Mark Eitzel, Atico 18

Let the snake crawl around on your floor You're not afraid of its tongue Or its tiny heart

It lays curled up on the corner Watching Craig and Jose Hisses quietly to itself Doesn't have a thing good to say

Like the fire's final spark Like predictable behavior The last drop in the battery Food that lost its flavor

Blood inside like ground below Just growing colder No freedom in cowardice Poison fangs give no power

The only love you'll ever grow Is to look beyond the things you know The things you know

To crawl out of its hole A hired car and a 747 Wants to swallow the world whole Including hell including heaven

Tiny eyes that strain to see
The point behind all this gift giving
Well, snakes may come and snakes may go
Jose and Craig--well, they're still living

The only love you'll ever grow Is to look beyond the things you know The only love you'll ever grow Is to look beyond the things you know The things you know The things you know