

Drying Stains Spell things in words uneasily  
In crowded pens  
A drying mouth's final  
Hiss of growing limbs  
Faster than the skin  
The arrows pointing to the thunder of the tanks in vacant lots  
Down dark pathways  
Special paintings line the wall  
The ghastly glow of broken saints  
The cheeks of working flames burn blue  
And spit out words see what we've done we stayed up all this li  
fe for you and now you owe this much for good  
Here on your shoulders till we're  
When at first it's all in fun once  
White's misshapen eyes glued shut then  
In Words  
In Pens  
In Limbs faster than the skin  
Sick limp of Tin on Tongue shoulders pushing through  
Cut line In Waves of Blue hiss of growing limbs live ice  
In reams of tin  
All in Crowded Pens