Burn Rubber

Too $hort

But if you turn the porch light on and let the marble night withdraw
you can smoke a cigarette on the wooden steps.
The mosquitoes are not vampires. The moon is not your mother
even if she is preparing for a total eclipse.Get behind the wheel. Stay in front of the storm.The clouds dream disorder. They make faces. They make mud
on some ancient order that is no longer enforced.
The sugar bowl is full of ants. Your sister is a dumpy mess.
And you are cutting off your head to spite your shoulders.Get behind the wheel. Stay in front of the storm.
Get behind the wheel. Stay in front of the storm.

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