Precious

Cap'n Jazz

peanuts and kiddie molotov cocktails on a starved stomach on sunday afternoons.
i've got tobacco allergies, and a bloody tongued cat lick tickling the li'l piggy peeping out of a size and a half ago shoe.
i watch myself in the fishtank mirror in the corner.
all the fish died for friday's fish fry.
i'm watching a sunken ship.
one sunday, like a likeable bully,
he pulls to a picnic and builds a fire.
december embers trickle up,
set roots in soil sky as january's stars

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