

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  
I stopped bathing, I just wait for Grace to come.  
why do the insects all know my name?  
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  
you brush your hair again until it *dances*  
cheatin hearts like mine  
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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