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The Last Time I Say Heart

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THE LAST TIME I SAY HEART

From now on, the tongue will do my talking.
At least it gets to see daylight. The h---t
stays down in its hole, like a big red
gopher, and gains so much weight
it can never come out.

From now on I'm going to keep my eyes
closed. Daylight isn't good for them –
they try to act like philosophers
and see relationships between things
that just don't exist.

I'm giving up all the old habits and
starting to really live. I'm going to change
my life, put on a new pair of shoes,
beat my rug, grind my valves, polish my shell,
purify my spring, mend my fence, pound out
my dents, crack my nuts, and balance my books.

All the things that in the name of something
I've forgotten never got done, or even started,
I'm going to do. I'm filling all my holes,
pruning my shrubs

I'll feel better with my tongue in its new job.
The old fat h---t can go to hell, and stay there.
I'm talking now. Even when there's a new mouth
to explore, and the great excitement of despair
jumps all over me, this big pink fish up here
under my nose will keep flopping on the wet sand.