

The Blood Brothers

"Birth Skin / Death Leather"

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mr. electric disappears and re-appears like a
smiling/snarling phantom.
dawn: wooing the blue from the crawling eyes of
babies
midday: vanished. grinning through the sweat pores of
harlots and whores.
sundown: opening a cloak of tentacles...
preaching the gospel of cracked crystal beaks.
dusk: peeling back the birth skin like wrapping paper
around a virgin.
vanish again.
twilight: march on electric children!
and you, with your self righteous army of crotches
spewing paper children,
his death hole is deeper.
and stronger than love.

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