

# Stash

## Mark Henning

I'm pullin' the pavement from under my nails  
I brush past a garden, dependent on whales  
The slopin' companion, I cast down the ash  
Yanked on my tunic and dangled my stash  
Zipping through the forest with the curdling fleas  
To grow with them spindles, the mutant I seize  
I capture the dread beast who falls to his knees  
And cries to his cohorts, asleep in the trees  
Smegma, Dogmatagram, fish market stew  
Police in the corner, gunnin' for you  
Apple toast, bed heated, fur blanket rat  
Laugh when they shoot you, say  
Please don't do that  
Control for smiler's can't be bought  
The solar garlic starts to rot  
Was it for this my life I sought?  
Maybe so and maybe not  
Maybe so and maybe not  
Maybe so and maybe not  
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