

# Fugazi

## Fish

Vodka intimate, an affair with isolation in a Blackheath cell  
Extinguishing the fires in a private hell  
Provoking the heartache to renew the license  
Of a bleeding heart poet in a fragile capsulePropping up the crust of the glitter conscience  
Wrapped in the christening shard of a hangover  
Baptized in tears from the real, tears from the realDrowning in the liquid seas on the picadilly line, rat-race  
Scuttling through the damp electric labyrinth  
(Caress Ophelia's hand with breaststroke ambition)  
(An albatross in the marry time tradition)Sheathed with the Walkman wear the halo of distortion  
Aural contraceptive aborting pregnant conversation  
(She turned the harpoon and it pierced my heart)  
(She hung herself around my neck)From the time-life guardians in their conscience bubbles  
Safe and dry in my sea of troubles  
Nine to fives, with suitable tiesCast adrift as their sideshow  
(Sideshow)  
Peepshow  
(Peepshow)  
Stereo hero becalm, be still, bewitch  
Drowning, drowning in the realThe thief of Baghdad hides in Islington now  
Praying deportation for his sacred cow  
A legacy of romance from a twilight world  
The dowry of a relative mystery girlA Vietnamese flower, a dockland union  
A mistress of release from a magazine's thighs  
Magdalene's contract more than favors  
The feeding hands of western promise hold her by the throatA son of the Swastika of '45, parading a peroxide standard  
Graffiti disciples conjure testaments of hatred  
Aerosol wands whisper where the searchlights  
Trim the barbed wire hedges, this is Brixton chessA knight for embankments folds his newspaper castle  
A creature of habit, begs the boatman's coin  
He'll fade with old soldiers in the grease stained roll call  
And linger with the heartburn of Good Friday's last supperSon watches father scan obituary columns  
In search of absent school friends  
While his generation digests high fiber ignorance  
Cowering behind curtains and the taped up, painted windowsDecriminalized genocide  
Provided door to door Belsens  
Pandora's box of holocausts  
Gracefully cruising satellite infested heavensWaiting, waiting the season of the button  
The penultimate migration

Radioactive perfumes for the fashionably  
For the terminally insane, insaneDo-do-do you realize  
Do-do-do you realize  
Do-do-do you realize

This world is totally fugaziWhere are the prophets, where are the visionaries?  
Where are the poets to breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary?  
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Where are the prophets, where are the visionaries?  
Where are the poets to breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary?Where are the prophets?

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