

At The Drive-In, Pick Pocket

in the humble stence of nativity
hummed the smell of television snow
a faint S.O.S. flickering
riding on the coattails of their ground zero
neighborhood footprints ingrown
the daylight savings time will never know
of this alabaster cold
your lovers quarrel ended up in crawspace
dental identities will tell us apart
teeth marked and bounded with sighs
step into my parlor
said the spider to the fly
stable hooved footprints ingrown
cloak and dagger muzak blared in ohms
in this alabaster cold
ingrown
more calibur per capita
breakfast table search team implodes
the milk cartons that pour will never know
of this alabaster cold