

## IAN PINES

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



COURTESY THE ARTIST

## 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.