Muppet Face

Xiu Xiu

should I treasure the rembrandt
or treasure the light
the bitter juniper is still food
pull down your pants by the shi'ites
tire my tounge over your gumsoh, honey bee
buzz upon me
slip me a note
oh god, what a donkey
it smells like fallujah
a hammock rod
this shirt clings like dander
this kiss scrapes like rusttiny, tiny paws covered in the dirt
tiny purring sounds rising like a pike
stabbing my hand like a sailor
this last night of ours's pathetic
tiny, tiny paw turning into dust
tiny shining eye, rolling like a die
casting my fate to the gristmill
this last night of ours
finally i'm surprisedoh, tuck away those acient jugs of yours
reaquainted with the brush of a skinflake
cooped up between a jerk and a hard place
you sight your eye off the tip of your gun

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