

# White Noise

Bryan Ferry

It's too hot to run  
Better to lie in wait  
Cool water from the machine  
And at the press of a button  
Tapes from home  
In a week I submit fifty articles  
And where are they now?  
Adrift  
That's all my nights fractured  
With a foreign pulse  
The kick of adrenaline  
Limitless breath mints

To all my students I say the same  
Nothing is planned but things happen  
Stories write themselves  
And if it doesn't fit  
It never will

The fan's plugged in  
I'm tired  
In a collar again  
With the click push of a pencil  
I've erased seasonal breaks  
Winter is slimmer  
There's the unaddressed lust  
For a long weekend that I'll pause over  
Sleep  
Says the dog  
Gnawing at the back pages of today's paper  
Set her on a room of experts in their field  
And she will find the duds

The river's low  
And it's so early the billboards are still lit  
Bins are piled high with bags from other bins  
There's a bleed  
I turn in the bed  
We're going to have to start  
Tightening the taps  
Tying up the live wires  
And cutting the white noise out