

from **JUST LIKE I LIKE IT**

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This little gash above my coccyx feels something

Sun choke

I can be well if it wants me

Without dreams

Waddling like a duck

I will remember this drool as the same colour

Of the whitish rocks who

Feel nothing

This hole on the small of my back

I put everything in this hole

A hole wide enough for all commodities & comedies

A hole small enough to sharpen a pencil

A hole, from the start, artificial

A hole strained enough with the propensity for waiting

It's not socially awkward it's just an asshole

It cannot not write about capitalism, it says

Constant simmering with regular boilovers

Put some tape over this hole so that chemicals don't leak out