Lambs

Look at us pointing fingers into tree-knots and animal nesting spaces; a too-hard slap on the back and not wiping properly; what we do with our bodies in the mirror is our business, inverted (back bacon etc.) keeping a breath to ourselves no shame in that but let’s not pretend our dicks don’t spend most of the hours the universe sends soft and curled like the ears of lambs. O French boy never slide your arm from the shoulder of your friend; you bigger boys, come bury this pet with me. It’s been dead a long, long time.