

# 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: