

Clipside of the pinkeye flight
I'm not the percent you think survives
I need sanctuary in the pages of this book
Gestating with all the other rats
Nurse said that my skin will need a graft
I am of pockmarked shapes
The vermin you need to loathe
Now I'm lost
last night I heard lepors
flinch like birth defects
it's musk was fecal in origin
as the words dribbled off of its chin
it said I'm lost
I'm lost
now I'm lost
dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils
cast in oblong arms length
the hooks have been picking their scabs
where wolves hide in the company of men
it said
I'm lost
I'm lost
now I'm lost
are you peaking in the red
perforated at the neck
what of this mongrel architect
a broken arm of sewers set
past present and future tense
clipside of the pinkeye fountain
now I'm lost
it's been said
long time ago
you'll be the first and last to know
you'll never know