

Emilyn Brodsky, Bombs Away

this is 5 years and four thousand orgasms later
we've killed all the goths and we've killed all of the skaters

we've run around naked and run around cloaked
and I've broken my own heart
and broken your nose

this is our weapon made up of small gestures
and sweating love letters, gun powder and hope
this is our weapon and we will perfect it
we will perfect it and let the thing blow

there is no way to feel or fall or fade away
without losing days and days and days

until the days turn into years
and until all of the simple fears
turn into complexes and conversations
about lesbians, separate spaces

how long have we been yelling?
and what is this that you're trying to sell me?

I miss beds with girls whose little head are filled with
hopes of having a stronger constitution
and dreams about a revolution

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