

Lexi Hurl and the Cosmopolitan Blues

Released on “a Drunk Man’s Compass” by MediaInquisitor/Ethan Roth

Blood Falls

Sunshine reflected a ghostly white against ice.
Rolling glacier ice refreshed the land with blue.
Snow and trees caressed the whispering mountains.

The red brine roared from the cliffside—
A red-river roared through sacred ice
thundering the venomous, washy current.

Rudy listened to the land breath.
Of all the people in his life;
his Mama
his Papa
his late uncle—
no one spoke as the icy tundra sang.

Blood Falls gave him everything he needed to survive.
For his primal urge, nothing else graced his righteous mind.

An icy storm tore through the land.
He crawled and tumbled, side to side.

In a sudden fever, Rudy stacked log upon log.
his cold and splintering hands tremored in the splitting air.

When the sun crept over the rolling trees once again,
the penguins sang out through the gaping terrain.
Rudy’s face tremored against the scathing sunlight.
His splintered hands shook with his creation.

“I’m sorry, but I was going to die!”
He frantically cried towards the air!

Rudy snuggled in with his belongings.
A warm and crackling fire kept a feverish warmth.
He was trapped in his own creation.

Over time, Rudy grew old in his hut.
The ice cuddled the pine,
as the splintered wood aged to a day no longer.

“Welcome to Blood Falls!”
A metallic and raspy voice cried from the cell tower!
Rudy’s soul, buried deep beneath the ground, choked.
“Home of the famous explorer Rudy Gisinger in 1882!”

The land cried!
Its pale crust bore the weight of the slow mush of people.
The zombie-like herd slowly crept towards the metallic hum.

To go where every man sought.
The land searched and knew Rudy,
discerned his going out and lying down.
Now, the Falls bathed in senseless mash.

An Old Place to Fly

Each blue shoe muddier than the last
each small mouth breathing pockets of the night
the boys laid above the earthy wet land
young knees bouncing off the muddy marsh
“look here,” said the first boy. Then, “over there,” whispered the second.
each loose flexion of their body observed either the bark or the lush leaves.

Inside the house, the dim natural light peeked through the chicken-colored curtains
the stale and metallic air snuck through the floorboards inside the house
the moon’s light reflected off Father’s ashy skin
he slowly stirred the vegetable stew.

The amber and soft eyes of the first boy gently enveloped a fresh leaf
the second boy watched from afar,
but the owl up above swindled his attention from anything else.

The Father opened his mouth and slowly creaked
the vocal rumbling excited the boys busy moving necks,
as they raced to be the first inside.

The warm, oily, and reddish soup

coupled with a slightly stale piece of bread
warmed the boys dewed-over mouths
the broth warmed the Father's empty ribs.

Outside the angelic white window cill
laid a slightly rotted wooden beam
spinning wires from either side
the wires, rooted into the ground
spun into the decrepit house,
as the television slowly spewed noise.

Like a snare drum, the boys cracked the wooden floorboards
jumping up and down and clashing their bones together
father preferred the stale couch.

"I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's the Lord's truth, goodness knows",
creaked Aunt Polly from the television
the Father's vacant eyes watered, and he sipped the canned beer.

From the tele, Tom's tired leather boots sat upon the Mississippi
he slowly enjoyed his freshly rolled cigarette.

The two boys poked their eyes towards the cellular landscape.
"Daddy?! Look at that magical stick!," said the first boy
"In front of the beaches! It must make you feel so warm!," remarked the second.

At that comment, both of the Father's hardened eyes cracked
he churned his dry and ashed voice to speak,
but nothing came of it.

Octopus

I once had a father, no longer, no last, cockroach beneath the sand under the sea, for which he
raised me.

"Couldn't move, sippin' whiskey upon whiskey until my heart gives out," he said,
but he puts water in my gills.

cuz he's gone, the roach under the sea.

Tattering park benches, gone, the roach under the sea.

No movement, blackish voids bursting from a swamp,
discourse chaos, of cmon' at it again, father... stop.

“Got myself tangled in the discourse today, the roach under the sea, my insides are charred, it's okay son, go play.”

Playing meant movement, it meant love and some laughter,
looked at his chair, the black scaly body, was a disaster
couldn't help but move,

I've stayed here too long,

“Hey son, you're an Octopus, I told you already,”

“You can move, you can play, you can do stuff so steady,”

“You can change colors towards algae, towards, fish and the sea, I'm roach oblivion, just moss on a tree, I've already lived and I found out so somber, what happens when you fall in love with your own laughter”

“The lemurs with shout, the pumas will stare, the crocs will holler out, the cougars will purr, but you're an octopus son, you reflect their own kin, and when you release ink, just remember again, where it goes, it falls deep beneath the sea, where roaches like me will soak up the black pee.”

I spread out my tentacles, so far and so near, and propelled against the murky water to steer,
my body out of my hometown cave, fell in love with some sharks, who were mighty and brave.
The sharks never stopped moving, the whales loved to stare, at their own reflection, to which I was always there.

The seals blew bubbles. I won the award for “best skin”.

But *yet, where was my father— my own kin?* The eight tentacled Octo, the best fish in the sea, and yet still, I loved the Roach down under beneath.

Festival Mania

9:45 in festival mania, takin some imodium

Catcher in the Rye, chewin' the bone

You're Selma Thurner— you're so alone

So I tell ya — tell ya something

401k — write it off like its nothin'

250 grand now I'm surf'n emotions

725 make it Markus Goldman

Babe come out here don't run from the fight

I'm tired— I want you tonight

I'm tired— I want you tonight

I'm tired— I want you tonight

Babe come out here don't run from the fight

I'm tired— I want you tonight

I'm tired— I want you tonight

Even Boo Radley gets sick sometimes,
Essex house more-sex landin'

Babe come out here don't run from the fight
I'm tired– I want you tonight
I'm tired– I want you tonight.

Sandlot

Back to the classics–
just old stones and bad habits
chewin bones, well, *dang nabit*.
well shit – guess I get to have it.
So, I walk up to the stars,
40 year old, three Audis, I've gone too far
because, well, nothing is as good as it seems.

X Marks the Spot

Made 250 before I was nothin'
725, turned into Marcus Goldman
Inflatable ego, squeeze or pull from my plastic,
use the pin, watch as I deflate.

Ballad of Greenwich Village

Sometimes– it takes more than just a smile
Sometimes– Sally Jane can rock your world
But cruisin' through the city ain't for ya, little girl
You can talk ya shit to Peter and Pete
You can smile and grin at everyone ya meet,

But cruisin' through the city ain't for ya– Lexi Hurl

Pearly white dresses with a pencil and a pen,
people smilin' at ya but they really not ya friends,
a whole lotta shit will come rattlin' in you'll come battlin' in and combatin' it, till it's over,
it's really not for you, it never was.

N' the masquerade from within ya, grows bigger and bigger,
You won't be realizin it till it's hit ya,

You'll see a big picture, of course it was.

But you really can't say what you mean – cuz it's
not what it seems.

You wear a smoky white dress–
a cosmo girl scheme.

You head to the mercury lounge with a team
with a hairdress so clean,
Sally Jane meets ya, she gets with her team, n ya snarl n you scream,
Cuz' ya hated each other, of course ya did.

Portugal

Climbing rocks.

The portuguese air oh, what I long for,
I bite at my skin, to which I unhatched, my cool gray fur, and my silvery eyes, now, in my new
body, out of the sheep pen I climb.

I ran, and I ran, all day and all night, longed for a pack, I could call my own
on a flight.

I ran through a Canyon over the Portuguese farm. Churning from a place, no farther no less.
Climbed my own rocks, hunt your own pray, tired of sheep, tired of herds,
the wolf in sheepskin, *Narcissus's dream*.

So, I climbed, and I climbed, the rocks above the valley,
to reach the high point away from the farm.

I was tired... *Narcissus asked*, "want a drink," it was time
to subside.

I drank from a mountain, I thought firm and clear,
woke up the next morning, with my sheep skin so tight,
placed beneath my hooves, my neck stood upright.

I thought of the wind, I thought of the rocks, but I was back at the place, I no
longer belonged.

The other sheep *bahhed*, they snarled and they grinned.

A pack of farm animals, it was time to fit in,
so I *bahed* back, sometimes a snarl or a grin,
thinking the whole time, of the Portuguese canyon.

We all drank the murky water poured into the bin, yet, somehow, I always knew
I was the wolf in sheep skin.

