

# 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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