

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

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

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