



Oh God Get Out Get Out

Bill Moran



Bill Moran's collection, *Oh God Get Out Get Out*, goes through us like ugly medicine. It wades through his anxietywater- the grief, trauma, mental illness, money, addiction, deceased friends, and long EMS shifts- all pooled inside the depressed deathmetal kid, his thirsty mouth held open and up to heaven, wanting to die. It walks him and his audience through the haunted house that we are, the one we hate living in. It doesn't look away from the dark. It kindly refuses an early exit. It keeps the death off by leaning into it. Hems it in like a band shirt, animal coat, tv show, or god we can wear when our own bodies are worn out. It eats its way out of Moran and his audience, the same way he will leave this world: wet with its Ugly, wearing the Ugly like a deathmetal shirt, carrying armfuls of Ugly out with him. You'll hate the taste, but he swears you can drink this like medicine. When you want to disappear, it is light you can douse yourself in. When you want to get the hell out, it will clean house. It really hopes you'll stay.

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