

We Heart Our Hive

Q and Not U

It's a pleasure to reject.
For pleasure, light all your cassettes on fire.
It's a measure to protect this birthday present from distress.
It's a pleasure to reject the hide-and-go-seek
Anonymity of public swimming pools.
It's a measure to protect this like a fragrance.
Shut your windows.
Happy birthday.
It's a pleasure to reject this distance.
So light up the cassettes.
All of the amateurs are canceled out
For listening for the dulcet sounds
Of the new children's coterie safely singing in the rotary.
"We all reject for pleasure."
Then we swing.
Right time.
Wrong face.
I can not deny my own sweet taste.
This city owns me.
Showed me.
Undecided.
Witnesses claim to have found
That "impossible sound" of young adults
Learning how to shake it in the hospital.
"We all reject for pleasure."
Now we sing.