

Plastic & Powder

Lower Dens

His head is shaved
His tongue flicks on his lips

From the purse in his hand comes
An oft-welcomed gift which
In hindsight
Had I been wise
Would not have been received so willingly

Oh, these birds never stop
They just keep flapping
A thousand putrid wings
Infinitely

What if my skin sloughs off?
What if my tongue curls up?
What will the vanguard think of me
And my pedigree?
Will they ever climb down?