

Rubber Traits

WHY?

I want to always be on film
To be caught in the cut, coffee sober
Ding-dickding-dickding-ding boom boom boulder
Unscratched lenses, of a brand new prescription
Drawing days from a stacked deck of cards and doing... doing
I should cut down my caloric intake
I should go to sleep hungry and wake up with my guts knotted up
And ears open like a burnt down hut

I want my mouth to always taste the blade
But I want, but I want, but ohhhhhh
I want to kiss like taffy
Hump gentle on a bed of nails and
Feel salt to widen eyes like a cut up clam's tongue does
I want to dump early on and be empty the rest
I want a patch of blue sky to follow me

Unfold an origami death mask
And cut my DNA with rubber traits
Pull apart the double helix like a wishbone
Always be working on a suicide note

I don't want to
When I feel like I could've gone long
I don't want to
When I feel like I could've gone longer
I don't want to
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I don't want to
When I feel like I could've gone

Productive, fully charged, cocked, and pointed
Keep a tape recorder on my bedside table
Sweats, only the pants that fit the best, no belts, no cuffs
Walked home yet loose keep heel dies blue to a ten
Watch a fly hit a pane of glass till it gets real bony
His stomach swells up and he dies

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