

Untitled

February 18th, 2011

red bird with one white wing
sitting on the subway floor
the hipster calls you just get it out mama
cloths fall
full moon
one foot in the back yard the other foot in the city
little room

resin blackened teeth

what doesn't become jostled?
THE NEW LIFE
the new life
who conversed with the city as a brother
plastic seats, wooden benches
yes, the bottom of the ocean calls them
here you are by why are your roads to and fro so
constantly busy
they pile in they pile out
they disrupt you, brother
you are frightened the roads are your tentacles
I cannot come to you oh brother with nothing but what I
carry
I can't trick the roads and take to the trains my bed and
basket

I couldn't say nothing I do not disrupt the solution to any
problem
if i could be silent you would still know that you lost me
because you chose to do so
but now you know I know you know
I put u in the list of those who didn't complete me
who does not assign but keeps tabs on
who slips beneath time
fears the forward coming of the world
places themselves there
no-one
nothing
so alone

you too gone
too gone to save
I'm not wasting my time over there where their body is
sobers
we your

oh so long
I was happy
to see u again
I would give anything
to see u again
like purgatory swallowed
me up
let me go let me go
who's the judge here
do I know him

-do I know her
she, the judge, oh

what was I to say
sorry baby your heart was just too broken up for me?
if the solution is staring you in the face then what is staring
you in the face..?

you and i will have to wait.
- it's just like this worry i have
then again it comes back when the wind comes