Grains of Brown Sugar

Covered with a brown paper bag,  
   a drug store on the first of the month.  
Against the disabled  
   pushing your way in  
past the lollypop given by the doctor.

Clustered on the tip of the nose,  
pinching off the hopeless.  
Like plate tectonics,  
a grain of brown sugar  
embeds itself in the under birth of a nail.

Nicotine

You smelled like my past staring back at me when I was younger. How we would dance to moving trains. Madness and loathing, a needle trembling as the needle landed in the maze of my feet. The holes in my shoes were like Elliot's eyes.

The Christmas tree's still there. They gave Elliot a coat. The Christmas tree's still there. They gave Elliot a coat. He died almost ten years ago. And I smell his breath. And I smell his breath. Jousting is the official sport of Maryland. The sea away, he was left in the basement. Absinthe and shellac records. I couldn't write your name on a postcard. It tastes well. Your lips look like a lit mattress or a cigar box on the floor.

The fuse was lit and I pulled it in. Heavy through the strings and fire. There was a cigar box on the floor.

I'm going to turn your dad in, because I didn't. We were trapped in a tub. You burst in and shook like Haile Selassie.

There was a cigar box on the floor.