

Squirtgun "Kiss Your Language"

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When the whales came up to
Breath in sunlight in
They rolled on their stomachs in the sand

And when I rush like lava too
Eardrums crashing
You were choking
Eating oranges from my hands

My attention shivers. Here's a ship
It's in a bottle and
A fist of frozen flowers
Maybe I could kiss your language

You said "why not" like a sweating
Fire engine cartoon presidential
Perfect May

I'm a born neurotic horn
Concerto wrapped in whale fat
Will you speak to me today

My attention shivers. Here's a ship
It's in a bottle and a parrot giving lectures
A fist of frozen flowers

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