

A Joke

Frankie Cosmos

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It's just a joke I wasn't trying to tell
What the hell?
I do not know what I am for
I wasn't really keeping score
It wasn't really a game
Flowers don't grow in an organized way
Why should I?

A bowl of sugar and some flower stems
Their spikes growing
I wanted to come from a painting
An abstraction

Calling up time and waiting on the line
'Til I finally say "I quit, baby"

It's just a joke I wasn't trying to tell
What the hell?
I still don't know what I am for
I wasn't really keeping score
It wasn't really a game
Flowers don't grow in an organized way
Why should I?