

Preservation

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

That night he hurt you bad
In that green, pastel
summer dress
You'd die alone with the land
A hollow head in its hands
But everybody does that
But with particular scorn,
in polyurethane form,
freeze dried, stuff to the brim- Preservation
Hide in our hideous masks
Your daddy's shitty
shake grass
I told you I couldn't see it
A monument of pills,
grocery lists, telephone bills,
pamphlets & dollar
store trinkets- Preservation
But if that was how you put
it, and if you ever willed it,
I would embroider you
In disaffected kisses, in
bleach reticent sunsets,
soldered animal glue
A hand too heavy to hold
Lips that won't
do what they're told
How do we ever begin it?
How do we grow old?

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