

On Winding Down Like a Fucked Up Toy

Mahler in my bed I manage
to dress swallow my tongue
airplanes in the sky
have crammed landing gear
the problem is the world ends every day
there was the piggery and photographs
damaged by pink eye

I thought desire lasted forever
inside the film my body waved back to my body
sea salt warm and smoky I tasted
slick as the center of a Neapolitan chord
[identify please]
there is no way I could have predicted
the feet washed ashore on Vancouver Island
near the Thunderbird RV Park
just when you thought things were getting better
beyond instrument or description
I would have warned you had you earned it

if I say *Honey put the smallpox blankets*
over the windows there is serious need
but first you must take time
[respond]
things are not right in the head
whose dirty little feet whose darling tenders
why do they kick