

Glass

Kristin Hersh

is this witchy? my thoughts are cloudy this is weird: my mind is clear

in this hyper-chlorinated pool of humanity you're very clean

i give up

is this hunger? i can't remember this is strange: we're just the same

in this insatiable, unstable subspecies you're very sweet

i give up

flies woke up, confused sprung to life and spring all here and everything

sleeping on the kitchen couch sun everywhere you're very clear

i give up

why put the light on? why put the light at all?