

## Non-Zero Possibility

At the Drive-In

I'm just tired of counting bodies  
Is this mausoleum tardy  
Let's just paint you a pretty face  
Flies dip tongues into tear ducts  
In toothpicks fought unborn  
Contusion is hungry  
They still eat their young  
Proto-culture null and void

All veins in highway laps  
This breath collapsed again  
This hex was delivered spent  
Orchestra influenza  
Drawn and quartered pets  
It dwells and grows

This is the pocket-sized edition  
Rapid sleep through benediction  
Let's just paint you a pretty face  
Museums mark their bodies down  
And the tenants found  
All the distance in their prefix

Contusion is hungry  
They still eat their young  
Proto-culture null and void  
Fever bliss into central nervousness  
I was bitten on the entrance