

N.O.

Lambchop

This is not new orleans
No party in my head
I want to take a bottle
From the barroom to my bed
I want to know the flavor
Feel the stinging on my tongue
See the scattered dumbness
Of another evening left undone

This is not poetry
This is depravity
This is an outrage
This is unsavory
I am escaping
My home trappings
It takes an old man
To bend a sapling

Do not wait
Do not ponder
What goes on here
Goes on up yonder
Ghastly mask
Shape undone
A human pile
Of hair and come

This wicked man
Has become unwise
A silhouette
Between her thighs
We are now going
We are not growing
Anymore, anymore

Wipe your mouth
The bottle's empty
Urinate upon the tree
Into the lake
You threw the house key
Your mistake
Their morality

Sleeps with the fishes
Dirty dishes
There lays the vessel
On its side

Sleeps with the fishes
Dirty dishes
There lays the vessel
On its side