

Tarantula

Meat Puppets

They'd been gone for so damn long
I'd nearly forgotten that they could be near
They fly high and so far gone
You can hear them but they seldom appear

And they live, live on a mountain
And they hardly, ever hardly see the floor
And the clouds grinding around them
Created a terrible roar

Fine glass book, their pages newly amended
And planted in steam.
Witchcraft spoons breed rhinestone radioactive
Bull frogs in antique magnetic cream

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High I.Q. brand rhinestone carnival barking pumpkins
That walk without feet
Low-rent hunchback elves sell sweets to the children
That play by the street

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