

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
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