

Subtle, Hollow Hollered

Your blood owns no bones,
With mailmen in your home
Holding a knife to your poems
To hollow all you're sown
And holler goner, you're owned.'

And supposing you was meant to be bent born some sort of law man,
With the poise of an intellectual and hunch of a clerk,
And disposition of a saint
And they'd say,
he is always with cancel eye and ever correct'
And knowing that
Are you less
In the ever so complicated endeavor of a human death

There are only two species set to death on earth
The creature of choice
And the creature

Where in the human who
Are you?

S

And supposing you was meant to be bent sole keeper
Of the kilometer-long list of things certain to be so.
The human plight right there in 1's and 0's.
And he who knows all that's owed
You'd think would be considerably more fearless,
Unless, of course, he feels this
Heat of something coming to adjust his
Eminence accordingly

To go on stealing poems,
From the homed armed with only a key comb
Letter opener carved from bone wish,
With which to pick
The simple levers of locks
To fly things well beyond the sky of your clock.

Your blood owns no bones,
With mailmen in your home
Holding a knife to your poems
To hollow all you're sown
And holler goner, you're owned.'