

## Per Second Second

The Wrens

I had this dream again Ann shot me....  
Per second second faster from the winner's line  
And the lord pulled up yea-high  
We drove on  
Throw coal to fire try to make Short Hills  
Lordy gathered kills - two from France and one from Avalon  
Kill's kitchen lazy-Susan spinning down  
A sure sign he's left town  
Kill can't hide  
Not for long  
God's button-down silk-blended shirt by Ralph Rauren (\$65)  
Pants by House of Men (\$95)  
Hair by Xi of Fort Lee  
He had a \_\_\_ \_\_\_ and the slickest DA cut  
A dueling scar of what  
It's so him  
Soooo A.D.  
I gave as sexy as I got  
In every vacant lot  
The lord taught me a lot  
SBS  
CCD  
8-track of crimson & clover  
Drove playing it over and over  
Shot rock-splitter to god: carry me home  
We picked up Hope who fell down faith and pulled up stakes  
Staking odds on bigger breaks  
Bottle spins (kiss)  
Win I spy

I spy sex becomes our crappy sad reward

For another day endured

Leg on dash

Hand on thigh

She said, 'you're on my hair!

You're on my hair! Press hard I'm almost there. Driver, yes! Spill the wine!  
'

Homecomings all reveal

Shortcomings and old devil's deal

I'm shot