I wasn't sure As the sky was toffee Feeding birds To the horses Killing the clouds And I cut off my face And made skittles With its teeth I ate the graveyard whole And holes open like candles becoming dogs Well there are Bluebirds Blackbirds Deadbirds Totembirds Baked in pies and praying to die I made them rise From their pies And married the moon And killed my face And threw its quincunx into space The cats are like furry constellations They lap up the Milky Way Speak tongues with windows open In the fabric skulls We wear like bonnets To cover up our empty eyes. Behind such emptied eyes The everything bubbles and laughs. No empty sketch But quite as vast as children's dreams Who sleep outside of manmade cogs No barking disturbs the sketch of Kosmos yet to come. Abba amma (Babylon Destroyer) King of dust I swept up With pan and brush

In a rush whilst the berries explode