

Let's Not Chat About Despair

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You, who speak of crowd control,
of karma or the punishment of God:
Do you fear the cages they are building
in Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas
while they're giving ten to forty years to find a cure?

Do you pray each evening out of horror
or of fear to the savage God
whose bloody hand
commands you now to die, alone?

Let's not chat about Despair.
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Do you taste the presence of the living dead
while the skeleton beneath your open window
waits with arms outstretched?
Do you spend each night in waiting
for the Devil's little angels' cries
to burn you in your sleep?
Do you wait for miracles in small hotels
with seconal and compazine
or for a ticket to the house of death in Amsterdam?

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Do you wait in prison for the dreadful day
the office of the butcher comes to carry you away?
Do you wait for saviors or the paradise to come in laundry rooms, in toilets
, or in cadillacs?
Are you crucified beneath the life machines
with a shank inside your neck
and a head which blossoms like a basketball?

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Do you tremble at the timid steps
of crying, smiling faces who, in mourning,
now have come to pay their last respects?

In Kentucky Harry buys a round of beer
to celebrate the death of Billy Smith, the queer,
whose mother still must hide her face in fear.

You who mix the words of torture, suicide and death
with scotch and soda at the bar,
we're all real decent people, aren't we,
but there's no time left for talk:
Let's not chat about Despair.
Let's not chat about Despair.
Let's not chat about Despair. Please
Don't chat about Despair.