

Jimmy Tango's Method

Every Time I Die

the amateur camera captures her motion perfectly.
as the strangle knot that she wears on her wrists.
the trunk preserves the new scent of the princess skin.
disinfectant spit adding luster to chapped lips.
if she comes to, i'll tell her that she's beautiful.
all thses flies are gathered in admiration.
perhaps we should offer them a new wound.
i think you're right, this isn't really happening.
this isn't really happening.
can't get the smell out, can't get the mascara off the apolstry.
oh, this isn't really happening, this isn't really happening.
still everyone keeps laughing at me.
oh god, this is going to end badly.
if you don't wake up, i'll have to stop kissing you.
all that flailing has made you sleepy.
you rest while i untie you, wait here until they find you.
we've got some time before the reverie ends.
i've combed my hair, brought you your sunday dress.
tonight we'll magnetize the eyes of this whole town.
my hand made mannequin.
i won't let them get you.
they'll know you're mine by the fingerprints on your throat.
isn't she lovely?
isn't she wonderful?
like the whores that we are, swatting flies from the wounds we design.
this is not about fear.
paranoia is a disease of the unarmed.
this is beauty.
a sickening concern for the transcience of flesh.
we keep our screams behind the gag.
i keep my baby's breath in a Glad bag.

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