

# morphine, Slow Numbers

Lazy boys and shy Dianes. One at a time, single file.  
They counted the low numbers as they walked by.  
I count a high number. A low number. Among the slow numbers.

The number four means nothing to me but the number four means death to Chinese.  
Number seven is lucky in Japan. Here we don't give a damn.

But on the elevator, no thirteenth floor.  
On the elevator, no thirteenth floor.  
Thirteenth going up. Going up... Going up...

Relaxing as I wait in line. Some of the numbers lose their smiles.  
Specially the numbers one through nine.  
Because they're only seating parties of ten or higher.  
For the dancing the question mark sticker and the mermaid kickers.

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