

1971

# Lockjaw

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L O C K J A W

*'Hier bin ich, tot, tot, tot.'*

I'm going to lock myself up  
in a dead man  
in his insect  
crust where orchids  
are nothing to the insect  
and might as well be  
stapled to the crust  
and might as well be  
light bulbs empty  
glass eggs inert  
gas on the hidden  
tape recorder oozing  
through the system  
music for human beings  
inside their smells  
ugly insane emaciated  
cannibals of God  
I'm sick of the music  
of human beings  
their tongues slide  
around in their mouths  
like swollen pink worms  
I'm going to lock myself up  
in a dead man  
so they can wipe  
the sweat off my face  
and dust it with wheat  
flour face powder  
so they can fold  
my hands and watch  
the bruised  
growing fingernails