

## LADYBONES

Now you be so soulboned  
you speak when touched  
like a clean dish,  
Course I been dirty  
by that little child  
caca on velvet  
the diamondmelt daylight  
etc.  
An you been a dead wheel  
on my chest crush  
my money so bad you  
have no detail.  
Smooth, like a egg.  
Some nights screamin  
like you do you  
drench pillow you bitch all shape  
askew. I give you  
a gold record  
to hang in your tomb  
when I lunch other women.  
But my soulbone done  
rack its tubes  
with stuff. Needle go  
in an out  
cause it hungers.  
Just like your  
gold brown skin  
at the place where it plunges.