

Kelley Polar, Chrysanthemum

One white skull use to be a friend of mine
Two atoms kiss and what a funny Valentine
Three more years before you'll ever see the sunshine
I held your hand but now you're just a fuzzy outline

Make a chrysanthemum of every human head
Make a chrysanthemum and kill them in their beds
Make a chrysanthemum till everybody's dead

Great big rockets jet* through the summer sky
So get on your bike and ride to the junior high
Under the desk, head on your inner thigh
You could ask why
But it's too hard to think
And you're too sad to speak
And too scared to cry

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It was a blessing, it was a curse
Silicon driver, hydrogen hearse
Close my eyes, watch the sun burst
Of all my regrets one feels the worst
We'll never have our last night on earth