

# Cumshots

## Pears

i am not a chicken

cumshots, random  
fleeting tidbits of justification  
must write them down  
before the final bulb burns out

scribbled, confused  
kneel down before high priest of patronization  
he bleeds of true a privilege  
billows from his snout

how mighty how utterly beautiful the motions a nonchalant charade

chill out, toked up  
expect the unexpectable waning  
of simple certainty  
that things remain the same

amtrack incubation on the unmaintainable maintaining  
the hurt clings to em  
bits of glitter adorned I came

model train set, im at the epicenter  
flag down conductor and dose his lemonade  
in this armchair, I eat my shit for supper  
succumb to quiet, the bananas on parade

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