

Push

Say Anything

My God's in hell and all is well
Stitched up eyes and sickle cell
I cannot thaw the lack in me
Submerged in demonology but I hope beyond hope
I will not inflict
The wound that they left when they subtracted six million

So why am I repulsed by change?
A holy book has been deranged
And once a thing of beauty
Has been raped and cut to swaths by me
We breed to bloat and come and hate
Have I earned the want to procreate?
If you're in there, so hear me sing:
"I would choke for you, you're everything."

Burned at the stake (push it out)
A gene just a weight (push it out)
When the trauma leaks down (push it out)
And the bombs pepper melon sky
Hand on her skin (push it out)
The heaving begins (push it out)
The pain to which I cling (push it out)
Subsides as a cell divides

Awaken to her moans and pleas
Say, "Absent Lord, put strength in me."
I bend and break the metal bars
I would bleed to know just who you are

Push
Push
Push
(Push) push (push) push (push) push
Push push push push push push
Push (push) push (push) push (push) push (push) push, push!

There's a cupboard in the parlor with a figure of a man
By the carvings of the tulips and the silhouetted shell
Who sailed a steady harbor with a not-so-steady hand
Naked but his Father's former belt he wears so well
There was a swelling in the threshold and a creaking in the floor
As a thousand thoughtless rhymes assembled on the shelf
While the Son and Heir of Black Holes, locked inside the drawer
With eleven Pilgrim Wives, sang "I refuse to be the twelfth!"
So he started on a plan the moment we first touched
(In the sorrow-ridden kiss of our parlor-ridden lives)
To be the tangle-coated lamb beneath the crooked brush
Of the Pilgrim's wooden fist until the Chimney-Sweep arrived
While attempting an escape through the broken metal bars
He hid behind the tulips, and when the Lord came near
I pressed against the face of the apothecary jars
And dreamt up a proper ending that I don't assume you'd care to hear