

Daughters

"I Don't Give A Shit About Wood, I'm Not A Chemist"

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they shaved off fourteen points for ugly.
they dumbed down the structure like some amputee.
a broken bible salesman going door to door selling
mouthfulls of shit.
flowers spread across his teeth.
bloody imprisoned in his slacks.
shouting at size ten and a half feet.
remember when we were young?
(ohh)
well we're just like them now
(ohh)
these choppers won't chew no more
(ohh)
these knees won't bend no more
(ohh)

this face can't sell the words for sure.
there are a million other birds from sidewalk to ceiling
to the cats
who called the shots while i dipped in the fingertip
sleep.

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