

Maybe They'll Gnaw Right Through

City of Caterpillar

Quick! Set your traps: burn your stakes: throw your stones. We wanna feel safe. And the mice will gnaw right through. Board the windows: caulk the cracks: seal the doors cause there's a draft. The horrid air's out to get me. Please shine your spotlights: hit the brightlights: lay off the brakes we need to breathe... such short spurts: short short: spurts. Inhale:exhale needles/tubes/blips/white/starched/ticks all itching to get in. Quick for god's sake cut out the lights. They'll know I'm here. They'll know and gnaw right through.

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