

Why?, Rubber Traits

I want to always be on film,
To be caught in the cut coffee sober
bolder unscratched lenses
of a brand new prescription,
drawing days from a stacked deck of cards
and doing doing doing.
I should cut down my caloric intake.
I should go to sleep hungry and wake
up with my guts knotted up
and ears open like a burnt down hut.

I want my mouth to always taste a blade
But I want to kiss like taffy,
hump gentle on a bed of nails and
feel salt to widen eyes
like a cut up clam's tongue does.
I want to dump early on and be empty the rest.
I want a patch of blue sky to follow me.
Unfold an origami death mask
and cut my DNA with rubber traits.
Pull apart the double helix like wishbone.
Always be working on a suicide note.

I don't want to (ooh-we-oooh)
When I feel like I could've gone long
I don't want to (ooh-we-oooh)
When I feel like I could've gone longer

Productive,
fully charged cocked and pointed.
Keep a tape recorder on my bedside table
Sweats, only the pants that fit the best,
no belts, no cuffs.
Walk toned yet loose.
Keep peeled eyes glued
to a ten.
Watch a fly hit a pane of glass
till he gets real bony
his stomach swells up
and he dies.

I don't want to (ooh-we-oooh)
when I feel like I could have gone.