

## Berkeley by Hearseback

WHY?

Lay me down in a hearseback  
It's where my new best look is at  
If I slit a purse or two then I can't curse  
If my cake is cooked and minor veins are mapped

These tits not filled with milk  
These cold bones wrapped in hunger  
Like a bundle of sticks in a fire  
So slow it leaves them unburned, black and yearning

Will this New Year's see my rotting hair's release?  
Will my new black book pull the sick from my deepest creases?  
A gift from The Maccabees to mom to me

No more flyer-backs or receipts  
Using magazines for tables  
A girl's down bed  
And corresponding naked wings unable  
When I felt my ribs come closing slow  
A row of snakes set to strangle

I'm survived

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If I slit a purse or two then I can't curse  
If my cake is cooked and minor veins are mapped

But you might find me in the white pages yet  
My name is next to numbers

Like someone's father's father  
Left listed in the Book of Numbers  
Like someone's father's father  
Left listed in the Book of Numbers