

Delores

King Missile

The air was breathing, but I nearly suffocated
in my sarcophagus
Where the antelopes wear underwear on their antlers:
On my mantle, memories recede, but cost of living
adjustments dance the
Charleston at the Rosebud of resplendent nostalgia: The walls are dripping, and tonight the faces are on the
ceiling, are
they are suspiciously silent:
There was a fire tonight, when the world weary smile:
There was a pillow plummeting like invisible carbon in a
passion play: If this is only going from A to B and back again, how
come when I clothes my eyes, I see bedsprings and
excrement in deep focus:
Dirty deals that only I am privy to, elegant cobblestone
goblets, bone
orchard china, parsips and lichen: Puke on me, Delores:
Are you married or lesbian, are you a celibate Buddhist
acolyte,
or are you just detached and unavailable like me:
More to the point where are you: where were you:
I went to the high school reunion, and Delores, there was
no puke:

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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