

Meranda Pfamatter

Sitting in an Office, “a place to hang your head... or hell, yourself!” Shock steeped the coworkers faces.
 What a crime such prudence is the Stem of the area. Horses in the middle of no man’s land, led no other
 place. Middle management quite the same, too much to chew. The View in his window so big and open.
 Like a Sea of possibility ignored every, single, day. Value tagged at the highest assortment. Fang and
 bone scrape but no avail. Ties and khakis battle for crumbed cake in the kitchen. Toes in pain for
 dress codes only really apply to her. To him, the actor, everything is coming up Dan.
 Elephant in the room, his wife isn’t at home and we know. Bond and whip without
 Khakis insight, poor Dan. There is always the oven to warm a painful
 headache. Or maybe my queen will keep this all off my mind. Poison can help
 too, I guess. Like predators, from cheek to lip. Ruined mood with a
 sneeze. Fuck this, I am going to the garage to work on the rod.
 Tomorrow it’ll repeat, crumcake flock. Boring boasting
 of fuckwad hobbies. Uncomfortable
 arguments involving everyone’s
 unrealistic religion.
 Home again to have
 cheese on rice.
 Power at a loss,
 finally a use for the
 candle. Vegetarians have
 no room for beef, so I try and
 convince my Queen. Silver flicks in
 ever brown already showing in early
 thirties. Wilderness is all a dream; air
 will never be so sweet. Love however may keep my
 feet founded here. Gate after gate dread sinks in Dan
 again, and this time plural. Furniture red, furniture blue,
 furniture for her, not you, YOU can’t afford it. Cemetery finally
 fresh air, too long will it be till a plot is found here. Back again, paper
 after paper after ink-soaked paper. Cattle to the kitchen, crumcake Wednesday,
 MOOOO. Winter will soon freeze time, thank the Gods. Then again if I become too cold set a match
 maybe? There will be a fire hydrant nearby.

Brick yard Hearth billowing under the sun
Grass carved Trapezoids floating in her wine
Sounds twist Angle gurgling bubbles
Ever more Victim than a pest
Tilting tottering rose’s spit wine
Brought the Buzz, burnt by the sun
Cast and Demand in the sticky bubbles
Ever asking Name silly little pest
Her cheek’s Embellishment made for only her wine
Notice his Deformation catching light of the sun
He opened Revitalization portrays mice like pest
However low Tendency portrays mice like pest
Ever he Dreamer childish bubbles
Opening wound Discourse burnt skin under the sun
Still soft Headrest a shoulder to a hand holding her wine