City Calls

Swan Lake

Oh the city calls its wild wastes
its fortressed breeze to helpIn the park was Caravaggio's Christ
who fucked the police and put an end to the price of automobile radio heistsAnd did you want to help did you think you'd help?But your help was a hurt
A motivational welt
Wounds and their salts"And the ill milk in your bones
and you whisper to your knees
and your two broken collarbones:
You want to take a photograph then take a photograph of me!"

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