

Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band, Pena

Pena
Her little head clinking
Like uh barrel of red velvet balls
Full past noise
Treats filled 'er eyes
Turning them yellow like enamel coated tacks
Soft like butter hard not t' pour
Out enjoying the sun while sitting on
Uh turned on waffle iron
Smoke billowing up from between her legs
Made me vomit beautifully
'N crush uh chandelier
Fall on my stomach 'n view her
From uh thousand happened facets
Liquid red salt ran over crystals
I later band-aided the area
Sighed
Oh well it was worth it
Pena pleased but sore from sitting
Choose t' stub 'er toe
'N view the white pulps horribly large
In their red pockets
"I'm tired of playing baby," she explained
'N out of uh blue felt box let escape
One yellow butterfly the same size
Its droppings were tiny green phosphorous worms
That moved in tuck 'n rolls that clacked
'N whispered in their confinement
Three little burnt scotch taped windows
Several yards away
Mouths open t' tongues that vibrated
'N lost saliva
Pena exclaimed, "That's the raspberries."