

Cap'n Jazz "In The Clear"

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canine exhales my steam faced spit bath. tippy toed.
noses nippy cold touch. i'm looking up through gnarling
gashers through drooley jowls peering into my peer.
canine ate seven sick five year olds. canine ate seven
sick five year olds. baretoothed brawls lost. what they
unmindedly kick. we shrug and barely bearhug.
grapple down to the ground. it's the same ground
grounding us. the same ground grounding those that
ground us. a b c d e f g h i j k lost. time to move on they
say. "i'm sorry, but you gotta go." i'm hoping once i'm a
big kid and i look down to the ground it'll seem further
away. canine ate seven sick five year olds. canine ate
seven sick five year olds.

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