

Josephe Jackson

Crying crime

You look like a crime.
you smell like a crime
and you have no crime.
I committed a crime,
and now you owe me
multiple dimes.
I live in my spleen,
but i love in my
crummy tummy,
and you just made
friends with my
aortic valve.
What are bodies
but floating waves
on an ocean?
And so we claim
our pretty remorse
while we roast our
snores and this
utterly foul prune,
privately,
and you're who I see.
When I'm a crime,
you cannot exceed.
Hug me,
like the wind.

Heartshaped Box

Kurt Cobain was my idol,
when he jabbered,
his songs
smelled like incense.

no, He never appeared
on american idol,
but never would he stand
there, and leave me idle.

People think,
he was an infestation
of pandemonium
but he was not,
he was erotica,
in women glazing
hearts.

He was a riot,
that the world
couldn't contain,
and thats why he died,
in pain.

because he came,
over - our lives
to listen to fathers
cries.

Who is it you see
in heart shaped box,
Is it Mr. Cox
my librarian
who condemned me
for listening to
his music in 1992?

Who knew?
how much
his songs flew
across the state.

Now, hes up
in heaven