Vacation Brain

Shudder to Think

Kiersty's mind's blown. In her room she knows its June but knows not why. Kiersty's mind blows slow flute swoons, she knows the tunes but knows not where from. In a time zone with no noon she hops a spoon and sleds to water. In the snocone-clod, wet tomb she shakes her broom-blond hair like God then. ..Well, she can't decide but her body says it'll make her make her mind up. Kiersty's spine grows to the moon; her threaded loom of skin: the sky's shell. Kiersty's smile snows teeth like tombs. She rents three rooms in heaven hotel. But she can't decide so her body says it'll make her make her mind up. Kiersty's mind's blown. In her room she knows its June so what's to say? Kiersty dies home sleeps till noon its summer soon, so what's the day? Well, she can't decide.

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