

The Number Twelve Looks Like You, Like a Cat

Give him back his sweater
that poor fellow has only orchestrated symphonies
into the poisoned ant hills
You have tried I'm afraid
don't let it hurt
I shouldn't stay
show your cards now
I want out stain the tub
clot the streak
cock the wheel
push it deep
fallen shade drowsy left me hopeless
carve my head
great disguise took a breath
gave it back
early-aged, self pitying, misfit, experience, coincidence, quality menstruating.
it makes more sense to speak nonsense
What is it like to scatter organs all over a deeply pasteurized land
Just like a cat without a mouse
it masturbates
it violates Sadistic dresser
Maybe it's the ability to choose
that makes a wounded player take to the field
and laugh at his injury
than to be fed peas and carrots by his sitter
Farewell to the oldsmobile
acknowledge the new models
farewell farewell
Set me back in my old sweater
for an hour or two
I can obtain satisfaction mutilating ones humiliating me
You have tried I'm afraid
don't let it hurt
I shouldn't stay
show your cards
now I want out
strain the tub
clot the steak
cock the wheel
push it deep
fallen shade drowsy left me hopeless
carve my head
great disguise took a breath gave it back
early-aged self pitying misfit
What is the point of laying in a comfortable position if you can't fall asleep in it?