

## Howls

### "Hammock"

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By the time i hear your cold cries,  
i was out of the museum  
Running west by the park

And I could barely sketch your face in case  
Your gusto growls off of the page  
I don't remember what you look like anymore  
howling at the moon  
With those larry hagman blues  
One dance then a blue  
And stay with me all night my honey child.

Will warm beads drip on my hand from your waste?  
Will it taste like the collisions we played out in the dark?  
Go run alone under the trees that grew out over the river,  
a very English summer.  
Ashen... well.

I'm howling at the moon.  
With those larry hagman blues, a quick step and a few,  
can't resolve I'm not into the night.  
I can't even see the point.  
Kim, I never had enough...

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