

Horse The Band, Stabbers Of The Knife, By Kenny Pelts

warm flesh and oh so smooth skin TWINS a sun and moon
I could have been anything leading the armies of the
free or building the great elaborate id. but one of
them i dared to love so long without defense my eyes
went white and blind. now i know -only two, two
wretched sisters fucking-lying sisters woe and hate.
the ghost of a carcass, chipped away its morsels RED +
WET losing warmth RED + WET cleaved, hacked from my
back RED + WET yielded from me by a stabber of the
knife. THRUSTING/ PUSHING/ FORCING/ SPREADING/ THE
HEART/ OF ME/ CONCEPTUAL KNIVES/ COLD INSIDE/ FUCKING
ME/ KNIVES/ FUCKING ME/ THRUSTING/ PROBING/ DEEPLY/
SLOWLY/ FROM HER/ SWEET RIGID DEVICE and one of them i
dared to love so long without defense my eyes went
white and blind my eyes went white and blind my eyes
went white and blind. TO ALL THIS i SPIT AND LEER,
CHEERING VAGUE OBScENITIES IN AN EMPTY ROOM..... ON A
DIRTY FLOOR.... WRITING PAGAN POETRY ON MY BIRTHDAY
CARD, ANOTHER DAMN BIRTHDAY CARD SPLINTERS.... WRITING
HOLIDAY COMMENTARY.