

# BROWN EYES

Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?  
Into the shot glass and indo.  
Delicate streaks of soft and green  
Shatter brilliantly between the lines,  
Forcing Baby's brown eyes  
Liquid blue.  
Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?  
Do they still linger  
Over Chicken Head girls?  
The dollar store whore  
Lips and eyes  
That will become black  
And sink into their skulls.  
Into the shot glass and indo.  
Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?  
'Cause you can't fight love with love  
In the form of a prick, a stick, a tick  
Of a clock  
Chimes  
Climbs through the stages  
Tracing imprints of your kiss,  
Embedded in my forehead.  
Oh, Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?  
Why does the blue crack so  
Vividly in the veins,  
Drains, caves out the system.

'Cause you can't fight love with the love  
In the form of a prick, a stick, a tick  
Back into the realms of time  
Just to hear me say once more  
Baby, I got your brown eyes.

—*Laura Daum*

