

Seven seas he sailed on with cannons blazing in the night. He had shiny medals for his eyes in kryptonite (with lasers!) . With every nail he hammered came the rush of flying hands. They pasted flyers and planted flags and we watched him hover higher? higher. Cruifix and lyrics. Holy holy sensurround? Lord, he never touched the ground. From state to state he wandered. He could have been the boy next door. You could feel the patriotic roar come pouring through the cracks of our existence. He took the fear away with whitewash and scorched earth. Majorettes and cool disciples, cigarettes and red hot bibles. And the buses ran on time. Slaves of Kali Hari-karied on bayonets in poison ivy. We raised the torch of freedom. Can you see? Can you see? This is for all the girls he never had and all the boys who stood and laughed and all the dopes and all the dealers, the peelers, sheilas, feelers, squealers, come? watch me fall, watch me drown? I'm kneeling in your mirror. See me cower in the corner of your room. Watch me desecrate the contents of your tomb.