# Plastic & Powder

## Lower Dens

His head is shaved.
His tongue is on his lips.
From the purse in his hand comes an oft-welcomed gift which,
In hindsight,
Had I been wise,
Would not have received so willingly.
Oh,
These birds never stop.
They just keep flapping a thousand putrid wings infinitely.
What if my tongue curls up?
What if my skin sloughs off?
What will the vanguard think of me and my pedigree?
Will they ever climb down?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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