

Hunting Around

The straw is turned into girls
who burst into cotton candy
count chocula and froot loops

The insects of Earth form a whispering
Allegiance with the stomach brain of
Mammals

It was bound to happen
One way or another

The pig The cow The chicken
The feeding on these
Is a slick feel of timid hunger

The willed ignorance of being
Out of range
You sup on slaughter
But you shiver to kill

Cry for centipedes to suck
Mother's secret milk again
To perhaps preclude
Your insect change

The girls turn back into straw
Routine takes the reigns
What is left until death
Is just effort; grey brains

Happy Girl

For Sarah

Be Be a Happy Girl

The rolling Earth rolls round
Making the grass go
Green then black, green then black

Be Be a Happy Girl

With our detective beagle, the whole League of Evil's
Gonna fall into the jaws of love
It's gonna fall into the jaws of love

Be Be a Happy Girl

We'll go dance bananas in our cats' pajamas
As they shiver underneath the rug
We gonna raise the ruins of love

Killin' Hookers

An all out assault on the senses
An all out assault on the girls
I oughta be kinder
Just as a reminder
That I kind of remember your world

A penny for your thoughts
And the hopes that you've got
A penny for the name you are called
New cash for old gold
Is nonsense that's sold
To the desperate any and all

I put cash on the dresser
And watch it undress her
Blood loss is lovely pale
Run, and it leaves a bright trail
Hear the beckoning purr

Lace

Proprioception is the fine lace
That keeps us seeming in one place

Call it our thread, our stitching
A thing that starts at the back of your eyes

And dives, winding around to your toes

It binds your boundaries, interlaces your interface

Your organs bob, woven in a mesh of skin

Where you end and the rest begins
Is appropriate perception

But the stitching that kept you together
Could not contain your mental weather

And burst.

You have no ending any longer
No skin to lock you in

Your nerves become a nervous fire
Fingers extend their tips desires

If you close your eyes you will become the dark

Open them and you will fly in all directions on the wind

Wonderful Things

Rise Dragon, your shoelace was untied
You tripped unfortunate lizard, and you fell

Really? You expect me to believe that was on purpose
Your snout is bleeding, is that on purpose too?

That's utterly ridiculous, there was no Dragon Marx
You're thinking of Zeppo

What's this? Your tail is a giant spring again
We talked about this, you are too big for bouncing!

Now that's cheating, you're just using your wings
It's not tail bouncing if you flap your wings

"The wonderful thing about Tiggers
Is Tiggers are wonderful things!"

Yes I know that, and you know that I know that...

"Tigger grows hungry!"

Whoa! Friendly eyes! Friendly eyes!

You just like saying the Tigger rhyme, I understand

Who doesn't?