

Buck 65, Riverbed 7

Here on the water no harm could come to me
But a revolver was left on my table by somebody
Just in case they said nonchalantly
Which was fine at the time but now the words haunt me
Sitting there loaded, the air is electric
Distracting, my thoughts are destructive and hectic
It reminds me of crimes I haven't committed
I feel guilty of having done something I didn't
I'm terrified but for some reason am smiling
The weapon reduces me but also seduces me
I've never known violence and there is none in my plans
I've not even once held a gun in my hands
At least not before now, as I sweat and I shiver
I point it out the window and aim it at the river
I feel so uneasy and sick from within
As if I might kill with the suicides again
Dark impulse proposed and my finger accepted
That the shot came quicker than I had expected
The river just swallowed it, nobody noticed
From the bridge, from the pier, not in the remotest
How easily a crime could be committed here
It looks like the moon is stuck up the tree
And I am in the mood for a nice cup of tea