

## In The Clear

Cap'n Jazz

Canine exhales my steam faced spit bath  
Tippy toed  
noses nippy cold touch  
I'm looking up through gnarling gashers,  
Through drooley jowls peering into my peer

Canine ate seven sick five year olds

Baretoothed brawls lost what they unmindedly kick  
We shrug and barely bear hug  
Grapple down to the ground  
It's the same ground grounding us  
the same ground grounding those that ground us

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, Lost

"Time to move on", they say  
I'm sorry, but you gotta go  
I'm hoping once I'm a big kid and I look down at the ground,  
It'll seem further away

Canine ate seven sick five year olds