

Bags

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Black rubber bag
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Black rubber bag
Black rubber bag (repeat)

Sun burns in a perfect day
Now smell the air of this perfect sky
Silent sweet
A precious place
Desirable shade
Beneath the pinion pine

Drawn by the beauty
Of my own terror
Close to the edge
Swallow the void

Vultures fly
The Arizona sky
These tell-tale signs
Bloated body like a TV dinner
Let the death move in
And let the feast begin

Flock of flowers
Desert develops fever-blister
After the rain

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