

Touch You Touch You

Hot Hot Heat

Cars look oh so so sad.
Roads look oh so so drab.
Windows copied and pasted.
Buildings look pixelated.
Alphabetical names.
Dropping, wet dripping.
No rain will blur invisible ink.
I think you think I wrote it down.
Why are you wired in to the wall?
Why are you wired in it at all?
Know you won't believe it -not until you see it.
No. Know you won't believe it -not until I write it down. I touch you, touch you.

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