Jetsabel Removes The Undesireables

Bright Eyes

My brother finds comfort in calculators.
He assigns every number a name.
He believes that they add up to certainty
and he's upset with the fractions that remain.
So I examine the maps with my eyes and at best
I can trace with my finger all the way
to that town where she went in an attempt to forget
the cracks and the lines of my face.
So Jetsabel cleaned out the closets for me
and she piled the boxes in the hall
Tomorrow when she wakes she'll come and take them away
and they will never haunt me again
But it's still hard to sleep with these moon's heavy beams.
I run barefoot to the backyard
just to freeze in my place by the wrought iron gate
too ashamed and afraid to advance.
Today I walked through the snow and found a field of headstones.
They were in rows like the weeks on calendars
where each box is a day that you can never escape
without pills or the poison of sleep
Now these memories leak from the faucets that weep
Hot tears splash against the shower floor
and I stand in the steam as if inside a dream
I can see her again by the sink
from behind the bathroom mirror she pulls a thermometer
and placed it underneath my tongue.
Said "You are pale as a sheet, you look awful my sweet.
Lay down and wait for the sun."
So I stayed in that bed. She brought me water and read

each night from a volume out loud.
She whispered soft poetry. Her favorite was 'Anabel Lee'
And those words, like these drugs comforted me
But the clocks kept waving their hands and she could not understand
why my temperature would never drop
And although she promised with tears that she would always be here
I heard truth like the sound in the sea.
I said, "My Arienette, oh how soon you'll forget,
this house will never be your home.

And you will leave in the fall when the trees become graves
and their color lie dead in the grass."
Gold and green
torture me
like the lies, like the lies, like the lies
I believe too easily!
Oh my Jetsabel, look at this hell that I have made.
If you want maybe drop by sometime
Put some flowers on my grave
so I'll look beautiful
in my silent sepulchur
Yeah thats fine give the dresses away
I don't want anything of herrrrs!
For the moon never shines
and the stars never rise
without bringing me dreams
Haunted by the ghosts of those bright eyes.

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