

Pricked In The Heart

The Fiery Furnaces

Listen, these are not drunken as you suppose.
It might not be 3 o'clock in the morning like it seems:
The little children will be prescient.
And your young men will see shows,
And your old men will dream dreams.
I found a typescript double-spaced,
Printed out on a daisy-wheel (so all femme).
In the former Treatise (dear friend Theophilus) it was
placed,
Written by Lisa which was present at the doings of
them.
I gathered all the tokens of her passion, people,
waiting for the promise of her father ("Whereof you
heard of me").
In the past
John baptized with water; now, with wine.
But don't weep, he'll make sure:
Pricked in the heart the Wednesday after last.
In a cash and carry next to Mt. Olivet (and all
around),
Megan, Mary, Lisa, and Kenisha gave it out, "Stick with
me."
Or you'll reap the reward of iniquity,
Cashed out and carried to possession of a plot of
ground.
Well, the vapor of smoke came up from the earth
beneath,
Outside the bodega called Beautiful. When it was whom
With Su and Kenisha, under a silver-leaf wreath,
Called not fit to sit: might as well have come halt out
your mother's womb.
I gathered all the tokens of her passion, people,
Waiting for the promise of her father ("Whereof you
heard of me").
In the past
John baptized with water; now, with wine.
But don't weep, he'll make sure:
Pricked in the heart the Wednesday after last.
A light shined in the lodge and the chains slipped off
her hands,
So to speak: she packed up her things and she sailed
off to Cyprus,
Sending greetings from Felix with a please to put Paul
on.
Misunderstands
Me, she, and her all went home (gave up the boast) and
left Lisa to type us.