

Odds, Suppertime

an embarrassment of riches
up ahead between the ditches
steady on
pails of blue grass beads and baubles
in the toilets of the supermodels
steady on
watch what you wish for
as someone else pollutes it
some see the rarest bird
and hunt it down and shoot it

let me lose so beautifully
let me lick the dew from the money tree
have the moms of world all care about me
at suppertime

the road to wreckage stretches west
from survival to excess
and beyond
from magic beans and golden eggs
to swollen livers and tired legs
trammel on
the breakfast of failures
is an unexacting list
subtract opportunity
you can mix it up with your fists

let me lose so beautifully
let me lick the dew from the money tree
have the moms of world all care about me
at suppertime

let me feel what it's like to have it
let me battle all of your rich man's habits
let me cry down the front of a smoking jacket
after suppertime

let me stand hypnotized by what I'm doing
smell the orchids by the road to ruin
when the heirs are asleep and we think about screwing
after suppertime