

## Monolithic

Brazil

purse your lips until they're white  
drag me kicking into night  
didn't I want to be free  
or do I want to be right

only you can deprogram  
only you can understand  
only you can take the blade  
and cut [the gag] from my mouth

the dusty book on your endtable  
taught you how to make a lethal  
fragmentary detonator  
from common household thoughts

you put a fistful of salt [in my eyes]  
this is what it was like

my thoughts  
my eyes  
my face  
my skin  
my heart  
my bones  
are slowly  
becoming computerized