

Skeleton Key

"That Tongue"

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There were looms inside her mouth
Spinning yarns like angry birds
And there were threads of lies and doubt
Getting tighter with each word

Entwined in arcs
Shaped like question marks
That hung
From that tongue

There were smokescreens blown so thick
You couldn't see the pointed fork
And there were clues that darn and flick
Until the pie-hole blew its cork

The storm had come
Hot air wind shear from those lungs
And that tongue
Those lungs
And that tongue

There were floats all wreathed in red
Big phony flowers stained in ink
And all her nurses bowed their heads
Decked out in gaudy shades of pink
I watched them all
Line up for the casting call
Of a fool
Who believes
With his heart on his sleeve

The storm had come
Hot air wind shear from
Those lungs
And that tongue
Those lungs
And that tongue

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