

The Faceless

"Your Retro Career Melted"

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Recovering slowly, a torso fell
From a beat up truck by a rural motel.
The manager seen how the truck bed bounced
While dust flew up with a rolling sound.

Voices appear from the staff outside
In bulbous text in a western style
His mannequin neck spun to turn his face
The bars spills drunks out frame by frame

Girls pushed girls side to side
To hear a suction sound as limbs realign
The crowd just seemed to multiply
They hear his plastic jaw as the news drops hard:

"your retro career melted"

They couldn't have agreed with the mannequin less
They didn't understand what the mannequin meant
The sound of a barrelled gun held to the back
Some plastic clicks as the shell parts pass.

Fleshtone shards fly by wild
They fill a plastic bag with the parts inside
The bag got dumped, a town nearby
They reassembled fast as his voice dropped hard:

"your retro career melted"

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