The cat is stuck to the cat.
This is the first premise of any animal.
The second premise involves
Movement, which leases a false sense
Of looseness to the first.

The nerve barks at the head.
The dog barks at the broken car.
M, are you awake?

For each mouth torments
Its mouthpiece,
And I am no musical device too stubborn to run my nerves
Into the strangest of places.

Mother calls and thrusts
Her inner dialogue
Into the grand suction of modern engineering.

I lie down with a cigarette on my head.

The third premise involves the inability
To remain constantly aware
Of the first two.

She compares the health photos
To ensure that each freckle on my penis
Is not cancerous.

Father awaits a theater
Concerning the animal he should become,
So he hurries his own image off the stage.