

A Sky for Shoeing Horses Under

WHY?

rain goes perfect with a nosdam mixtape
the last streetlights stay on well after dawn
kings fall to pawns he dropped the needle let the song say it
the kind of morgue with a gong to tell you when
but the room's rules will bend and the staff will make you laugh

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my dad wore this face in old photographs
calico cats out stare me from behind a junkyard fence
high on khat i let my stare go soft but pretend it's not
when i'm eyed i tounge my bottom teeth
and look at the sidewalk in front of me
and my tennis shoes go in and out of the frame
another sleuth footed empty Y
walking on goose eggs in the mission
swap meet brown 31 fishnet hat cocked to the right
i only played chess once in my life and i lost

looks like a sky for shoeing horses under
looks like a good sky to die under