

Ghost On the Subway

Percy Shaw

Im walking in a crack, scraping dirty hands on eyes so big and white. Indecisive as always. Watching you spit
on yourself.

Its a party for the particles amid brown ant-covered bird carcasses. I cant hold anything together. My teeth keep
falling out.

Im a neo-paleolithic man in a petrified present of prehistory,
where nothing is sacred but the cigarette butts,
where no one is free but the bugs. Well fix things. Well take the puzzle apart. Well clean the dirt off the key to
your heart. Nothing will have no place in our world well build.

Itll be so beautiful just you wait and see.

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Itll be so beautiful just you wait and see. I was waiting for the subway, when you waved your wand
and swept me away. I searched, searched for your ghost for so long to find you already on the subway. Smiling,
clicking away into that dark tunnel as I sit on this bench. Im sitting on the sun flipping through a ring of skeleton
keys.

I am the nicest thief you'll ever meet, and Im going to steal
everything I can from you before back into the ground. Were all drawing lines between dots that are as random as
the stars in the heavens. Nothing makes any sense.

In the absence of logic i seek solace in my sadness. Well fix things. Well take the puzzle apart. Well clean the dirt
off the key to your heart. Nothing will have no place in our world well build.

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