

Cobra feet

Thunderbirds Are Now!

Make believe.
Practicing to deceive.
Fake mirage.
Dressed up in camouflage.
Crimes.
Jail.
Posting all of your bail.
Please behave.
Roll around in your grave. Yes, it's a mess,
But we're here to clean up.
Yes, I confess,
It's a mess; we'll clean up. Aghast.
Appalled.
Whatever it is called. Erect.
Tall.
Like a good animal. Ears.
Eyes.
The last breath before it dies. Teeth.
Blood.
Roll around in the mud. Yes, it's a mess,
But we're here to clean up.
Yes, I confess,
It's a mess; we'll clean up. Who picks up the roadkill when it's dead?
Who reads a book they can't comprehend?
Why is blood blue while we see red?
Who understands a thing I just said?

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