

## Bristles And Whiskers

Lemuria

He doesn't price his paintings  
Before the canvas dries  
His life is living colors like the ones in the sky  
On the fourth of July  
You can keep the closet door cracked  
Look outside, and dodge accusing eyes  
And be yourself for the first time  
Bristles and whiskers and a broad jawline are the prize  
Enjoy it now, because at sunrise  
Your friends and family think  
You're a pervert contaminating their lives  
He hides his dirty movies, he kisses his wife  
She has a suspicion of his filthy desire  
They don't make love they fuck  
And he assumes it's enough  
They both pretend to come with a common image  
Of another man filling them with love  
He lives his life shaving  
The whiskers that prickle his wife  
She's sitting in a pew praying to a father  
He better purge that closet before the canvas dries