Paper Cuts

Amit Erez

When I'm feeling tired
She puts food through the door
I crawl towards the cracks of light
Sometimes I can't find my way
Newspapers spread around
Soaking all that they can
A cleaning is due again
A good hosing down
The lady whom I feel maternal love for
Cannot look me in the eyes
But I see hers and they are blue
And they cock and twist and masturbate
I said so!
I said so!
I said so!
Nirvana
Nirvana
Nirvana
Nirvana
Nirvana

Black windows of paint
I scratch with my nails
I see others just like me
Why do they not try to escape?
They bring out the older ones
They point at my way
They come with the flashing lights
And take my family away
And very later I have learned to
Accept some friends of ridicule
My whole existence is for your amusement
And that is why I'm here with you
To take me with your eyes
Nirvana
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