

McKinley, Buffalo

(McKinley & Brian Cutler)

There is no surgery for this.

You won't wake up neatly stitched.

You have to break it off and burn it shut,
half the arrow still in your chest.

When you put your arms around someone else,
it will not curve

but tap at your bone and flirt with your softer parts.

Cupid's shooting with evil, rusty darts.

He doesn't know he's being cruel,

just hunting for sport

leaving us littered like buffalo.

On the prairie I'm down there dying watching clouds.

They look like my dog, my pillow, my teapot, my frown.

Until I'm ready to spin up in a wisp, because I can't

get up and walk away like this.

But if I lay here and collect the clouds back I can make a
heart out of nothing.

A clean steam pump steeping details

having dumped the valves of stone in Cupid's

bloody, pudgy hands I can travel light, travel light.

Cupid's shooting with evil, rusty darts.

He doesn't know he's being cruel,

just hunting for sport

leaving us littered like buffalo

leaving us littered like buffalo,

my teapot my pillow

My God. My God. My God.