

Take it from the start.

My words are your breath.
Your breath is my word.
Look me in the eye.
Traverse this distance to reach me.
Your mouth is on the gun.
Slip in.
Gush out. Tear.
Music's in the air.
Crumbs, wombs, thumbs. Bombs.

Scattered locusts,
food for thought,
singing lot of argonauts
shelling out the plot

Who'd have thought
You'd reach this far,
still crunching under-foot

The bar is high you can't deny
Together we might even touch the ...

Spit split is spilt, a spent fault
Foucault is your default
Read out loud to the eager crowd
A merger, proud, in its meagre shroud