Bond

808 State

The trouble is
a single atom
shot at random
random fire
two particles
fused and coupled
once united
multiply
the waves run
underground
electric power
copper wire
some tiny evil
bursts the surface
lays quiet like
insecticide
Slanted, the eyes
and this bonds mind to mind
the risk is mine
and this bonds mind to mind
She says a word
across the ocean
I hear the spit
I hear the sigh
the wavelength
undivided
to drain the fruit
and leave the rind
the shot runs
through her wiring
through her curve
through her spine
to feel an impulse
rising rising
a mess of reason
and kissing eyes.

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

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