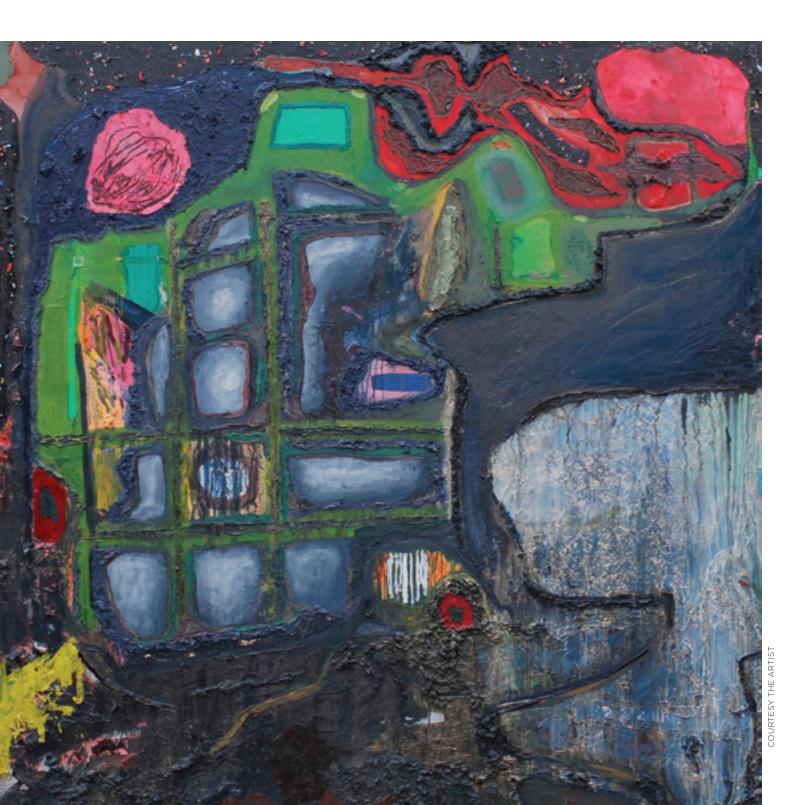
IAN PINES

Architectonic Anthropocene, 2013 Oil on Canvas on Board, 84 x 84 in



SEAN MAHONEY

Sucked in Tubes & Spit from Organs

Unexpected ballast for the neon Dragon; a sizzling. Lipid tracery lugging new integers of pulp affliction out to savannahs. Carnage; an intuitional itch for the forest cave and a day less suspect, less interrupted.

Divide these bones. Make of them tiny tribes to segregate. Make poisons from flowers and Industry of chemicals. Footmark nation states with cold theorems, with indelible scents. Over irrigate. Jacket volcanic chimneys like leathered skin. Worry ice.

Age disparaged and hell-bent on event horizons. Closed creatures, scaled and cold and slow, feed the belly of storms. Invite disaster, exhale across the patina of brushed metals. Injection feces. Breathe. Air-filled lapses of recognition. Needle-rent curtain. Ectoplasm. Mewl lizard. Mewl.

Sean Mahoney lives with his wife, her parents, two Uglydolls, and three dogs in Santa Ana, California. He works in geophysics. He believes that punk rock miraculously survives, that Judas was a way better singer than Jesus, and that diatomaceous earth is a not well known enough gardening marvel.