

## **Klak**

words by **Geordie Robertson**

My baby klaks,

like the teeth of a shotgun cow,

dead meat, hits the killing floor.

My baby ticks,

like a deathwatch beetle,

waiting patiently beneath,

linoleum.

*I dreamed I was homeless, wandering the strange avenues*

*In a daze lost and lonely, I called out for you.*

My baby fucks,

fucks like a hurricane,

tearing up the coastline at,

break-neck speed.

*I dreamed I was homeless, wandering the strange avenues*

*In a daze lost and lonely, I called out for you.*

*I dreamed I was home lying in, your arms like a child.*

*Until laughing and loved I, kissed you awake.*