

# Soul Coughing, Bond

(M. Doughty w/808 State)

The trouble is  
a single atom  
shot at random  
random fire  
two particles  
fused and coupled  
once united  
multiply  
the waves run  
underground  
electric power  
copper wire  
some tiny evil  
bursts the surface  
lays quiet like  
insecticide  
Slanted, the eyes  
and this bonds mind to mind  
the risk is mine  
and this bonds mind to mind  
She says a word  
across the ocean  
I hear the spit  
I hear the sigh  
the wavelength  
undivided  
to drain the fruit  
and leave the rind  
the shot runs  
through her wiring  
through her curve  
through her spine  
to feel an impulse  
rising rising  
a mess of reason  
and kissing eyes.