The Border Is Many Young Men

In this room are no shadows  The Pacific ocean is framed on 1 wall the prairie like chopped brains on another  Bales of hay fall out separate

as soccer players sleeping  Drink baby clams from a wineglass  Whirl clocks on chains like criminals  Forget everything but this: "A man can slap his head in the hair of a woman" there is no cause There is no cause for alarm There is no cause  When

the long wall crumbles dead men's bones will not support dead men's bones  Do not give way

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