

(on my broken, scratched face)

I woke up with black swill swirling
Her name was night!
She was lying deep, down, and dark — on my face
Night Slept Naked on my broken, scratched face (and she warmed)

Then all the walls washed outward in a cavalcade
And it was convincingly as bad as it seemed
Sitting in oaken drool, Laden with patent gruel
Time gets bent and we do it again
It strains the very mechanism
That provides the Robust Behavior of our intricate psyche

I finished lunch and wiped my mouth with the **dead girl's sleeve**
She never said a word, although I still don't trust her...

Her ancient, decaying lies are camping in my mouth and are arresting my teeth
one by one

Slender wanes the waist that eschews the kill
Splendid be the perception that once winced a wicked cringe

An overgrown orgy of opulence has spawned a particularly effervescent
outpouring of internal, reprehensible behavior within the increasingly porous
boundary of the highly contested inner-most circle of indigenous culprits.
The knife will extract her essence, relieve her of her vitality, her nature.

The vagina bath was **enjoyed by the remarkable pile**
Slender is the waist of crimes gone by
Thick is the waste of the fattened celebrity

As they perpetuate the mad cascade of squeezing flesh thru the mortar parade
Jail is the horrible nail that strikes hard, warning the frail