "They stopped talking to me  
When I showed them my cape, figuratively speaking,"  
And she means it. A unique number rings  
All of your existing phones. Answer it!  
It was the biggest kissing complaint  
Of all time, almost like a field trip for ants,  
And the stickiness of paint, slightly dried.  
The robots' new music makes a big crack  
In the refrigerator. A congregation of cannibals  
Sees the face of the moon behind a hideous mask  
In an incoherent morning, but the elephant  
Has the worst nosebleed of all. But why?  
It is an unexpected exchange of festive artillery.  
Vibrant red expanding on a yellow bottle,  
The sun's rays refracting through the cool,  
Falling water, and skin brushing against  
The curtains' velvet fabric, all give way to  
A sudden urge to make lemon bars.  
And colored bags plummeting to their doom  
Finally experience the thrill of talking,  
Like a dandelion cat in a barbershop  
Or the truthfulness of a screen door.  
I hit a lion while backing out of the driveway,  
But it looks nothing like two liters of iced tea.