Smoking Mirror

Luxuria

The window is wobbling
Rain no doubt
Four part water, one part poison
I really could do withoutYou can have my Picasso
Please lie down
Your funerary nakedness remains
Under your successful dress and gownLook in the smoking mirror
You're a thinking flame
Into your silence
I'll introduce a straight rainFrom Bergamot to Tonka
On a sea breeze of turpentine
A sulfur rose with hammer-dressed eyes
A little light upstairsAt a slumber party poorly lit
A Vaseline moon and would be gems
You sleep on it
You're blinding me with rescue flaresYou can have my Picasso
Please lie down
Your funerary nakedness remains
Under your successful dress and gown

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