Psalm

Jets to Brazil

Oh hair of dread, the time is here.
Thirty-three, the sheep draw near with eyes so keen
they cannot hear all the lies that buy their ears.
Oh, horsepants, tobacco chest.
Oh, sex ghost. Oh, nape of neck.
The tears are crashing on her breasts.
The burning bed is out again.
If it's sad, you know it' true.
God is glad on bluer moons.
When your room is all you do, it comes to you.
Oh, my rank ink instrument,
row my boat towards abstinence with thoughts as long as cigarettes.
Snowed in lips and cross protect.
Oh, that birdlike appetite.
Lo, passive fasts make us contrite?
On silken highways of the night,
the spiders crawl my candlelight,
where the sun shines in space.
God is dumb, god is great.
But does he love us all the same?
Are we OK?
And I cried out your name because I loved the sound it made
and because I couldn't wait to see your face.
And nothing ever was the same.
And the stars say, "Look into my eyes."
But I can't change if it's only in my mind.
And I love you but I don't have the right.
And I wanted you so bad tonight.

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