

Bond

808 State

The trouble is a single atom
Shot at random random fire
Two particles fused and coupled
Once united multiply
The waves run underground
Electric power copper wire

Some tiny evil bursts the surface
Lays quiet like insecticide
Slanted, the eyes
And this bonds mind to mind
The risk is mine
And this bonds mind to mind
She says a word across the ocean

I hear the spit I hear the sigh
The wavelength undivided
To drain the fruit
And leave the rind the shot runs
Through her wiring through her curve
Through her spine to feel an impulse
Rising rising a mess
Of reason and kissing eyes