

Smith + Cross

Billy Woods

The emotional affair was the best
Intoxicatin', let's not ruin it with sex
Relationship: doctor/patient
Kush cake like LASIK
Resting bitch face, breastplate, Wonder Woman bracelets
You can shoot arrows all day kid
Hearts scrawled in wet pavement
Ozymandias is the wavelength
Here today, gone tomorrow, sorrow
White rum in my sorrel
Somethin' old, somethin' new, somethin' borrowed
Blew his stack on oysters piled like Kilimanjaro
Crostini, charred avocado, draped in lardo
Still got no quarrel with them Viet Congs
Speak sepia tones, everyone I know is gone
No stigmata, they put nails through arms
Temple Grandin, keep the cattle calm
Side-saddle, took Carrie to the prom
Joanne Chesimard, windows open, nights warm
Power cuts, no ice, so the cuba libre's strong
Fire in the cane fields, generational trauma
At the museum, eyes glassy from the pain pills
Me and her in the diorama

Sugar, molasses, rum
Sun blasted bastard's son
Some laughed, some slumped aghast at what we'd done
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