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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

Over and over again, when I decide  
The ferry runs a little late today.  
Tomorrow that will change. A new high tide  
Will hold up the pier, just like yesterday.  
Memory is a kind of darkening glass.  
Metaphor will not heal, but it will ease  
The pain of seeing to perceive. Machine  
Me to a dark room with a screen. And circumstance,  
Allow the scene: Bogart raises a rock to kill  
A man. The woman screams; he changes his mind.