

BRINGING IT HOME

a room all the way across america
and a girl in the room and the plastic fattening her breasts
starting to sag o god
she thinks they're going o god o god
I would do anything to help her
I would take all of her secret pain onto myself if she'd let me
my best darling
it is your soul melting it
it is the fire in you

I remember fire
everywhere in the world
boys scratching two sticks together so proud of themselves
houses going up in spontaneous combustion or somebody using his
lighter
and the girl locked in in back still touching her fearful body
(you too my best darling)
and furnaces men with sweat stung out of them
faces cooked broiled smoked while they make things for us

and in america
in her breasts the two fires
like gods the two fires without flame
and her voice this flame rising out of my throat
it says **FUCK YOU I DON'T CARE**
it says **UP YOUR ASS TOO YOU WEIRD FAGGOTS**
my best darling my best darling