

Atom and Cell

Nine Horses

Her skin was darker than ashes
And she had something to say
Bout being naked to the elements
At the end of yet another day
And the rain on her back that continued to fall
From the bruise of her lips
Swollen, fragile, and small
And the bills that you paid with were worth nothing at all
A lost foreign currency
Multi-coloured, barely reputable
Like the grasses that blew in the warm summer breeze
Well she offered you this to do as you pleased
And where is the poetry?
Didn't she promise us poetry?
The redwoods, the deserts, the tropical ease
The swamps and the prairie dogs, the Joshua trees
The long straight highways from dirt road to tar
Hitching your wheels to truck, bus, or car
And the lives that you hold in the palm of your hand
You toss them aside small and damn near unbreakable
You drank all the water and you pissed yourself dry
Then you fell to your knees and proceeded to cry
And who could feel sorry for a drunkard like this
In a democracy of dunces with a parasites kiss?
And where are the stars?
Didn't she promise us stars?
Nothing will ever be as it was
The price has been paid with a thousand loose shoes
Pictures are pasted on shop windows and walls
Like a poor mans Boltanski
Lost one and all.
Sell, sell
Bid your farewell
Come, come
Save yourself
Give yourself over
Pushing your consciousness
Deep into every atom and cell,
Sell,
Bid your farewell
Come, come
Save yourself
Give yourself over
Pushing your consciousness
Deep into every atom and cell,
Sell,
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