

December Wolves, Friday The 13th

Toilet full of barf,
feel their tongues wrap around your neck like a scarf.
Ingest the tiny white fish, throw up the dreams all over the bowl,
for which you have wished.
A splash of water on your face, a total loss of time and place
your mind and heart begin to race!
A journey through the pipes I have to pursue I'M CHASING YOU!
Then from the pier, the juice has washed out to sea.
But on the bench, a Friday the 13th.
The smell floats around like a kite,
and you'll remember when you're crying in your bed at night.
I've got this flower in the field of sight!
And as young 'um, you aspire to become the wretched demon who takes
anyone from anyone leaving a hardened shell to bake in the Boston sun!
Walk up the stairs, to taste her spit like chewing gum.
And your fingers slip together while they pinch around the naked plum.
In a sea of splinters and smokestacks - Feeling so mundane - Ejecting
all the pain. I look down and I noticed your hands splittin' - while
installing your novacaine! From the chin, saliva traced. You're slowly
dripping down the neck and then the nipple taste. Moving into the field
toilet your tongue taste. Leave the phone on top of me. There's
something around 5AM we start to see.