

**Death 10**

Federman is dying. The taste of confusion like pipe tobacco. He always threatens because he wants to be incoherent. He would be a string without a balloon.

## **Please Do Me**

I will now eat blueberries, and I will bring more blueberries to bed tonight and will eat them in front you.

Outdated for two more months, I will make do with the ones from Jewel, because my blood must pump.

My blood must pump and my cock will grow, much harder than it has been.

And don't you know, darling, that blueberries draw sawed circles on bedsheets? You make art you have no control of,

and it creates you right back, it thieves spots in your refrigerator, rubbing its way out of a frozen

juice cage.

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