

Point Blank

WHY?

Point blank
You are nobody's boyfriend
Just a series of anatomy lessons
Under your specific skin
Treating your cells like a stamp collection
Framing your (stick of?) dick
Behind monitor glass
Unholy and wholly unsettled
Like unearthed indian bones
With fleabitten ankles
And itchy blanket beds
Impressed from a wet pocket
In a packed flat desert
Even place calls
With the numbers on men's room walls
You are nobody's boyfriend
Just a series of anatomy lessons
Under your specific skin