

Holding Down The Laughter

Bad Books

Styrofoam cup of mud in my good hand
Disembodied voice of God in the trash can
Eyes in the ashes, feeling for the future
Sleeping through the stake out, researching the rumor
A mile, a motor, a mattress, a memory
At first you were embarrassed
But how could you not be?
Tangled and teenaged, her mom at the movies
Your voice ran out of words
It was awkward and holy

The gospel in your belly
The ache a little lower
Back into the breach
You spoke as its owner
A syndicated sermon you sang from the rafters
Anchors in your pockets
Holding down the laughter
Tearing up your mind
Your lust and your ego
A screenshot reminder to speed your libido
The parish goes to jelly
Blissful and wasted
Your Vishnu eye slips open
And pictures them naked

In complicating your worst mixed message
You built then burnt a bridge
Then scattered all your crumbs at the cliff
"If she wants me, she'll swim for it"

Brother, can you spare your alms or your arrows
The thunderclaps are rising and I think that I should
go home
To the basement back on Jumel Street
1996 and you're waiting there to tell me
"I never died - you dreamt it, you dreamt it
I am as alive as your best good intentions
I'm sorry that I tricked you but you had to focus
Put yourself together and clear out the garbage"

But for all that effort
That slow burn struggle
You forgot where you lived
She swept away the clues from the cliff
You're lost now
Remember it
She swept away the clues from the cliff
So you're lost
Now, remember it.