

# Horsetail Feathers

Final Fantasy

I'm smarter than a chair, until it needs

red paint

Then I'm amazed in a forest of stares

Crying oil, and picking horsetail feathers

From my eyes

A grin of shadows press my face

I am a forger or a fake

Who dabs and bursts each blood-filled egg

And whips his raw steak of a brush into an X

I wanna quit with all my skin

But I can't find a place to sit with all this red

On my hands

Or even trace these slapdash tears back to

the start

I coat it twice, and thrice

I rub it on with tan lotion

And like a child, I let it stream

Watching it ebb, full of emotion

My neighbour stares, I'm red as Mars

(He's smarter than a can of paint)

It looks real nice, he finally says

And where's your lovely wife today?

She's in the house baking a cake.