

she told me:

- 1) I hurt her *monkey's hand*
- 2) she wants her revenge
(she told me I can't understand)

she told me:

- 1) the ocean's warming up
- 2) that she knows it's my fault
- 3) I don't try hard enough
- 4) to wear asbestos gloves
(she's literally on fire)

she wants me:

- 1) to walk like Jim Morrison
- 2) to sing like Tiny Tim

(she wants me to *keep those ice trays filled*)
she wants me:

- 1) to watch my health
- 2) to change into myself
(she's literally on fire)

she knows I'd do *anything for her*
she knows exactly where I belong
and seeing as how she won't be with us much
longer how can I refuse
she gets mad:

- 1) because I never learn
- 2) and sets off sprinklers
- 3) and makes that kabuki face
- 4) and we wake up in flames
(she's literally on fire)

she's literally on fire

If the lights go out at night and you're surrounded
by blinking cartoon eyes, and they don't blink at
once and you get found out, you'll think you need
a friend.

But what can **friends** do for you?

I wanna be your lawyer

Spy satellites that know just what you thought,
they know *what you're up to*, they see straight into
your heart, they hear you when you fart.

You really ought to take my card

I wanna be your lawyer

I'll take the stains right off you

I wanna be your lawyer

Place my hand on your trembling shoulder

Cover your head with my sportcoat and hold your
handcuffed hand

and stand with you in hell

So if you ever find yourself in trouble,
God forbid, you'll need a number to call
I know the awfulness you're capable of
but they'll never find a soul to pin it on

I wanna be your lawyer

why won't you behave? you know you're being
watched you really ought to talk to someone
before you completely come apart
you should be aware of the effect you have on
certain people it's ultraviolet, burns me through the
car windows it's infrared, leaving little orange
footprints
I'm overhead but you never look up
you tempt **Satan** and robbers—you left your door
unlocked! who do you know in **Sweden**?
don't you ever clean your tub?
(that was a lonely summer
but I can rise above it now)

I bet you know what I'm talking about

just you and me and popular science
look past this restraining order and see me as I am
above the humiliations
all the privacy you crave
(that was a lonely summer
but I can rise and hover now)

whirlybird

Don't know my own strength; I excel at
self-offense. I'm remorseless and cruel but I can't
hold a candle to you. You never look back on your
destructive path. You know that every chance
encounter is a potential bloodbath.
You lovingly smash your way into icy Lake Michigan.
Longshoremen, jealous boyfriends step aside.

My heart *leapt at the sight* of your blood-red
cummerbund. You won't apologize for what you did
to the minister's thumbs.
The reception was ruined, feelings were bruised, the
best man still can't tie his own shoes and as the
casualties steadily mounted I was there floating on
thin air.

ferocious, baby ferocious, awright
people wonder how you sleep
you sleep eleven hours a night
on a pile of lawyers who sing you lullabies that say:

Under my Vincent Price poster I stared into a dream
chanting **closer** concentrating on a scream.
You make my hair stand on end
I want to be your friend
'cause with an ordinary wooden pencil you exceed
Torquemada's wildest dreams

ferocious

I was a drag I was elbows and shoulders
massive **protuberances** scraping the air
I made the decision and made the incisions

a design for firing for the model modern man
as a projectile I left much to desire
I planned away the layers holding me back
now I groove to a rifling spiral
turn on the fans and slit the slipstream
into perfect melon halves

in the garage, a box of things that I don't need
you're welcome to it
min—because I found out
min—how much I could do without
I tried to keep up but I couldn't
till I decided to get *streamlined*

and each cut before me shines
my watch ticks a sec behind me
less to resent less to deny
less of the surface where friction hides

beating air at its own game, shaving away
having mass and taking up space
seems like a hopeless case
but I changed my shape you can change your
mind

see me in my wind tunnel and check my new lines
be my coefficient
no sacrifice once you put your mind to it

min

went to the post office to change my sign
but they're always out of the zodiac forms
someone's been reading my horoscope
I want to be left alone
why do the insects all know my name?
I stopped bathing, I just wait for Grace to come.
how does the mailman get into my dreams?

I bet they're having a laugh on me
I can't watch TV—I bristle with transmitters!
the pharaohs knew how to keep that bounce
no earthly science can figure it out now
the proof is here on my tingling scalp!
(but I am no prophet)

I lose the element of surprise
to sensor eyes and fridge lights
how can I rise? how can I vibrate?
shiny up the light the usual, thanks,
back-and-sides
another Thursday night, another red-and-white
pole hovering in the twilight

I'm not complaining I'm not in pain
I can't remember how to fall asleep

someone's been reading my horoscope

she must have lost your number
or forgot she wrote it down
on a list of things to do
hieroglyphics, little maps she drew
she left the window open
on the night that she stayed out
the place *smelled like a zoo*
receipts and clippings in puddles round the room
one can never be too organized
infuriating ways she'd waste her time
all it takes is a pocket-sized reminder
incarcerate the chaos in your life

there's the one you bought her still lying in the
box
it replaced the one she'd lost
which replaced the one she'd lost
but this is not a reasonable approach
this is not topic for discussion
navigating by parallel lines
that intersect in incoherent lives
no sense of direction
mind just like a sieve
did you sign the forms I brought you?
still a lot of paperwork to do

little maps

my skeleton kiss--that's what you'll miss
does he love you (well of course he does)
does he trust you (well I'm sure he does)
he's got a Ph.D. in trust
he's got a black belt in affection
he'll get you through the springtime but there's
trouble up ahead
he's deaf to the countdown that ticks in your
head

I have tried to engage your sense of doom
always strive to suck the air out of the room
a dozen times I let you talk me off the roof
and in return, I only asked to see some proof
those other guys are afraid of the truth
underneath their scalp
you've lost your pallor
all that sunshine's made you dull
he'll open his heart right up
but he'll never show you his skull

skeleton kiss

got to get up
and out of this
smile-eyed
then I can shut down the counting robot,
eat all your flowers stems and all!
the windows open, the gas shut off,

wallpaper calm on the wall

you will: a) find no g-forces there;
b) lose your inhibitions;
c) stop counting each breath

got to get up check the stove again
eardrums magnifying lens
dental floss teeth ground to powder
hardened me hollowed-out me
eat clay shit pottery
bright-eyed magnesium

you will: a) find your decoder ring;
b) lose your inhibitions;
c) find breathing out;
d) find time you'd lost;
e) finally sleep;
f) lose your inhibitions

then a box is drawn around solutions
sheep put to bed
a numberless house, a silent pond
a keychain of silent keys

self-starter

walt—turn me over
and if you're not listening then be a dear
and stop breathing too
you're all lies lies lies
and some things I disapprove of, too
I hear your blankets buzz with sparks you've
rustled
drawn to you with your *cowboy voodoo*
you shuffle past me on the shag carpet
he'll get you through the springtime but there's
trouble up ahead
in the end can turn around and shock you
I have gathered the required powders
deadly candles to *cure and waxify you*
I'm wishing *DUME* on you
hate makes you lovely

I dab you nightly on the backs of moths
little wings that keep our porches feathered
filaments and wire enough to seal up your screen
door
and turn your bedroom into a vacuum
airless, glowing with a *pure and true love*
and if it takes all morning I'll gladly make that time
the energy you're burning you stole it from my side
I'm wishing *DUME* on you

dume

all used up all worn out
lost my cup or threw it out
stone-blind words from the tone-deaf
no *Lucky Charms* no *Frosted Flakes*

no intonation no nuance
a robot voice guides the sled
no warm syrup no numbered sheep
until the devil falls asleep
tried to be honest but I just ran out of options
don't you ever sleep? don't you ever wake up?
light as shed skin you move like a drowned cat

I'll give you *money*
don't you need that?

I drove straight in from yesterday
(just like you forget to eat sometimes)
I waited till your lights came on
because I know you need your sleep
six hundred miles I can live with
cause you've got nothing else
you can't have what you want
you can't turn your back
I'll give you *money*
don't you need that?

I'll give you money

the bride's a cinder, her smoking pumps all that
remain
held out her finger and exploded into flames
couldn't put her out with water
couldn't open the champagne
the organist gaped in horror as
the bride burst into flames
the groom's devastated but otherwise no worse for
wear she was a localized conflagration,
she only singed his boutonniere
and it's no consolation but I also know the shame
abandoned at the altar as
the bride bursts into flames
it's still early in Acapulco
the hotel phone rings unanswered
unpack the tubes of sunblock
the Tom Clancys, the Judith Krantzes
the airline says they're sorry, but they can't

the wedding's over
the guests are ushered through the back
she won't recover, they swept her into bags
a rare but real incident even God cannot explain
the insurance man and minister mentioned
His mysterious ways
as I filed my report I wondered if I should try again
there's nothing I wouldn't do
for love I haven't already
done for spite

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