

Black marble seals the pit
And I can see my face in it...
Now pose beside the flame that lasts forever.

So fetching in your Autumn dress...
Just raise the hem a little less...
Be dignified. This is a somber moment.

Upon the count of three
Sail pale confetti on the breeze...
Each flake of pastel paper
Has a name on...not forgotten.

And I'd like to pin the blame on nameless faces...
Covered, rotten.

Limb for limb
And through the knees...
God, I wish that they were millipedes...
A hypodermic mercy won't appease me.

This one's for Guy Schlesinger...
A jovial young messenger
Who tripped and nearly kissed a girl
Then spilled the sequel, drenched in detail.

They're still searching...
I know he died a virgin.
Mary, treat him well,
For deep inside, the Prince of Dreams still sleeps...

And this one makes me weep.
A clover leaf that's red but ripped.

Still I hear him whisper:
"Best to live...and let live..."

LET LIVE.

By whose grace do we stand here now...
Granted this extension?
Did you just forget to mention both our names?

And by what name should be bid you
When you hide and whisper riddles...
From the blind side to your deaf ear
We are screaming: "Leave us be!"

LET LIVE.