

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