

Super Deluxe, Flustered

while the wine is running over
we spin out of control
rinse diluted red
dances of the dead
stealing every show

while the band played drunken sailor
guests were eating mistletoe
crushed velvet at the table
mocking Cain and Abel
plastic flowers in a row

and in the darkest night
there were stars in clusters
dizzied by smooth striped tights
well i was flustered- but i tried

still there must be something melting
asphyxiating fumes of fear
raise the golden curtain
positive uncertain
i was perfectly unclear

semi-precious crystal teardrops
chiseled from a heart of stone
marbled walls of pinkish white
twenty/twenty oversight
misdemeanor silicone

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