

From "II. Maze of Birth & Death": "*But regardless the direction headed....*"

But regardless the direction headed,  
the scree unstably crossed,  
the sewers navigated,  
it's out there in front,  
not even wavering like a mirage,  
but boldly cut into the eyeline,  
it's  
it's  
it's a *Brand New Car!*  
You won't have to walk anymore!  
You can ride in luxury!

Imagine  
nestling into massaging seats within a sporty, upscale interior  
with exotic wood grain trim (including fragrance atomizer),  
like you just walked into  
a fine, high-end pastry shop in Paris.  
A huge, dazzling, fully digitized dual-screen instrument  
cluster, wireless charging, & Surround Sound system  
come standard. Ride on air suspension—that adjusts for  
supreme *comfort*  
or *firm* handling.  
The velvety, turbocharged, inline-six  
has this powertrain humming not only smoothly & efficiently,  
but sending up to 429 horsepower  
through an effortless nine speed transmission,  
clocking 0 to 60 in 4.1,  
PLUS a snarling exhaust note.

Well, you're.....*sold!*      Just sign here      & here  
& here      & here      & here      &, oh, here  
.....& it's *allllll* yours!

Your fanny works into the seat  
-where is that massage function?--  
re-calibrate the rearview, grip the stick shift,  
goose the engine, & ease onto the highway...

& let the scenery rip by!  
No more sore feet!

Let em push the pedals.  
In fact, this motherhumper can drive itself!  
We'll just set it on autopilot  
& let it scream down the long long straightaway,  
maybe bring the seat back oh 45 degrees,  
feet up on the sumptuous dashboard,  
*finally* watch it all go passed:  
flat plains of scrub  
distant red mesas      expansive sky      & a *billboard*  
trimmed to darkened silhouette  
& distant orange orb of setting sun

## KING IGUANA'S!

**237 miles**

& so the countdown begins.

At 216 miles

**KING IGUANA'S  
REPTILE KINGDOM!**

featuring a dense 3 dimensional image  
of a gila monster on black volcanic rock horny toad under  
barrel cactus burst in shocking pink blossoms beneath  
yucca needle explosion essez coral snake  
chuckwalla leopard lizard poised on red rock shelf in  
blazing sand a marbled whiptail turquoise & gold  
collared lizard under torch lily  
& of course rattle snake  
body in loops  
head & tail raised  
forked tongue thrusting  
in & out between fangs  
tail shivering side to side  
as car goes by-

At 212

**SLEEP LIKE A PRINCESS  
AT KING IGUANA'S**

mattress column  
under a crowned  
young woman  
the Iguana King  
circling the base

At 201

**DINOSAURS BATTLE TO RULE  
THE EARTH!  
at KING IGUANA'S**

A Tyrannosaurus Rex  
mouthful of giant fangs  
grips through  
& rips  
in ecstatic spray

of blood & gore  
brontosaurus neck curved upward  
to a head  
emerged  
above  
billboard's upper edge  
strained & gazing  
downward upon  
both its assailant  
& passing motorist  
in simultaneous  
terror & pleading  
for help  
that is not  
forthcoming—

Somewhere around 186

**DRINK AWAY THE ROAD RAGE  
AT KING IGUANA'S!**

Lizard King slumped  
on his throne  
crown aslant  
claw around brewski  
buxom waitress  
in miniskirt  
bent over  
tall, shapely  
legs  
placing  
another bottle  
before him—

Inexplicably at 179 miles  
the billboard seems to have rotted

so that big holes show through  
to the chaparral behind  
but the King Iguana's  
black circle of eye  
remains among  
the decimated patchwork  
watching as the motorist  
approaches  
& watching still  
when passed by—

**UNDER PAR!**  
**MiniGolf at KING IGUANA'S!**

announces 173 miles  
a rococo amalgamation  
of golf balls rolling under the complex legs  
of red ants busying a hill, down furred  
tarantula's back, along the curving centipede,  
between the poised praying arms of  
the white praying mantis, into  
the black claw scorpion's mouth & out  
the curled tip of its tail stinger into the hole!

It all seems suddenly  
like a lot of fucking work.

The signs keep coming,  
closer together now  
that you're closing in—  
Whatever other purpose  
there might have been  
now appears lost or replaced  
by a tightening series of pinpointed  
references focusing the wide open arid scape  
into a series of windows on a place  
you haven't arrived at but will someday  
reach if you just keep going it's out there ahead—

Strangely, the billboards  
stop registering in the same way,  
almost like the regular ticks  
of a ticking clock, King Iguana Time,  
fading in & out of the room as you notice  
or don't. You long ago accepted  
the many benefits touted  
by your destination, but at 37 miles

### **A PARADISE OF JOYS!**

you note the crowded collection  
of lizard grins & snake smiles,  
some ragged memory tugging at you,  
not quite surfacing—

the last one you really take in  
comes at 29 miles

### **KEEP YELLING KIDS (They'll Stop! )**

Curiously, the automatic pilot starts to accelerate into  
a world of blur continuous ribbons no objects anymore  
no saguaro cactus no rest stops no signs or big boulders  
or buttes all eaten by speed so fast you're practically  
standing still  
like past & future have become equidistant  
like you've gotten where you want to get  
reaching light speed  
in  
the luxurious  
interior