

Squirtgun, Kiss Your Language

When the whales came up to
breath in sunlight in
they rolled on their stomachs in the sand

And when I rush like lava too
Eardrums crashing
you were choking
eating oranges from my hands

My attention shivers. Here's a ship
It's in a bottle and
a fist of frozen flowers
Maybe I could kiss your language

You said "why not" like a sweating
fire engine cartoon presidential
perfect May

I'm a born neurotic horn
Concerto wrapped in whale fat
Will you speak to me today

My attention shivers. Here's a ship
It's in a bottle and a parrot giving lectures
a fist of frozen flowers