

Smoking Mirror

Luxuria

The window is wobbling
Rain no doubt
Four part water, one part poison
I really could do without You can have my Picasso
Please lie down
Your funerary nakedness remains
Under your successful dress and gown Look in the smoking mirror
You're a thinking flame
Into your silence
I'll introduce a straight rain From Bergamot to Tonka
On a sea breeze of turpentine
A sulfur rose with hammer-dressed eyes
A little light upstairs At a slumber party poorly lit
A Vaseline moon and would be gems
You sleep on it
You're blinding me with rescue flares You can have my Picasso
Please lie down
Your funerary nakedness remains
Under your successful dress and gown

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