

Cumshots

Pears

I am not a chicken

Cumshots

Random fleeting tidbits of justification

Must write them down before the final bulb burns out

Scribbled confused

Kneel down before high priest of patronization

He bleeds of truce and privilege billows from his snout

How mighty

(How utterly beautiful)

The motions a nonchalant charade

I'm tiny

(So swimmingly I stumble)

March to the dumbs of bananas on parade

Chill out

Toke up

Expected the unexpectable waning

Of simple certainty that things remain the same

Amtrak incubation on the unmaintainable maintaining

The hurt clings to me

Bits of glitter

Adorned I came

Model train set

(I'm at the epicenter)

Flag down conductor and dose his lemonade

In this armchair

(I eat my shit for supper)

Succumb to quiet

The bananas on parade