

# Jennifer

## The Blood Brothers

Her heart throb heart throbs 340 beats a minute.  
Those slit throat confessions licked by randy flames of persuasion,  
the shaving of bone, the lingering taste of singed enamel.  
The negatives, Jennifer.  
Such uncompromising positions  
I said, "You don't need a doctor honey, you need a mortician baby.  
Because I don't want your money,  
I don't want your favors.  
This ain't no blackmail  
this is for amusement.  
Don't shady pasts make interesting broadcasts?  
And human error is never an acceptable answer, Jennifer.

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