

Kiersty's mind's blown. In her room she knows its June but know
s not why. Kiersty's mind blows slow flute swoons, she knows th
e tunes but knows not where from. In a time zone with no noon s
he hops a spoon and sleds to water. In the snocone-clod, wet to
mb she shakes her broom-blond hair like God then. ..Well, she c
an't decide but her body says it'll make her make her mind up.
Kiersty's spine grows to the moon; her threaded loom of skin: t
he sky's shell. Kiersty's smile snows teeth like tombs. She ren
ts three rooms in heaven hotel. But she can't decide so her bod
y says it'll make her make her mind up. Kiersty's mind's blown.
In her room she knows its June so what's to say? Kiersty dies
home sleeps till noon its summer soon, so what's the day? Well,
she can't decide.