

Shudder To Think "Corner Of My Eye"

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Ladybug on my wrist strikes a simple pose and then
flies. Sitting man across from
me wears housefly-hair and sunken eyes. And he just
wants another quarter for
five quarts of forgetting sauce. Knuckles white like
embers ashen. Clicks his jaw
in neurotic time. Face a strobe-lit street-light dance as
subways screech their
third-rail rhyme. And I just want to see my girlfriend
caus her hugs are the best I
know. Though I'm gone I don't want us to end, but I feel
me slipping out the
corner of her eye. He just wants another quarter for
five quarts of forgetting
sauce. And I play "couldn't-be-much-boreder" as I'm
watching the drunk in the
corner of my eye.

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