

smell like cigarettes creeps softly through the vents
the room is filling up with smoke and little bodies
tell all the boys and girls from school to
keep breaking all the rules
to let their parents know they're individuals

datura flakes off from your lips
you've lost the swagger in your hips
your eyes are turning blue to gray
your skin feels soft and sagging down
your arms drag across the ground with each step you take
and they fall from the jungle gyms
and they fall
and piss away each night among the sound of bodies crawling round the room

I can smell their flesh on everything left in this room
chalk and scattered crayons on empty desks for weeks
finding clumps of unwashed hair caught between the vents blowing

carry their little bodies
to the cemetery
so gently

please don't let their necks crook towards the ground.