

## Stoned Obituary

The Legendary Pink Dots

lightning cracked a crooked cross across the sky above the cross where he'd  
been hanging for a day (he was stoned again!) The breeze grew ice threw  
knives blew halos hallowed cinders flew together made a cushion  
for his  
feet. There were spikes in his sandals, spikes in his ankles...  
A spike  
split the wood, syringed his vertabrae. Spikes in his shins in  
his chin in  
his fingers... Amused apparitions hummed the Marsollaise. We had to look  
away, he seemed so fragile. We tried to offer him a cigarette but it was  
futile... no way through. The guards screamed "Front!", drew guns, splashed  
acid.. so we retreated to the shadows squated low and said a prayer  
Cameras  
clicked out of sight there are fights, there were fanfares. Fireworks  
flashed across the cenotaph. Kiddies played in the pits, spitting  
crisps,  
licking icecreams. A spiv threw an auction for his autograph. I  
never  
thought it would finish quite this way. No resistance not a word to say but  
maybe we'll meet in heaven. We can talk about those good old days. I believe  
(at least I WANT to believe)

The angels landed cleared their throats and chorused "Crown Him!" They  
poured a potion on his hair it nearly drowned him. Then they called a  
minute's silence. They called the clowns in and a cripple touched his foot  
and did a cartwheel down the hill... turning once for his wisdom, twice for  
the pearl moon. A third as the thief cried "It's judgement day."  
He rolled  
his eyes, ripped his shirt rolled insane in the dirt. Applause ripped the  
heavens and blew the clouds away. The laughter died as schoolgirls passed  
around the tissues. Pretty patterns while a message said "We'll miss you.  
Bless you. Bless your eyes." And the bell rang twice and we fell as his

lips moved. We stared in stoney silence as the news guy scribbled furiously down his final words: "I made mistakes. I've been a fool. I tried hard but never thought that what started so well could end in misery. But my motives were good. I thought you all understood... Just don't be hard when this day is cloaked in history. You mistrusted me? ...," And he died with his eyes on... ash for ashes dust for dust a lust for dust a must for dust die with your eyes on...

Nomini magnus spiritus sancti filia