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I know what to do, too.
I know what to do:
I will stare the fizz out of my wrists and drink my tea
And tanks of water.
Fish. Fish. I will survive
This little speak (this little speck) and another and another.
I will go on. It will bring me a friend.

ALL LIFE

For instance, if we took a battering ram
To this here door because it's in our way,
We'd end up where we always wanted to be.
Isn't that right? Because good things come
Our way but only in tiny throbbings. Hell,
I wouldn't sell my soul for all the rum
Cokes in the world. Oh, honey, love me on
And do what all *I* tell you, no one else:
Keep your good eye on the road and if you're driving,
Signal, so the deadbeats know what all you're doing.
Give them a chance. Forever is a long time on
The freeway. You make the access lane, you hope
To merge. It's like joining other blood cells
In a vein, swimming in that stuff, against the pulse.

I'M TALKING TO YOU

You never said lonely would feel this way.
From here, I can see the ferry nose on in
Like the phrases from songs I can't wait
To forget. Sea birds, saying the same thing