

A guttered mind
Flash-mob asphyxiated bliss
Because he can carry 4 packs of 12 cans
up a flight of stairs

Coming into the beginning of the 90
the obvious acts like a straight jacket
and the Bad sleep well

We built our foundation on booze
and broken bottles
I can taste you at the bottom of
coffee cups
pull your shirt closer
to my skin
breathe in the moon through
thin curtains

We've worked out the potential
of couches
the rhythm of obsessive touch.