

## The Hollowed Out Chest Of A Dead Horse

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I've seen you sitting in your bed, in your brown gown of dead flowers. And inside your room, in its corners where spiders crawl, and a sour dream centipede slips under your mattress until its time. Oh, oh, gimme that back. I want my back, back. Oh, your beauty. Let it not, let it not. Let it fucking not. Lie down now if you please, darling, so I can do our world a service. Dream, dream, and dream.