

## JONESING

we need  
soup and tones  
we  
need a piece of soup we  
need a stone we need a  
drug to get by  
in the sunday line  
the weed and die and eating  
time we need  
a hallow evening  
we need a  
bridge, a shoe, a job  
we need a home

and cake, many  
many cakes  
to take over that  
munchy dizzy  
that shapely crazy, we need  
a baby we  
need a big fat doll  
with black nails  
and braces to rise up  
and soothsay, tits  
and bones and heavy jeans  
that can lisp on lips  
so we drip

cream and feen  
like blue  
stalkers  
drag by, drive by queens  
who wag like dogs

and sell  
crossbows  
because even  
crocodiles  
can survive on methadone  
a higher for higher  
sweet thing stupefied, skirt  
confessioned in honey  
bean, so so good

that we  
pop out, flood,  
and shake with  
this damn drying sticky  
need  
for absolute relief