

Failure, Magnified

I'll show you a trick with
ants when
The sun's high in the sky
we can
Burn them up to crispy
black shells
See them crunched by
old, slow, slick snails

Light the fuse inside the
dead bird
Feather flurries rain on
our heads
Empty nest with three
small brown eggs
We'll think of something
before the night falls

Don't hurt a fly
they all sang
Don't rape a girl
in bright may
Don't kill anyone ever
Lay still and stand
this fever

The sun's just
A big glass
We're all ants
I love you