

10,000 Maniacs, Poor De Chirico

Oh my dear friend
My dear friend Giorgio
How has this time Breton
Discouraged your liaison with the
Eye styled metaphysical
Incongruous scenarios
Dauntly jaunt about through nostalgic despair
Within childlike renderings
Of a nightmarish recall
"All my images Fragments
I've shored upon my ruins
Pictor classicus sum
I am pure"
Step solemn with the
Air of reluctant manes
As rod and hoop shadow children
Scatter through a henna arcade
Figures indentured to a windless landscape
Enduring silence and flame
Da Da da
No loyalty to the nonsensical
Scorned their nihilist pageantry