

LOVELY

Lovely you look at the door
the door doesn't open or close by itself
it needs you or me

I thought of your eye lobes today
or is it your earballs
this is not death this is life
amid the wallpaper
matter in its different skins

leave everything alone
learn to live without shame
my heart is in the right place
I know you'd like to hit me

there's a man dropping in on our lives
by parachute
he says you've got to shape up
the butcher says you should treat me better
these are not idle threats

what a cool breeze the future would be
over the stumps of your arms
if you didn't want anything