

Lamb

"Buckeye"

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Turn on all the lights and punch them out. All four
burners going, pile it on
Fire. Metal sparks in the nuclear box. Fist through a
window pane and our
Broken coffee cups litter the kitchen floor. Smoke
rolling across the
Ceiling suck down the bride's champagne and swallow
a few more sleepy ones.
Pass the bottle to none and swing from the gate. Speak
in the name of
Suffering as loud as it gets. Knuckled holes in
everything spittle and love
Fling into a crying eye that runs away. A dead dog in
the street nothing
Brings a slain king back. You'll never know the
bittersweet smell of leaving
This world of your own volition. So jacked up.

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