

Blueline Medic

"Cotton Oriental Pants"

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It was awful but mostly for the animals.
Subjected to such energy.
The cumulative force of a thousand minds all opening
up at the same time.
Over the mud and mainstream.
She swore she was over trace.
Still on storey high high-heels.
Caped in cotton oriental pants.
There were reasons why I wouldn't try everything.
Her father had kept her psychiatric for six months.
Six months and all out of love.
She fled up north.
And a year to the last New Year's Day.
She'd barely made it home.
And I hated those dragons that climbed up over her
legs.
And sided with the fatal skirt that cut off both their
heads.
She was sorry.
This almost naturopath.
Yes, she was sorry she didn't have any stories.
There were reasons why I wouldn't try everything.
An almost naturopath working hard healing others and
not herself.

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