

August Closing His Mouth After a Long Summer's Yawn

Jason Webley

I think that we can breathe now, the world is over.
Send all the children over now, Red Rover.

I guess the world stopped spinning when supply somehow met demand.

Uncashed paycheck in my pocket, atom bombs in Pakistan.
Now I'm sitting on a bus, a shade too tired to be annoyed..
While two human avocados a shade too loudly discuss Freud.

But that's okay, the experts say,
At least the air is clearer now.

I think that we can breathe now, the world is over.
We're standing in a field of nine-leaf clover.

Sipping tea in an oasis, while we watch the desert spread,
And we're counting on our virtues, 'cause it's too hard to count the dead.

There's a pretty girl beside me, I think she wants to hold my hand.

But she's speaking in a tongue I think I'll never understand.
But that's okay. the experts say.
At least the air is clearer now.

I think that we can breathe now, the world is over..
We had our chances to be fighters,
Now we're burnt out twenty something poetry writers.

Yeah, I guess we all can breathe now, the world is over.
Guess there's nothing really left to do,
But seal our eyes and nostrils up with glue,
And observe the sticky residue that's all that's left of me and