

Slaves' Graves

Dirty Projectors

Coming, becoming
As we landscape the landscape
Finding shrubs better than hedges
To express our good nature

These are the feelings of slaves
All spiraling upward
Interior monocots whose rage
Expressed in slogans

Slumps itself feet up back to the urn
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Wood chips are chainmail
Against another feeling
Those seedlings that would crack pavement to exist banally

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The way a logo different from an icon
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