

## The Boggs "Bookends"

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Do you hear the rattling of hollow bones?

Birds! They make their homes in the trees above.

"As she went on, she was.." he went into details.

Once and once more, I scraped my fork.

The sun sets

The city slips

Winter hatchests slash it

The house collapses

Reading, watching, and collecting

I got clera on the radio.

112 days stood the walking dead

Listless voices singing hymns.

I sing along while she responds

By playing flipbook with the photobooth strip

Standing like a gnomon

Measuring shadows in the evening light

Drip, drip, "rain, rain".

"Will we ever feel right again?"

The sun sets

The city slips

Winter hatchests slash it

The house collapses

Reading, watching, and collecting

I got clera on the radio.

"Oh no, you dit-int."

But it began

You turned around

Some sunday someday and

We were standing, not moving

It was like this, it began

Like this:

Do you hear the rattling of hollow bones?

Birds! They make their homes in the trees above.

The sun sets

The city slips

Winter hatchests slash it

The house collapses

Reading, watching, and collecting

I got clera on the radio.

"Oh no, you dit-int."

But it began

You turned around

Some sunday someday and

We were standing, not moving

It was like this, it began

Like this:

"Who's got the muskets? The monkey's building  
caskets.' Said,

'Who's in? 'tih, you're a hooligan, you're a boook'n,  
you're

standling like a gnoman,' said, 'NO MAN! No man, you  
must be fookin' jokin' ' said, 'who is?' said, 'YOU is, 'n  
I'll soon show you

the bizniz!' said, naw man, naw man. Naw man no! Naw  
man

no. Nuh-uh uh uh no.' "  
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