

Crown of the Valley

Jets to Brazil

we are the high street service trays
coming to take you away
pasadena 1968
with speed on your breakfast plate
aunt cancer calls them happy pills
they keep her calm and cool until he leaves
the moccasin skin obsession leather thigh
white tennis skirt so high
the eyes of mine are new and kind
but the hair's not grey, it's white
and grandfather's an ascot noose
can't tie the tassels on his shoes
leave me
these are the red-eyed politics
the cocktail revisionists
war room rules: no wives or kids
here men sing the boy in them
the hedge casts heroes late across our lawn
the valley hunt militiamen, all gone
thought we had the lock in '54
now the maid owns the house next door
and what's more
swims in the pool she used to clean
our new king looks like a queen
leave me
oh god stop tearing off the roof
of my experimental bathroom
it's the only thing that's halfway mine
and not for your prying and lying eyes
the empire's melting like ice cream
on the altar of the sun
this skin we've stretched for centuries
it's faded, it's fraying, it's meaningless to me

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