

plow my heart

*sick of the fleshy freak show
down on the bad boy side show
money doesn't bring closeness
dead soldiers overload the heartbreak system.*

disappointed farmers plow my heart
drive their tractors through my chest
plant corn in the ventricles
tomatoes in the aorta
wash the moss from the abandoned valves
+ wait for next year's harvest.

sometimes they flood the chambers with smoke
so it doesn't get too cold in there
sometimes deer come + eat the corn
sometimes the farmers go fishing
instead of tending the field
but the fish are angry
the earthworms are violent
the bridge is painful
the farmers return home filled with regret.

how have I come to such a place
drugs + fake lightning do not drain the well of shame
shame does not feed the corn
shame feeds the darkness
shame is food for the goners.

I should be crying now but I'm not
I should be grieving now but I'm not
I'm the quiet good boy
jumping for the dust mop
organized + clean
I'm the big mouth bad boy
lobbing sex grenades at the silky slinky thighs
deep in the mushrooms on a low budget
waiting for the end of the day
faithful to my creed . . .

*I will not fall down again
I will not fall down.*

I will not fall
I will not fail
I will not feel.

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