RUN with Scissors.
When you fall, show the world
Your ruby gash.
Never wear underpants—
—clean or erstwhile—
if hit by a bus your mother will
(hopefully) be looking Elsewhere.

In dreams we fly:
in lucid want we staircase and scale
and forget.

Sing your organs bloody.
Ooze and seep and burst;
UNLEARN your pinions to grow them again.

LACE CURTAINs WILL KILL US ALL