## Rickie Lee Jones, Outside The Great Divide

Outside the great divide

The dogs racked up about wild hangers

The fleshy neighborhood is still the city

The wire bled into chairs

The chairs eaten by dogs waiting for a ride

The cars humming and strumming the air

With coarse teeth and hair

I have learned what comes with you

Dog man fleshy dog man

And i I did not awaken this endless pain, this galactic hook up with the crucifixion,

My single cell crusted in this prophet, i am the prophet, for the night

And for the filthy warm pine and the dusty glance

Of the day

We meet

Tangling our feet

In the noisy closets

Barking collars

That miss

Her when she's gone

And button up when she comes near

Every morning the dog

Moaning and barking and humping a tree

And last week i saw two black birds

Out on the side walk

Heaving

Belly's up

Claws locked

Now the fire escapes wind up the brick

Long notes

From a dieing

Leaving last words

Every mattress, every napkin holder a cry

That has crystallized

Because there is a sun

I know god through sands

Torn into long strands

And i can sing

My legs around you

My tongue into you

Surrender too

Our shame, our despair, our reason and patience

You, father, lover, wordless musics, inside boy

Traffic addicts, sound bound, trying to be careless

With ecstasy

The time that binds our

Fleshy lives

Our aces in the tree

Swinging

With the muscle of the sea

Climbing

Rubbing pussy on the bark

Climbing

Up up up

Slipping down climbing up

Slipping down

For gods pleasure

The whole thing, man, the whole thing

Writing it

Going back and rewriting it

From here

The fleshy here to there

I throw up all day from the deep

It pulls on my deep and i swoon

I cannot drive

I cannot remember
I place the wrong words in the places i spoon
I will be airborne soon
Pregnant
Inhuman, fleshy home, inhuman
In this pleasure of fleshy unity
I seek god i chew the leaves around the picnic table
I come in close to british guests
I lick my husband as he walks by
I am the monitor, the mantis, the anchor
Celebrating
This fleshy life