

you are a skeleton of a man with long spider legs and
carpenters hands, you stand, abandoned ship, you can't,
a quiet drip from your rusted faucet sings. a hollow sink
in your (cell/life) rings, as you weep...
momma, put me to sleep, and thats when you know how good
this gets, a waking night here, a nightmare at best.
your number tossed in, in with the rest of them. your
totem skin painted in tradition, in winters room.
in your bodies condition, he said "save me" and was raped
by pigs, each blow spewing wisdom for all to see.
teach the world.. "cop", make him pay!, the kitchen
bills, the height of hills, the fog through pills, the
loss of will,
unwilling shrill, kill... killer... killed...