

# Rusty

## The Dismemberment Plan

I pull my collar down low  
To show my sucking chest wound  
The taste of apple and tin  
On a hot spring afternoon  
A child screams in midair  
A diving board springs to place  
My eyelids burn with delight  
Can murder be done with such  
Grace and style  
No no no no no no way  
Now i'm face down in the yard  
I'm feeling shakey and pale  
My nails encrusted in brown  
My big experiment failed  
The swingset swings in the back  
The chain are rusty and old  
The crossbar creaks as it bends  
The seat is splintering  
No no no no no no way