

**Houston;
you have a problem.
her name is Jana.
LA, you have a chubbier problem,
her name is Jayme.
both of you need to go █████ yourselves
in the most decayed flop house
at the zero dark
epicenter in the seedy
barrio I call
█████ city.
you arrogant abusive
2 peso
con artists.
not since the cancer known as Brooke,
have I been the victim of such an elaborate and
dastardly shake down.
truth be told,
I've observed more nobility and honor in the drifters
I've run over and child molesters I spit on at Pelican
Bay.
I reviewed the Amex
statements in detail.
Are u kidding me?
you're both
"25 to life"
more guilty than the most extreme and
reckless dirty █████
suck-holes I've ever
suffered.
i don't have the interest
the energy or the time
to illustrate or elaborate upon this wonton and
aggressive laundry list of deceit.**

**you're both as shady
and fiction fueled as the first day of summer is long.
lose my number.
Erase the memory of me.
never speak my name
in public or in private.
you know my code.
With violent hatred,
I hope you two
charlatans
fatally choke
on a Vons can of pressed turkey
and a generic bag
of Cran-Helper.
it's Sheeniously
poetic,
that on a day
rooted in the celebration of
gratitude,
I can dance joyously
across the graves of your napalm charred corpses, as I
revel in the absolute and perfect reality of your swift
and permanent disposal.**

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