MA JOLIE

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Rows of condos and birds as helicopters
I had a headache where you left
give up something, and it's luke warm blood
telephones have eyes
to rip our feelings throughwe're dropping off
like guns and fliesshe's everywhere
and she will step right over the water
but if you take him on down today
she will drag you back down to the bottom
she's everywhereFull of visuals and half wit harlequins
it's full of smiles and laughter
we'll weed 'em out like dandelions
and your arms are like batteries
and your arms are chandeliers
bought a ticket to the picture show
I rip down feelings
move these walls inside myself
I lost my car keys underneath
the palm tress and city lights
avert my eyes to move northwestwe're dropping off
like guns and fliesshe's everywhere
and she will step right over the water
but if you take him on down to today
she will pull you straight into the bottom
she's everywhere,This is a poem,
a combination of a sentence
broken up to form a rhythm.
you are a poem,
little pieces of my senses
broken up to form an image,Take her down to the river
she would step
right over the water,
and if you take him on down to that goddamn river
he would drag you straight down to the bottom.

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