it is a hell of a time to write poems about demons

the whole neighborhood is having dinner

silver belts
   rather black leather belts with a silver or chrome or stainless steel buckle

black satin gowns still the faces of white rabbits
tongue scarlet
teeth showing

blue eyes green head cloth

they play catch with books
   the pages flop about

a gold pointed at one end object it is disassembled into a pile of gold
   in lumps
   the lumps hold together as though fixed with glue

the demons wave hatchets about I'm not sure they're demons

silver or chrome or stainless steel axes