

Michael Farrell

## ANATOMY

their skins so alive they don't feel  
touch theyre what i feel myself to  
be more sky scrutinise its  
depth by night they think their eyes more  
modern we our emotions get  
ting scarred for free leaving something  
of myself to the galaxy  
unlike the fbi they sew  
me up again no worse for wear  
& richer under hypnosis  
do you love us will you leave us  
out of other motivations  
& myths whats war to you & peace  
my necktag brags of loving space  
you open a tin of knowledge