

A risky
yellow fly in the office, waving
his hand in poems like
eating a postcard to visit you

You are wow just great I wonder
I rose a dreamer a fist full
of bulbshine, without dirt; a beggar

I be gone and all the mosquitoes
will be gone to work, lit up wow
and the given capital shatters

Some delicious suburbs like you
and I are finishing off the bridge