

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