## Why?, Whispers Into The Other

Have I become bug under thumb for your scented nails to glow by? I need out of my shirts I think you'll find attractive. On your hill perched so clandestine you rest like a second term president and I go destined to keep the crayon close and guess until my name goes red, at whose dead half-daughters were denied your womb on the down low. At whose half-sons come a lump in my throat and man my fever with an army of frogs underskin.

and I don't want to dance with your shadow no more or listen through an elephant's ear for your whispers into the other.

My curse is the circuit that your fingers rehearse on me to quell my nerves and my only one is for you to king me with wavecrest and not stethoscope, with the core, not tentative as you were choosing soup cans from the cupboard for your grade school's Thanksgiving food drive, no.

But I'm the only one pulling near clear from a melted crayon under the comforter some man cured your goosebumps with-I'm sick and stuck on something you Every time I see a Honda Civic my heart just jumps right through. I do it by your nails' light but nothing comes, it's true. And I'm caught in a pipe to smoke my own limbs off.

And I don't want to dance with your shadow no more or listen through an elephant's ear for your whispers into the other
Another gum gut morning
Telephone restraint
He's in your bed,
has he taken my place?
Another gum gut morning
When i see you face-to-face
He's in your bed...