The Partisan But He's Got To Know

Swan Lake

Oh the partisan said
s"there are photos in your head I want to know what they are"
And he was wise in many matters of the bruised and the battered
And the cold in your car
He said that "I want berries the Apollo-weary citizen has some behind his bar."
Who blows the sky? Who blows the sea?
Who puts the Myriad in the grass in front of me?In the lofts they would pull and they would tear upon their seleves
and the tinkling is a symphony of "Father won't you please?"
And the rent becomes a myth because the photograph is diseased
For the matriarch has slipped and hurt her blessed knee:
"Oh when's she going to slow down? Wil Wendy ever slow down?"Oh the partisand said there are photos in your head I want to know what they are;
And he was young but still terrific through the burning barn's horrific
It was done all the same
And with his bat and his bullies he's going to stalk
the hills of mercy and lay waste to their name
it's the violator's aim
And I called the love from everyone
to testify that I am as stupid as a lord on a skewered palace sword
"So dumb (the person), I called your name in verse
to the masked poled opponents of partisans and sentiments
and cake-holed second verse and I am stupid
and indifferent to the muscles of the minions who had stupidly opinioned
that the mayor was the emblem of the passion-played name
but the fall of the palace was from cold
and not malice it was winter in the Tallahassee port
with the broken soldiers out to lay their claim:wild blood, oh do you still run around with wild blood?

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