

# At The Drive-In, Pick Pocket

in the humble stence of nativity  
hummed the smell of television snow  
a faint S.O.S. flickering  
riding on the coattails of their ground zero  
neighborhood footprints ingrown  
the daylight savings time will never know  
of this alabaster cold  
your lovers quarrel ended up in crawspace  
dental identities will tell us apart  
teeth marked and bounded with sighs  
step into my parlor  
said the spider to the fly  
stable hooved footprints ingrown  
cloak and dagger muzak blared in ohms  
in this alabaster cold  
ingrown  
more calibur per capita  
breakfast table search team implodes  
the milk cartons that pour will never know  
of this alabaster cold