

Non-Zero Possibility

At the Drive-In

I'm just tired of counting bodies
Is this mausoleum tardy
Let's just paint you a pretty face
Flies dip tongues into tear ducts
In toothpicks fought unborn
Contusion is hungry
They still eat their young
Proto-culture null and void

All veins in highway laps
This breath collapsed again
This hex was delivered spent
Orchestra influenza
Drawn and quartered pets
It dwells and grows

This is the pocket-sized edition
Rapid sleep through benediction
Let's just paint you a pretty face
Museums mark their bodies down
And the tenants found
All the distance in their prefix

Contusion is hungry
They still eat their young
Proto-culture null and void
Fever bliss into central nervousness
I was bitten on the entrance