

# Dudley Saunders, Bina'S Radio

as they tore her building down  
all the people stood around  
in a thin blue line  
in a red silk teddy there  
smoke and whisky in her hair  
she heard voices that said  
we don't want you here

from a radio that played  
from a cop's brown belt  
and from men of asia  
she knows would still  
eye her asian pelt  
but the radio that plays  
in her heart  
won't depart

so I pissed on bricks and rocks  
where I felt chris aim my cock  
while the sun rose on us all  
through the steam I saw her drift  
in a desert-storm that left her  
scanning skies for new bombfall  
wondering when and why and if

a radio was playing  
from that dead queen's place  
and she danced under his window  
like he might yet show his face  
but the radio that plays  
in her heart  
won't depart

she knows the lonely  
vacancy  
of roads between  
the desert towns  
and just as well  
the hell  
the towns will be  
where they wait  
for her and me  
to break our backs  
against the beat

now she can't make it down the block  
for all the ghosts that try to talk  
new third-world words noone needs  
wojnarowicz in her ear  
ethyl eichelberger tears  
playing penny arcade  
in this thin nintendor year

she's a radio that plays  
an infrequency  
and she tries to write it down  
but noone now know how  
to read  
this radio that plays  
in her heart  
as we  
slowly  
depart