

Flamingo Legs

Lemon Demon

I love when opportunity knocks.
It rocks the stripes right outta my socks.
I love the world and everything else...
the trampolines and jingling bells.

I'd love to say there's not a thing I detest.
I'd love to tie a piece of string to the best of what I know and
keep it near,
but I won't.
I'd love to feel devoid of fear,
but I don't.

And I prefer it that way. I prefer it that way now.

Living, living underneath a rock.
Injuringly curious, the outline drawn in chalk.

I know the words but don't understand the karaoke effigy man.
Flamingo legs of yellow and green attached to grandma's sewing
machine.

I'd love to say it's only fair, but it's not.
I'd love to form a perfect square.
I forgot my love of rolling down the hill on the lawn.
I never noticed it until it was gone.

And I prefer it that way. I prefer it that way now.

Living, living underneath a rock.
Living (under the catacomb)
in this (pile of styrofoam)
outline drawn in chalk.