

# Acid Bath, Old Skin

WE smoke the toenails and hair  
of the wiseman  
under a BLACKGOD's thumb  
we dance like painted puppets  
she bleeds orgasm in techni-color  
an ocean of alien mystery  
we eat the wiseman's eyes  
for sight that we might  
see the darkness if we kill  
the lights fast enough  
we eat the brain and pray  
that our eyes can open wide enough  
we burn the dry shell, a funeral chant  
the pulse quickens and we dance  
as the blossoms fall  
a scattering of dust to the winds  
this celebration of old skin  
I feel every flower that is  
screaming to consume you  
the earth and sky your cradle  
the earth and sky entomb you  
so is the way of forever  
teeming with simple cruelties  
beatings in cold rooms  
hands and head not found