

this is how it ended in tokyo. buildings rebuilt and billed to anyone dumb enough to be standing there. thanksgiving day. tossing eating wearing pigskin worn thin. torn teethly like the scary cat sacred custom goes. sweet chicken little eating lollipop treats for turkey day. it's salmonella city. where we're worn thin. ordered to work in working order. bashful red shame and bold blue bruising whitey. hiding in houses looking like aching smiling faces. an oh, the comfortable forts we used to build with cushions and blankets. matching a patched up pair like us, apparently it's a given, given culture and all, we will break things just to call them broken. stained by this compulsion to ruin and name it art. (arthur to adults - "when you get caught between the moon and new york city..." (christopher kane?)) architects ache so they build. some subdivisions no matter how much pain or planning. no matter how much it matters. some ugly houses sprout up in rows. look like structures of sad accidents and broken happy plans. we named the clever chimp that picked up the first tool adam. we discovered we are really mostly just water. we pretend about a past to justify right now. we tell countless lies to make it through each day. keep on runnin' little bunny. keep on runnin'. all the duracell sold during the super bowl. and my disease. such an easy disease contagious as a yawn. my why chromosome.