

Rows of condos and birds as helicopters  
I had a headache when you left give up something  
and it's luke warm blood telephones  
have eyes to tip out feelings to dropping off  
like guns and flies

Take her down to the river  
and she would walk  
right over the water  
take him down to that goddamn river

Full of visuals and half wit harlequins  
it's full of smiles and laughter  
we'll weed them out like dandelions  
and your arms like batteries and you arms  
are chandeliers bought a ticket to  
the picture show to rip down feelings  
move these walls inside myself  
i lost my car keys underneath  
the palm tress and city lights  
avert my eyes to move northwest  
This is a poem, a combination  
of a sentence broken up to form  
a rhythm. you are a poem little pieces  
of my senses broken up to form an image

Take her down to the river  
and she would walk  
right over the water  
take him down to that goddamn river  
he would drag you straight down to the bottom