

Chicago Typewriter

The Irish Front

The farmer stands,
Proud of his tornado,
Tentacles and all.
Owls pressed through key holes,
And children tangled into cob webs.

My stomach speaks to me in foreign languages.
And my abdominals have become artwork.

Extra, extra, read all about it.
I have been holding,
My breath since birth,
And armageddon is in a math textbook.

Bodies built from invincible bears.
Our bodies built from invincible bears.
Your body is built from invincible bears.

My hands have kept me awake all night.
All night.

My daughter found you,
Half eaten by concrete.
Projecting cannonballs,
And burying the anchors.

We're all siamese twins,
With our torsoes converged,
And with your legs dangling.

Donate your arms!
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