

Loose

Again I move and find myself in a building.
Men eat candles in the doorway.
The campfire is a piece of paper that can't be read.
They whisper "technography" and stand by it.

The duck is dressed up like a crying baby.
Young girls live in wolf suits thinking of the ducks.

In the valley now the apostles light the fire--
Creatures eat the leaves while the children skitter in the forest.
Horses approach my position and turn--
Butterflies scattering like fireworks.

The duck is dressed up like a crying baby.
Young girls live in wolf suits thinking of the ducks.

As the mannequin bounces I hear her vanish.
Images grow sideways out of her arms.
Again I move and find myself used to it,
Looking at this world for all that she is worth.