

Laika

The Drones

and all the dim companions of
the old white dwarf
watch him throwing sugar
on an old blackboard
he says "you can't stay in the classroom
'til the end of God
now Laika's in the backseat
of a lunokhod she was the first to leave home
in a very long time
but vanished with her tail on fire
she was born under a foundry
in it's black air duct
then cast adrift as though
she were a speck of dust
snubbed by walls of mantle
and their bolted core
then fired into a canyon
of polite applause through half a pound of sugar
on an old blackboard and this grain is our sun
high on a field of maize
blazing like a hawk
high on it's stilty gaze
the wind blows and the corn leans
laying Laika bare
she don't see it coming
and she's got nowhere
one day they'll build her statue
put it in the yard
to show to all the children
and the palace guard and one day all you children
will be white dwarves too
you'll cave under yourselves
and become cruel cruel cruel.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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