

Sunshinshapedbulletholes

Keziah Jones

Tell me where a novel idea will play.
in the field of fairer affairs ill sit and wait.
for a smile ill fall in love with the angels there,
ill compose myself with the longest knife i can find,
ill make sunshine shaped bulletholes in ma mind.
tell me why akure my dear has to cry.
is it the way i comb ma hair?
or the way i squeeze your smile?
heh....