

# Seven Mary Three, Sleepwalking

I awoke in a sinking Manhattan. I played in drunken cathedrals.  
There were businessmen in armchairs. With namebrands  
and short hair. Detonating with evil. So I scratched out the  
eyes of all my past lives. And gathered my crooked flowers.  
The gardener grins as the toothache begins. And the angels  
sing free from the towers. Can't stop this sleepwalking. Can't  
stop my mind. Holy laughter in the river with Ginsey. I saw  
John in heaven dancing with Buddha. Dropping pennies of X  
on the genXers heads. Singing couldawouldashoulda. In my  
dreams I've seen things naked and puzzled. My future  
fluorescent and dark. And my spies realize that my hope's  
euthanized. By the paranoid ape in my heart. Can't stop this  
sleepwalking. Can't stop my mind from talking. The prisoner  
in my head. Scares me to death.