

FIVE FOOT VOICE:

Spades

We're sitting at a kitchen folding table
Stained yellow by cigarette ash and beer
The ace of spades is drawn
And the deck is laminated with our tears
If my heart begins to flat-line, will you still be my Valentine?

Naked porno flesh on the television screen
Chili Peppers' "Bad Disease"
Flat-lining suicide
Will you still be my Valentine?

Chaise lounge
And the city smog
And you're lying there
In your polka-dot underwear
Paint flecks
In your unruly hair
Wild, ragged, and still inhaling
But do you give a damn?

If your heart begins to flat-line, will you still be my Valentine?

Veins like a map to inside you
Swirly blue and purple
Like the bruises where the needle goes
A crack line shaking
Through your bloodstream
Hooked up to the IV
Jet lag drugs to supply you
The ace of spades is drawn
Like the moldy curtains
On the hospital wall

I will go and cash in all my poker chips
And rid the world

Of our tear-stained
Deck of cards
If you'll still be my Valentine

When you die, can I still call you my Valentine?

In Your Pretty Picture

There's no salvation from this mess that you've created
In the depths of your shallow heart, this will be where our paths part
No one ever said to love me; all you had to do was hold me
I never expected much to happen, but in an instant, those steps we'd taken
Led us to some great disaster, and here we are now; we'll fall ever after

Bridge

I no longer want to be your victim
In your palace, in your kingdom
I hope all your cards fall down
In your fragile little house

Chorus

There's no release from your so-called masterpiece
I'll try to tear away, but in your picture, you beg me to stay
Are you so unaware of that picture you've created?
On the canvas lie the colors that have faded
Oh how I was jaded as I walked along your painted Eden
Watching where your steps would lead so I could follow my lust and greed
Everywhere I turned led me deeper to your forest
To sing along to a broken record with a scratched-out chorus but

Bridge

Chorus

When your art has mirrored your heart
Don't ask me to play the part of damsel in your sullied play
You can't form love by molding clay

Chorus

When the colors start to run
Will you realize what we've done?

Salt

Did the sea salt
Burn in your sores
Did the tears
Bring you down on all fours?
Well you're not sexy
Not sexy
Not sensible too
But your singing makes them cum
So sing your words a little louder, hun
Cuz I can't hear you.
Are you laughing or are you crying?
I can't tell the differences
No you're not so scary
Not so very scary
But isn't this what you pictured
As your bats swirl chirping
Through the eves?
Is your heart distraught?
When was the last time you came?
If you have to keep singing
Then there's something missing ...
You're following ants
As they crawl into their holes
There's tape stretched over your nose
As you inhale through a bag
They clamor toward the stage
And you wail through your lungs
Choking on your own
Orpheus vocal chords
Well you're not laughing
And you can't seem to cry
Bending at the knees to a siren's lie
Microphone cables

Twisted in knots
Like your acid stomach intestines
As you wretch in the grass
Dry heaves of solemn regret
Oh you're sure as hell a rock star
Lonely in your bed
Singing your music
To the entire audience
Sick with a salty sweat, lime-lit disease
But the music you make
Is never enough to please

Resuscitation

Push and you will bleed
A rush of blue-veined mendacity
Bereaved of any
Mellifluous melodies
Push harder
And then I will bleed
Breathe deeper
And I will breathe again
Consuming in agony
Your superfluous air
Try harder, one more time
To raise that stagnant flat line
You cannot keep the dead from dying
But once more, won't you try?

Ode to Manhattan

Joyous Manhattan
With your obsidian towers
Sleet gray steel glimmering towers
Like scissors cutting open the sky
With pearlescent harbors
Draped with a hazy morning fog
Manhattan, with your whirlpool neon square
And tar-slicked rivers that flow

With the tread of hurried feet-skipped stones across the ripples
Your sooty chimneys rain thunderously upon me
And I bask in the ephemeral charcoal
Your iron sides like fortress walls
Among the stony facades and brick
The stifling steam emanates
From every mass of matter
And salt trickles the trails of subway lines
Down our napes and between our breasts
Your businessmen choke on their suits and ties
And waste away in cubicle coffins
As the beatnik hipster chicks
Bathe in the grassy fields of Eden
Trumpet horns and staccato heels
Keep pace with taxi wheels
A pumping bass muffled by ebony satin
In the graffiti maze of Harlem
Fireworks crackle and fizz like soda pop
Thrown along the Milky Way as hypnotic dragons
Dance under lantern lights
Red and green and white protrude
Like awnings shading gravel
Sambuca electrifying lemons swirling in black coffee
Lovely Manhattan
Your voice soothing summer rain
You echo melodies in harmonium with howls
Resonating inside me.
Manhattan, your streets tattooed my rosy skin
With bite marks and hard lines
Poured and surged through capillaries
And the big apple was my heart
Ripe and sweetly succulent
And bursting with the nectar
Savoring you, Manhattan, was a delicacy at best.
Now your skyline is fading into the exhaled smoke of night
But never does your head hit the pillow nor does your body ever sleep