

Dying Breed, Fleshflower

Sunshine:blooms
Then I'm fucked again
Echo that same old song
Certain past the ego
Certain expansion of the self
Meatbreath tomb
Pistil whipped up pollen
Vining
Sturding the grooves
Fresh plow
Upon the ventral side again
And lube down
The American dustbowl
Growth
Flowering
Wall to wall you'll fucking hate me:
I'll find the words to fuck you up
Meantime
Tired of the tilling
Just tired:
Core ripened
Core ripened
Can't waste it
Stamen lacks the stamina
Until she blooms again: