

today's menu:

- shaved topaz (bitter) 25¢
- burnt Kentucky bluegrass 10¢

tumbleweed

tumbleweed scattering

wet blue ink

- Bleeding Dayflower's saliva
- wearily.

kamome-san

kamome-san, why you
looking at the sky like that

*the grass feels good on my back
makes me want a glass of
raspberry juice*

*wishing a quail egg ruptures in my
hand/Eustachian tube*

*(listen
closely to the bass!!)*

kamome-san, why you
looking so sad

*mercury is making my eyes water.
wishing upon a shishito
sort of looks like a femur, you know, from
{consumes kvass}
the side?*

kamome-san, why you
drinking so much

water is good; i was thirsty.

i see, kamome-san. will be here later.

La! until!

{cue kamome-san flies flies away}

*kamome-san means "mr. seagull" in japanese

someone

i would like to meet someone
who dreams to the slow sound of
metronomes cooing,

bluishly

to rest peacefully

last wednesday i saw a
goose melting into the sidewalk.

was it hit by a car? anyways

pretty peaceful.