

Magazine, Twenty Years Ago

You turn pandemonium
into pantomime for one
twenty years ago I used your soap
So what!
you've got a name for it
yesterday goes on and on
inbetween the devil and the deep blue sea

You thrash about in your room
no space for thought
look no strings, look no strings
no visible means of support

Twenty years ago I used your soap
How did you ever come to move a muscle in this space!
The dollar's adrift
Twenty years ago I used your soap