Pox

Xiu Xiu

you look so ready to kill me
with your bosses saw
Mendocino, Klamath, Siskiyou, Shasta
a wasp will find its way into your
pointless life
its stinger will sting you away
this where I live
dripping and marked from your paint
Jesus is wondering if even He can love you
oh this is where I live
a pox upon your house
(a nuthatch will never bow)
(a crossbill will never bow)
will you turn me to money?
will I shat my poison egg in your mouth?
signed with my conifer blood
this plastic coffin always in the shade of
your sickening daughters and
your idiotic hobbler wife
this is where I live
community college is waiting for them

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