

Corner Of My Eye

Shudder To Think

Ladybug on my wrist strikes a simple pose and then flies. Sitting man across from me wears housefly-hair and sunken eyes. And he just wants another quarter for five quarts of forgetting sauce. Knuckles white like embers ashen. Clicks his jaw in neurotic time. Face a strobe-lit street-light dance as subways screech their third-rail rhyme. And I just want to see my girlfriend cause her hugs are the best I know. Though I'm gone I don't want us to end, but I feel me slipping out the corner of her eye. He just wants another quarter for five quarts of forgetting sauce. And I play "couldn't-be-much-boreder" as I'm watching the drunk in the corner of my eye.