

Luxuria, Smoking Mirror

The window is wobbling
rain no doubt
four part water
one part poison
I really could do without

You can have my Picasso
please lie down
your funerary nakedness remains
under your successful dress and gown

Look in the smoking mirror
you're a thinking flame
into your silence
I'll introduce straight rain

From bergamot to tonka
on a sea breeze of turpentine
a sulphur rose with hammer-dressed eyes
a little light upstairs

At a slumber party poorly lit
a vaseline moon and would-be gems
you sleep on it
you're blinding me with rescue flares

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