

Pillow Fight

The 6ths

How sad the castle with no
foundation underground.
Sadder still is the lover with no
mystery left unfound. You threaten to pack your trunks and
go back to Chinatown.

Did I say something impolitic or
did I lay it on too thick and
are we breaking up tonight or
can we have a pillow fight?
Do we really need to hire a plane to
carpetbomb down memory lane and
shall we figure out who's right or
can we have a pillow fight?

Diverse unpleasantness
gather around our bed
like pigeons 'round a park bench
clamoring to be fed.
Let us kill all these rats with wings by feeding
them poisoned bread.