

I Miss the Zoo

Joseph Arthur

I miss the drunk
I miss the fiend
I miss the simplicity of addiction
And the scene
I miss wandering aimlessly
in half dead sewers with rats for eyes
chewing on forgiveness
and the will to apologize
I miss the return of no return
as I burn in avalanche after avalanche
of white snow and yellow cocaine
I miss talking to brick walls
While following the grain
and human dolls as I plagiarize myself like a dummy
Stuffed with counterfeit money
for Cairo and black honey
I miss illusions begging to be chased
even as they disappear into me and I disappear into them (erased)
until there is no one or nothing but the chase
and a powdery ghost with no face
(or faith)
I miss evolving into a cloud
Of blue marijuana blown from the lips
of hookers and pimps
as they smack each other down
in alleys for the dammed but mighty
with no one but the weak around
And I miss waking up in no memory
As shame is a ballerina dancing on my head
And guilt is a pugilist battering my guts
Until they're dead
Remorse is sawing into my tear ducts
Tattooed from all the times before
I miss this and more
Even though I know it's insane
And ive walked thru that door
Even tho life is much better now
Then when I lived beneath the floor
I miss numb Neanderthals marching
in rows of living dead
from my wisdom teeth to Spain and back again (in my head)
I miss salvation in syringes and angels of mercy
in blooms of smoke numbing rain
which drinks when thirsty
I miss glasses full of spirits
Who without tongues speak to me of napoleons wild nights
I miss staying up for days and becoming a psychic pretzel
Flying kites
Chewed on by a Zulu heading with toads to mars
A mysterious prison
And one without bars

I traded this life in for a calmer one sometimes duller all together better
one
But sometimes
I ain't gonna lie
Sometimes I miss it

I miss waking in the arms of strangers
Like puppies just born in the pound to a dead mother with eyes sealed shut
Looking for a tit on which to feed
And other dangers
When only the night before laughter
was the only pursuit
even as knives carved up our backs
And demons sat like Buddhas eating fruit
Meditating on hate forever in our minds
I miss exposing even my bones
And the need that rewinds
Even my burning home
Even my gutted inner child
Even my dead grandfather
In the ground that's wild
Even my criminal family
Even my weedwacker thoughts
whipping a thin plastic string
to cut the ears of others
as I sing
I miss van Gogh's revenge
I miss his nightly binge
I miss spiders surrounding my bed
And lifting me as if an effigy or a
Dead
King or a prophet of doom
A Jesus for the apocalypse
Wearing dirt like perfume
Or a mother for Satan
Or ghost for all the children of abuse
And taking me into the fire
Watching me burn
Like a goose
As they sing
In spider voices
There goes creation there goes the moon
There goes the butterfly
Wanting cocoon
I miss being a bloom
And a goon
a doctor of regret
Hanging onto guitar strings in tune
And hanging by a belt
wrapped around some pipe
to nowhere and felt
My lips too wrapped around
what appears to be stained glass
as religious figures dress like
rocks with class burn into gas
to the center of my brain
the euphoria of dying and being born all at once
While wearing the hat that reads 'dunce'