

Opiates

Throwing Muses

In spite of everything like redoubled efforts to glide backward
To go in both directions
This dumb boat still doesn't fly
And that's no way to let a body down

I believe in balancing after a month of midnights in hot water
Scalded under holy water punctuated with the punch of opiates
And that's no way to bring a body down

Standing with a bulging fist of nickels for the parking meter

That's the art and science part of your eccentric sleight of hand
And that's no way to cool a body down

I believe in violencing after a feast of fasting on hot water
Scalded within by holy sin punctuated with a punch of opiates
And that's no way to bring a body down