Port Authority

Autobody

I can't know the song of the south
when my needle points north.
the blue south elegant with lovely lake
eyes in a smiling river on fire look at meApe, the tailor whose fine linens he knows
makes a man out of safety pins
proud as an Indian
I figure in future years I'll be stained by the tears
of desperate clingingMiracle girls commercially perfect
excel at Port Authority
shall I run out to meet your hopes
of liquor, tobacco & chocolate?
up on chalkleg mirror mountain
subtle and juicy

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