

Birth Skin/Death Leather

The Blood Brothers

Mr. electric disappears and re-
appears like a smiling/snarling phantom.
Dawn: wooing the blue from the crawling eyes of babies
Midday: vanished. grinning through the sweat pores of harlots a
nd whores.
Sundown: opening a cloak of tentacles...
Preaching the gospel of cracked crystal beaks.
Dusk: peeling back the birth skin like wrapping paper around a
virgin.
Vanish again.
Twilight: march on electric children!
And you, with your self righteous army of crotches spewing pape
r children,
His death hole is deeper.
And stronger than love.