I Will Not Sleep Here

Merchandise

Two pieces cut from the same cloth
Two pages ripped out from the same book
We burn in distant fires
A frail corsage and a stone in a wayward flameAll for that unbreakable lady
Whom I approach with painted caution
Red pride, black guilt
And blue love on white sand
Blood is thicker than water
But both can go down the same drain
I'm sick of thinking about nightmares
And all the mysteries of sleep
Sapless visions of an old bearded man
With a bleeding eye, a sun-scorched brow
On a platter framed by both of his arms
He's kept awake by his knowledge
Is he a poet, a lover, or a priest?
Iokanaan, Antonius, and the bearded man sit on their hands
While I lay numb on a big bedBlood is thicker than water
But we go down the same drain

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