

## Sleep

John Maus

My eyes, they swell like pregnant breasts  
When the sun stirs me from my gentle rest  
My skin, it smells like black sick meat

And when I wake it wears like wooly putty  
To die a rotting smelly sack of silly flesh that looks like sickness  
With yellow jackets pecking at my mumps disease  
And from my mouth my tongue is hanging  
Like a starving cord of nerves  
ooooo oooooooo oooooo oooooooooooooo

I would be happy  
Mired in bacterial death  
Wheezing in the ejaculation like a lion after feasting  
Yes, I would be happy  
Oh, if only I could shoot the sun through the navel and pull its guts right through it  
With an anger  
Sleep hibernates the juices and the starches and the organs  
While wild prostitutes  
Gallop in the firepits  
Of my head  
Beating drums and shooting stars  
Out of the mouths

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My skin, it smells like black sick meat  
To die a rotting smelly sack of meat