

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Stoned Obituary

lightning cracked a crooked cross across the sky above the cross where he'd been hanging for a day (he was stoned again!) The breeze grew ice threw knives blew halos hallowed cinders flew together made a cushion for his feet. There were spikes in his sandals, spikes in his ankles... A spike split the wood, syringed his vertabrae. Spikes in his shins in his chin in his fingers... Amused apparitions hummed the Marsollaise. We had to look away, he seemed so fragile. We tried to offer him a cigarette but it was futile... no way through. The guards screamed &quot;Front!&quot;, drew guns, splashed acid.. so we retreated to the shadows squated low and said a prayer Cameras clicked out of sight there are fights, there were fanfares. Fireworks flashed across the cenotaph. Kiddies played in the pits, spitting crisps, licking icecreams. A spiv threw an auction for his autograph. I never thought it would finish quite this way. No resistance not a word to say but maybe we'll meet in heaven. We can talk about those good old days. I believe (at least I WANT to believe)

The angels landed cleared their throats and chorused &quot;Crown Him!&quot; They poured a potion on his hair it nearly drowned him. Then they called a minute's silence. They called the clowns in and a cripple touched his foot and did a cartwheel down the hill... turning once for his wisdom, twice for the pearl moon. A third as the thief cried &quot;It's judgement day.&quot; He rolled his eyes, ripped his shirt rolled insane in the dirt. Applause ripped the heavens and blew the clouds away. The laughter died as schoolgirls passed around the tissues. Pretty patterns while a message said &quot;We'll miss you. Bless you. Bless your eyes.&quot; And the bell rang twice and we fell as his lips moved. We stared in stoney silence as the news guy scribbled furiously down his final words: &quot;I made mistakes. I've been a fool. I tried hard byt never thought that what started so well could end in misery. But my motives were good. I thought you all understood... Just don't be hard when this day is cloaked in history. You mistrusted me? ...,&quot; And he died with his eyes on... ash for ashes dust for dust a lust for dust a must for dust die with your eyes on...

Nomini magnus spiritus sancti filia