

Erectangles

I Set My Friends on Fire

I don't associate
Myself with egotistical people,
That's why
I don't talk to myself.

Diabolical heat waves
Of ingenuity singe the back of our
Crouching necks, hauling towards our
Calloused selves then repudiates and wrecks
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Asterisk, tisk, tisk. Gaping instruments are a health risk
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Can't seem to influence a single tier,
Posture here, is rigorously austere

Where's this offensive
Stench coming from
It's modern music's
Blistered leaking rectum

Morpheme hellion hangs by
Tail suspensions augmentation,
Even if I cut it off it will still move
To humor the slain motivation

Duties are to assure no asinine obstinacies
Roam these appellations,
Caterwauls aggrandizethe jittery sensation
Of cowardly trepidations