

Ronny

Shriekback

Ronny there sucks the sun up
Fires the sugar-gun
Yeah, his random needs are something
Understand: He is not as we are
Made of salt, in the shape of birds, how he shimmers
There he sits by the waterline
Cement and jewels and his crimson robes of splendor
Days have passed without incident
Down the pyramids there is nothing else to see

And you know what they say: Nothing real's ever lost
Throw thing away every night hereafter...

Coiling up in his dressing gown
With his broken teeth and the dirty water in the kitchen
What it is: He is paralyzed
He is sanctified by the god of nails and splinters,
Certainly knows his way around at this murder scene
(Hid the bloody shovels in the outhouse)
Chastity and insomnia are a lousy mix
His nights are long

And you know what they say: Nothing real's ever lost
Throw the thing away every night hereafter

And so we say farewell
He's doing fine now
He's a piece of work
What else can you say now?
The water's deep
The water's blue and his young wife is smiling
The sun is warm
His crimes are paid for
(Or you would think so)

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