

## Dull Day

## The Birthday Party

the light from the window  
falls on the floor  
and after it breaks  
I cut my feet  
on the little bright pieces  
(I glow in the dark)  
but only when night falls  
it's falling it's falling  
it's falling it's falling  
it falls  
my head is a night-club  
club-clubbed to dull drums  
beating to slow  
to dance or to breathe or to dance  
I insist that you cut in  
(I a la flamb?  
I'm drinking I'm drinking  
I'm drinking I'm drinking  
I'm drunk  
dull day