

# One Night Stand On a Cadmium Yellow Avenue

Proud Simon

We tore the books off of the shelves, we can't keep to ourselves.  
Burst like roman candles into a night of criminals!The butcher shop wore a coat of arms, we drove like cocaine  
in that car.  
To an oracle standing in the wake of a rising sea change.She said, "Wishes to wine could take some time."  
So tonight we're drinking moonshine.  
On bullet trains without our names, they'll never matter anyway.  
The skyscrapers are looking the other way.We climbed a mile high of cement to a warehouse world, the  
bleeding reds  
Against the chalk white filament shone apparitions in the bed.

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