

Jana Hunter, Heatseeker's Safety Den

No, darling, don't tempt me
with your prosthesis and shy cogentry
Sounds like driftwood in the sea of plenty
Couldn't you stay
To be sure
Precarious, oh, precarious
Nefarious few, they'll bury us
Precarious, oh, precarious
Breathe out
Oh, honey, what stops you
Why so cold and why the feet in your shoes
Stop growing older and counting cashews
You should stay
To be sure
Ventriloquists, forty ventriloquists
with supple wrists who couldn't say this
Ventriloquists, forty ventriloquists
Be strong