

A.k.a.s **"Matchbook Poets"**

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On the back of a pack of matches, I wrote a letter today. With a bottle of kerosene, I toast to the bourgeoisie. Tonight, they say everything's gonna be okay. Tonight, they say, everything's gonna be alright... yeah right. Not-so-silent weapons for not-so-quiet wars. Still feels like I'm on trial. Still got my name on file. I carve notes like votes on a cinderblock. Matchbook poets, you know we leave paper trails like coffin nails. On the back of a pack of matches, I wrote a letter today. On the back of a pack of matches, I wrote my eulogy.

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