Late **We walk to work over the bones of our forefathers** *They hate us* **We get to pat all the colours onto our eyes, the glitter** *across the bridges of our noses the blush* **draped around our temples** *o shirley* **We get to wear our lashes as white as our collars** *We get to dress up* **in all the fabrics the delicate lace the furs the futuristic iridescence of what we decided shall be our business attire** *with the shoulder plates and the harnesses*

Kisses drop down out of our panties as we walk the earth onto the earth where they lie and do not even try to replace the things that used to grow here **yes we get to wear** *all the muscles* **and not to forget** *the veils* **that fall** *augment the space we take* **and graze our faces** *We get to keep them to ourselves* **finally**

We work **in the meat factory** *with the cells* **we attempt to make new chickens** *from the ones we wiped out* **but we fail at the beaks** *we engineer to bring back the greenery* **we do the math** *it will take centuries* **we wonder what will walk** *and grow* **over our bones**

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