

# Kerouac

## Morphine

Kerouac, yeah, Kerouac  
His words, the words, so many words just  
All brothers of the same horn  
Sisters of the saxophone Notes, music, words, a melody  
A quote, a figure eight, a figure  
If you listen close to the drummer  
It's like a mirror and you're invisible Like you're in a back seat  
No handles on the doors  
Just a beautiful driver up front  
She knows where she's going Kerouac, the observation machine  
Caressing the most passing of scenes  
With photographic love  
Passionate photographic love Vulnerable as anyone knew  
His memories pull shades up and down  
Doors are knocked on, telegrams arrive  
Every morning, something extra vivid Remembering everything  
Like a snatch of melody  
A drumbeat remembering, mythologizing  
So fast, all the time moving The words, the words are drumsticks  
Pounding out drum beats  
Like a monk, like a monk, melody  
With mistakes, yeah, mistakes and sudden inspirations Edges, corners, explosions, convections  
All fast through a slow motion landscape  
Yeah, fast through a slow motion landscape

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