Brickbats

Captain Beefheart

Brickbats fly at my fireplace
Upside down I see them in the fire
They squeak and roast there
Wings leap across the floor
Fold up the wall shadows
The window curtain ghost
Throws my heart and dusts my throat
My mind caught by the corner
Gradually decides its safe
Becomes a bat itself
Flexes its little claws
Curse its leather wings
With loud, hollow pops
Around the room
Threatening to dash its brains
Somehow at the last minute
Retreats and becomes a natural glue
And holds fast and slow
In every other motion
Making the night more interesting
Becomes a cold, liquid breeze
That freezes and thaws
And pours the surroundings full
As no breath can be taken
It drowns and relieves
To see the black turn into yellow
And the yellow into black.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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