

i got myself a cat.
she wrote a book.
i clipped her nails.
they were piercing me, you know.
she didn't cry at all
now my hair is short.

i eat a pack of cigarettes a day,
drink some blues,
and listen to my coffee-water boil

my throat hurts a lot lately.
my bed's cold in the morning.
especially when i screw
a mildly curious october wind.

and i dived the other day.
there were stars all over the place.
under the sea.
and i'm not even kidding.

did you know that cats are like love?
they get old but they don't die.
a grave guard told me that.

birds of mourning

