

## Carl Solomon Blues

### Dear and the Headlights

"Backwash districts sprung from Ra's bright hips  
Reduced to silkscreen hand job new car ego trips  
And it's just endless combinations of the same old shit  
Sloshing back and forth across some continents"  
All that talking it ain't got no use when it's just mal-  
digestion that's been haunting you  
Along with reflux opinions from your ulcer moods  
You're just a litany of horrors like the evening news but  
Off somewhere in a New York flat, benzedrine derailed rants of  
immeasurable frenetic praise  
That cauterize before they save  
All the truth now in how you're lying there  
Shoulder bladed nightmare rug pulled from your feet  
All the truth now in how you're lying there in  
Angelheaded elsewhere so markedly meek  
Slapped like a has been by syntactic gods  
Whom which the help you find your glasses but not your lower ja  
w  
And you don't want to look surprised but you're in constant AHH  
H!  
Ain't no fig leaf big enough to hide your dicktion flaws now  
Teeming pools of alphabetic shame that spit out  
Infinitely indolent verbs across your page  
Who dig their cloddish claws instantly into some nouns legs  
If once your manuscript just limped now it's become quite lame  
but  
Off somewhere in New York flat, they don't deal with things lik  
e that, just  
Immeasurable frenetic praise that cauterizes as it saves  
All the truth now in how you're lying there  
Shoulder bladed nightmare rug pulled from your feet  
All the truth now in how you're lying there in  
Angelheaded elsewhere so markedly meek  
All the truth now in how you're lying there  
Shoulder bladed nightmare rug pulled from your feet  
All the truth now in how you're lying there in  
Angelheaded elsewhere for the past six weeks