

## **Devil Wears Prada "Don't Dink And Drance"**

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I would like to burn this down.  
I would like to see it melt in yellow and observe a cloud  
of blackness rise.  
Watch it rise as it is wrath himself.  
Watch it rise.  
Crows will flee the scene as if to remind me how long  
it's been since I have seen a dove.  
Melt in yellow as I do.  
Exhaustion and mother of tribulation.  
Wound by wound.  
I torture myself.  
Wound by wound, I will perservere.  
Whiteness, present yourself, as I know you are the sky  
and anchor of my being.  
What we've known is like cigarettes.  
Formaldehyde fingers.

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