

Melted Crayons

Fog

Are you unarguably ugly?
Weird and dry like a huckleberry?
to be appreciated only
in smarmy secret by a handful of creeps?

Rocks come from an assembly line
Inside of a mountain
I must have strange glasses on!
I must have taken a strange poison!

Drink melted crayons, Foofie. Drink every color in the
box.