

Mike Doughty, Rising Sign

your back curves like a creeping vine
with the answers in the fluid in the stem of the spine
in the black-coffee bowl of your eye
why do you overestimate the size of the lie?

i've seen
the dangers of
your rising sign
but i swear
i'd like
to drink the fuel straight from your lighter
it's all inside the wrist, it's
all inside the way you time it
i resent the way you make me like myself

my nerves jump
like a boiling pan
like a skillet full of oil spits,
rattling on the burner
when i stumble onto the thought
of the match you lit and dropped and set the
dial to slow yearn

can i spell it out?
should i spell it out?