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Come on over

In pajamas of silken Chinese origin

We can talk about sunsets or swing sets

Over jasmine tea

And don't hassle me about that

I just might do something more productive

Next summer like commit suicide

Or work as a lumber jack on a fishing boat

When the phone rings

Come on over

And find me

And my brand new infatuation

Masquerading as frustration

Easing into an armchair of a nice

Subtle depression

Maybe I'll pour myself into righting

Our out of a big round cup longing for a dagger

In the heart to tell me of divine love in old English

The sight of my own blood still makes me squeamish

And my practical death is good for long conversations

Abdicated for a fools folly

Un-abdicated streams of consciousness

Follow a flow and mix as if

Like melancholy sunflower-corn-oil and mutton

Were food for kings and

Thought monarchs and things

Like grids and baths and streets

Of wispiness and whipping winds

Of spring in summers heat

To boil an ember down to just one brick

To build a tower and monuments of

Large forsaken aqueducts

A thing of the past I think of

When toilets flush

Like your face in passion

And fruit of rage

We all know pain

But still I feel a bond that could be

Made if I stay sane some way

The same way it goes with a train

Puffing smoke along a track

Having left for good

Its final destination

We keep going back

Abdicated for a fools folly (revision 1)

Un-abdicated streams of

Follow a flow and mix as if

Like melancholy sunflower-corn-oil and mutton

Were food for kings and

Thought monarchs and things

Like grids and baths and streets

Of wispieness and whipping winds

Of spring in summers heat

To boil an ember down to just one brick

To build a tower and monuments of

Large forsaken aqueducts

A thing of the past I think of

When toilets flush

Like the face of a nation

And dried fruit in the rein

We all know what its like to carry a name

But still I feel a union that could be

Made if I stay consistent some way

The same way it goes with a train

Smoking its pipe down a track

Having left for good

Our final destination

We keep going back

Abdicated for a fools folly (revision 2)

Un-abdicated streams of

Follow a flow and mix as if

Like melancholy sunflower-corn-oil and mutton

Were food for kings and

Thought monarchs and things

Like grids and baths and streets

Of wispiness and whipping winds

Of spring in summers heat

To boil an ember down to just one brick

To build a tower and monuments of

Large forsaken aqueducts

A thing of the past I think of

When toilets flush

Like the face of a nation

And dried fruit in the rein

We all know what its like to carry a name

But still I feel a union could be

Made if I stay steady some way

The same way it goes with a train

Smoking its pipe down a track

Having left for good

Its final destination

We keep going back