

Jordan Billie Pets the Wild Horse's Mane

The Blood Brothers

Yesterday I shaved every inch of my body and mailed the hair to you.

Does this excite you?

Is this what you like, pen pal?

Today I mailed a brick through your window

and watched you shower

so clean.

I sucked your soap like a sugared apple,

I steamed your mirrors with nostrils flared.

Pen pal, I'm afraid that our meetings are no longer coincidental,

it's hard to be discrete when hooves hit concrete.

It's hard to fit in when you look like equestrian.

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