Job

Swans

Cut off the arms.
Cut off the head.
Cut off the legs.
Get rid of the body.
Heartache to heartache.
Job to job.
Dollar to dollar.
Body to body. pus.
Poison. blood.
Shit: get rid of the body.
Heartache to heartache.
Heartache to heartache.
Why hide
My heart pumps.
My legs move.
I sit down. I rot.
I hide my stink.
I follow directions.
I know how to work.
I keep my mouth shut.
I know my place.
I hide my stink.
I need you more than I hate myself.
You hurt me then you hurt yourself.
Why hide the lie?

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