

Book of Flags

Q and Not U

an iron gate surrounds you stinking like rotting lace.
your flags are waving dishonestly.
a pining plaything, so false so pleased, your flags are aching to bloom from distant grounds, drowning out every
sound.
ten generations, ten-thousand nations redistributed like a lost and found.
we're keeping our flags at home.
(you better not child)
we're keeping our flags indoors.
(you better not child)
we're pulling them from our clothes.
(you better not child)
we're spending some time alone.
(you better not child)
your flag confessed
(like it or not child)
it's first confession
(like it or not child)
calling out all your guests
(like it or not child),
calling out all your children.
i knocked your system up.
i drank your system down.
i'm showing symptoms.
i fucked your system.
look, now i'm pregnant with the whole damn town.
we wrapped your flag up (they never want to be alone)
we wrapped your flag up tight (they never want to be alone)
we tucked your flag in (there's trouble in the house tonight)
we kissed your flag goodnight.
i miss the precious sounds, i miss the tender sounds, i miss the softer sounds.
i miss the underground.

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