

Why?, Crushed Bones

Here's
To inhaling crushed bones
through a dried up
white out pen
and riding the backwards racer
in hot June rain
in a matching blue and gold
plastic bag / poncho / raincoat.

It's a wooden coaster
with a medium hill height mean,
high hill to flat ground ratio
you know I'd sell my shingles
for a thimble dip of snow.
Back then I'd've sold my single
for a fingertip of glow.

And us in navy blue hoodies
and khakis, as was the style that year.

In London,
where the sirens yelp
like a helpless dog
with its paw stepped on,
and the rain comes down in late July
and the record labels call you Why?
and your eyes are slits in bags of fat
and your eyes are piss holes in the snow

I swear,
The riders on the tube
tie razors to their elbows,
The riders on the tube
keep cold coal in their billfolds,
The riders on the tube
will hide cocaine in their shell toes,
and yes yes yes man
they'll novocaine their hello's
Till the constables got pit bulls
with their paw bones all stepped on
Till the constables got pit bulls
With crushed bones up their nose holes

And us in fish net hat
and canvas shoes, as was the style that year