

# Unpersons "Number"

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I can't see nothin'  
but a sphere  
and the children are all  
filled with straw.  
filled with chaff.

(i'm flowÂ... erÂ... ing with the grains)

i fear  
a dagger you  
struck me  
coming slightly.

whispers  
i lapped milk from her  
the inside of her elbows  
like a cat

softly struck me.

i go out staggering, after midnight  
just hopin'

the dark wind whispers down dark hallways  
to me  
to me I fear

well, that's just my way  
of sayin'  
daggers.

the salt from the inside of her wrists  
weeping beams  
hold up the moonlight  
out in the moonlight keep me staggerin'  
hold me up  
sdaggerin' across a long black nothing.

i fear a sphere  
dagger  
you

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