

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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