

Monolithic

Brazil

purse your lips until they're white
drag me kicking into night
didn't I want to be free
or do I want to be right

only you can deprogram
only you can understand
only you can take the blade
and cut [the gag] from my mouth

the dusty book on your endtable
taught you how to make a lethal
fragmentary detonator
from common household thoughts

you put a fistful of salt [in my eyes]
this is what it was like

my thoughts
my eyes
my face
my skin
my heart
my bones
are slowly
becoming computerized