

Eitch

"Runaway Cowboy"

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Why is this place packed with raccoons?
And how many leaves fall in August?
Spider webs are stuck to your lashes
like legs crawling down your face.
Your features are from a drawing
that should have been forgotten.
It's too late. You're too perfect.

You came here, so tell me what you need?
I won't put you down intentionally.
I might feel your cuts.
I might refuse.
It should heal in an hour or two.

You came here, so tell me what you got?
And tell me what's that skunky smell...?

Fresh cut grown herb.
Dank as fuck,
high superb.
Sticky, sticky, crystal.
Exhale, inhale,

breathe out.

So tell me.
Why me?
Why you?
Why here?
Why now?

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