Shooting Rockets

Swan Lake

"Caution: Hot Ashes!" -- the girl says to her first kiss.
They stuck eternity inside a bird's fist just to watch it fly!
Just to make it go!
Just to let things slip away!Don't ask me how I know, I just do...
Night Surgeon dons his robes to take apart a fellow amateur!You may have heard it said one gives what one gets
Well, I didn't go out into the world just to be stung by a rich man's hornets...Who amongst us has left these things undone,
And who let these animals into my kingdom?A blind doe learns to work the rig...
A once-thin man turns into a pig...The endless groves wherein my soul pukes the night away...The problem as I see it --
I was messed up on a tangent that was wrong.
They mix 'em strong and I was partial to the feeling.
It is a terrible feast we've been stuffing our face on...
A terrible breeze from the East comin' on...It bears the scent of our one hundred first kills...You love her. You leave her.
You try to achieve a breadth of vision that she has from the start.
I got Street Despair carved into my heart...
I got Street Despair carved into my heart...My dear, didn't you hear, a chorus is a thing that bears repeating.
The problem, as I see it is (girlsstayawayfromthatshit!)Saw you in Swan Lake -- you were great!
Saw you down in Strathcona Square, devouring an AfterEight
(who cares! I didn't mean it!)For the third encore, you saw yourself in half...
It was just you and your raft and this
crummy requiem...Run or fly --
At some point I had to ask why.
I had to show you
a world not tethered to
Disasters but this would prove impossible...
I snuck a look inside your skull
and said --
Don't look now but Gretchen's seeing red...
again!..."The truth is a thing to coax out of its shell...
The truth is -- "On this, you and I are going to tangle"
Off, treacherous bliss! Off!(First you come in all sweet
And then on tiger's paws you retreat
into a darkened nether shadow region.It's not that I quit...
It's not that my poems are shit
In the light of the privilege of dreams...
"Alive", she cried once. Now "Alive," she screams...Honey, get ready for the fall.
Time makes bastards of us all.

The future's not ours to see...
It'd be true what they say, were they to say --
"Why, yes, I dig the scourge!"Praise be the delightful muezzin, tending his flock
And
Praise be those alabaster hands running amok on your body.
They love you in spite of your (lame) scene...
We live in darkness. The light is a dream,
You see...)

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