

The Plan

WHY?

The plan, no will

Just leave it to the whims of your unborn little ones

Or tonight write it for a joke

In unbroken code, in snow on snow, in the middle of the road

Write none, and leave it to the whims of your unborn little ones

Write a word for the fear of bees and nothing else

In the crease of a lonely book on the shelf

And leave it in reference only for it to be found

By your anonymous homie crease writing pen pal

Or fear none

And leave it to the whims of your unborn little ones

All the small tools

For an heirloom pocket watch

And the watch kept warm and working

In a raw skank's crotch