

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Then I Defy You, S

The apparitions tango to the sound of their heels tapping,
A procession of prosthetics limbs and mannequins.
They're all perfect models of imperfection
With a marrow made of cellophane.
Strap on your ballroom best.
Breathe in and don't exhale.
Oh, Juliet! Oh, Juliet! Deny your name your father.
Rearrange the cells that form my skin.
See them through kaleidoscope eyes
Because everybody feigns sometimes.
Blur your eyes,
Romeo.
Bend the line
Romeo
Do you like what you see!
Oh Romeo
Where art thou?
I've dressed up this canvas skin' painted something colorful just for you.
Self-inflicted surgery is now routine.
It erases all traces of faces we have all known; we have all owned.
Stretch me over this
Two by four skeleton